



THE
WOODEN WALLS OF OLD ENGLAND

OR,

The Lives of Celebrated Admirals.

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LIVES

OF

CELEBRATED ADMIRALS.

CHAPTER I.

ADMIRAL LORD RODNEY.

I AM always very sorry, when I can find no notice made, or anecdotes given, of the early lives of your heroes, for as I write for my dear boy, I should like to write of boyish days. I should like, if possible, to trace the gradual progress, from the open, generous, trusting nature of childhood, to the high resolve, the unblemished honour, the dauntless courage of the great man. Such will not be the case with Lord Rodney, for I can tell little more of his early life, than that he was born in February, 1718—that his Majesty George the First stood sponsor for him at his baptism—that he was christened George Brydges, and that at a very early age, before almost he had left

the years of ~~childhood~~, he was sent to Harrow School.

At the request of his royal godfather, George Brydges Rodney had from the cradle been destined for the sea; at twelve years old, therefore, having quitted Harrow, he commenced his naval career, by sailing with Admiral Medley, and for the six following years, continued with him on the Newfoundland station.

I must here tell you, that the affairs on the continent of Europe, were at this time more than ever embroiled. Prussia, Sweden, Hungary, France, and Austria were all at variance with each other, and England, from having been peace-maker and umpire between the contending countries, had unhappily become a party concerned, thus entering into a long, and with few exceptions, inglorious war.

In 1739, he was then one-and-twenty, your hero was made lieutenant in the *Dolphin*. In 1742, was appointed to a man-of-war of sixty-four guns, and from that period until the '45, was employed in various services, all of which, although they tended to confirm his high character as a seaman, were of too little note to carry much interest with them.

His next appointment was to the *Centurion*, and for two years he continued to cruise on the North Seas, commanding on that station while Prince Charles Edward Stuart, paid his brief eventful visit to the home, and the country, of his fathers.

His good services had now procured for Captain

Rodney his favourite ship, the *Eagle* of 64 guns, and in it he joined the squadron, under the command of Admiral Hawke.

Two hundred and fifty-two sail of French merchant ships, destined for the West Indies, had at this time assembled in the Basque Roads near Rochelle. They were to be escorted by eight ships of the line, and Admiral Hawke, with no more than fourteen sail of the line, was despatched to intercept their progress. In the engagement that followed, Captain Rodney is said to have borne a distinguished part, and of the six prizes with which, on the 31st of October, Admiral Hawke returned to Portsmouth, he had taken one.

It was upon his arrival in England, on this occasion, that when presented by Lord Anson to his Majesty George the Second, the king remarked, on his not being before aware of having so young a man, a captain in his navy. "Sire," replied Lord Anson, "young Rodney has been already six years a captain, and without reflecting on others, I wish, most heartily wish, your majesty had one hundred more such captains, to the terror of your majesty's enemies."

The war—which now for seven years had been almost universal through every country in Europe, and from which none, and least of all England, had reaped anything but bloodshed, failure, and accumulation of debt—was now about, for a time at least, to close, and a treaty of peace, between France and England, was in 1748, concluded at Aix-la-Chapelle.

Thus a temporary truce was obtained, or I should rather say a nominal truce, for though the war had actually ceased in Europe, in the East and West Indies it was still carried on without any regard to the treaty signed.

Until the year 1758, I find little further to relate. At that date, however, the encroachments of the French upon the English settlements, in North America, were such, as to occasion a fleet, under the command of Admiral Boscawen, being despatched for their protection, and from this time the war with France, which, although for some years it had slumbered, had never been wholly extinct, was commenced with redoubled vigour.

In 1759, Captain Rodney, now promoted to the rank of Rear Admiral, was appointed to the command of a small squadron, destined to bombard Havre de Grace. Information had been received that the French meditated an invasion of the British territories, and that a number of flat-bottomed boats of a peculiar construction, and intended for transporting the troops, were preparing in that port.

Early in July, Admiral Rodney anchored in the road to Havre, and having immediately given orders for placing the bomb-vessels, he commenced destroying the boats, magazines, stores, &c., of the enemy. During the space of fifty-two hours the fight was continued without intermission, for the French troops were very numerous, and proved themselves quite as indefatigable in erecting new batteries, as in

returning the fire of the English. The success of the latter was, however, soon evident. The town itself was several times in flames, and among the boats, magazines, and stores, the fire raged with so much of fury, that notwithstanding the exertions of several hundred men, it was not for many hours extinguished. The terror and consternation of the poor inhabitants during this time, you may believe, was very great. Hundreds, indeed, fled from their own homes, and left, as they believed, their entire property at the mercy of the enemy ; for a descent of the English was at this time expected on the town.

Such was not, however, the intention of the British Admiral: the destruction of the boats, so as to prevent the possibility of an invasion, had been the purport of their brief, and, to the enemy disastrous, visit to Havre. And this had been so well accomplished that not only were the designs of the French court frustrated, and their preparations for war destroyed, but the port itself was reduced to a state in which, as a naval arsenal, it could, during the continuance of the war, no longer annoy Great Britain.

Early in the following year Admiral Rodney was again employed in active service, for it had been determined by government to attack the French possessions in the West Indies ; and Martinique, the most flourishing and populous of all their settlements, was selected as the object of attack. With what show of right, I fear I cannot explain, unless,

indeed, which I should be sorry to do, we acknowledge the truth of the old saying, "that might makes right;" but so it was—Martinique, in case of a peace, would furnish great Britain with a place of the greatest importance, either to retain as her own possession, or to barter with another country. While if Spain, on the contrary, persisted in an inclination for war, it gave England a footing in that country where the Spaniards might be attacked with the best hopes of success. And thus an armament greater than any that had yet been destined for the West Indies was committed to the care of Rear Admiral Rodney. The land forces that were to accompany the expedition being under the command of Major General Moncton.

On the 21st of October, Admiral Rodney left Plymouth. On the 7th of January, 1762, the whole fleet reached their destination, and after silencing the forts on the coast, anchored in St. Pierre's Bay, thus taking possession of an excellent harbour, and securing the troops a safe landing in the north of the island of Martinique.

After a careful examination of the coast, it was resolved to attempt an attack between Point Negro and the Cas de Pilotte. The first object was to silence the batteries, then the greater part of General Moncton's troops were landed, and soon afterwards, without the loss of a single man, the whole army was on shore.

The difficulties they had to encounter in landing,

however, they soon found were far from being the greatest with which they had to contend before laying siege to Port Royal, for the whole country was more strongly fortified by its situation and its inaccessible rocks, than it could ever have been, by the hand of man. Large streams of water that forced their way down the steep and rugged mountains, have worn channels so deep, that the country is everywhere intersected by ravines, while large stones that the torrents have rolled down the sides of the rocks, make any attempt at ascent doubly dangerous. Wherever a chance of obtaining a footing did seem practicable, the French had erected batteries, and thus the difficulties to be overcome would appear to us, almost insurmountable.

Such was not, however, the opinion of the brave band who had undertaken the arduous attempt. I must not forget to tell you that in addition to the army, a large body of seamen had been landed, and as their exertions in bringing up the cannon through three miles of such country as I have attempted to describe must not be passed over, I cannot, I think, do them greater justice than by copying the letter of an officer of the army, dated February 10, 1762.

"As soon as we were all landed," he says, "our engineers immediately set to work in raising batteries, as well to establish our footing in the island, as to cover our advance upon the posts of the enemy. For this purpose all the cannon and other warlike stores were landed as soon as possible, and dragged

by the sailors to any point thought proper. You may fancy you know the spirit of these fellows, but to see them in action, exceeds any idea that can be formed of them. A hundred or two, with ropes and pulleys, will do more than all the dray horses in London. Let but their tackle hold, and they will draw you a cannon or mortar on its proper carriage, up to any height, though the weight be never so great. It is droll enough to see them tugging along, with a good twenty-four pounder at their heels. On they go, huzzaing and hallooing, sometimes up hill, sometimes down hill, now standing fast in the breaks, presently floundering in the mud, and as careless of everything but the matter committed to their charge, as if danger and death had nothing to do with them. We have had a thousand of these brave fellows, sent to our assistance by the Admiral, and the service they have done us, both on shore, and on the water, is incredible."

The brave seamen did indeed deserve the praise thus lavished upon them. Up the steepest mountains, and across the enemy's fire, they dragged the heaviest guns, and mortars, with so much of coolness and intrepidity, that on the first cannon sent up the heights, a sailor, by way, I suppose, of encouragement to his friends, was seated playing, with the utmost unconcern, the patriotic tune of "God save the King!" The attack on Martinique proved successful in every quarter, and on the 12th of February a capitulation for the surrender of the whole to his

British Majesty, was entered into and agreed upon.

This first success of the English alarmed the French government for the remainder of their possessions in the West Indies, and they despatched therefore seven sail of the line, and three frigates, not only with the intention of defending, but in their turn, to harass the British possessions, and in conjunction with a strong squadron from Spain, to make an attack on the island of Jamaica.

Intelligence of this design reached Admiral Rodney, and he lost no time in despatching a large portion of the fleet under command of Sir James Douglas for the protection of that island.

The fears of the French seemed not unlikely to be realized. A portion of the fleet under command of Captain Harvey, of the Dragon, had summoned, in the name of his Britannic Majesty, the governor of St. Lucie, to surrender the forts and garrisons of that island, and this condition if immediately complied with, was to secure the French troops a safe transport to France. The inhabitants had, upon the appearance of the English, declined taking up arms in their own defence, or that of the island, and thus the governor, having no choice left, capitulated for himself, and the troops being sent to their own country, surrendered.

The island of Grenada followed the example, and thus, without opposition, one safe and valuable port after another became the property of the English.

No further event of importance occurred during the continuance of the squadron in the West Indies, and in the course of the summer negotiations were entered into for a general peace between the contending powers. In return for concessions on the part of France, Great Britain restored to that country the conquered islands of Guadaloupe, Martinique, and St. Lucie, and in February, 1763, France, Spain, and England, had signed, and sealed, the treaty of peace commenced a few months previous to that date.

In August of the same year, Admiral Rodney returned to England and shortly afterwards was appointed governor of the Royal Hospital at Greenwich. Of the four years he continued to preside over that great and noble establishment, I shall I fear find little to relate, except indeed an anecdote which proves the heart of the hardy sailor, as good and kind and thoughtful of the comfort of others, as it was brave and fearless.

At that period few of the pensioners were allowed the comfort of great-coats, and these only after a petition had been made and approved of by the governor. The first winter Sir George Rodney, (for he had, in consideration of his services, been raised to the rank of baronet,) granted an unusual number of such applications, it requiring no greater eloquence to move his heart, than the sight of an old sailor, on a cold day. The consequence of this was, that the order for great-coats became so general as to attract

the attention of the lieutenant-governor, who forthwith took upon him to represent the admiral's conduct as very blameable.

Sir George Rodney, who was present at the time, got up, and after expressing his surprise at such interference, assured his opponent that he had the greatest respect for him as one who, by his own merits, had raised himself from a foremast man, to his present rank of admiral. "A circumstance," he said, "which not only does you the highest honour, but would have led me to expect in you an advocate, rather than an opposer to so necessary an indulgence. Many of the poor men at the door," he continued, "have been your shipmates, and once your companions. Never hurt a brother sailor, and let me warn you against two things more. The first is, not to interfere between me, and my duty as governor; and the second, not to object to these brave men having great-coats while you are yourself so fond of one, as to wear it by the side of so good a fire as you are sitting by at this moment. There are very few young sailors that come to London without paying Greenwich Hospital a visit, and it shall be the rule of my conduct as far as my authority extends, to render the old men's lives so comfortable, that the younger shall say when he leaves it, 'Who would not be a sailor to live as happy as a prince in his old age?'" He kept his word, for from that time every man was allowed a great-coat, and I daresay that to this day many an old sailor, as he rolls his comfortable

wrap around him, blesses the name of Rodney for this, and many another comfort, added, through his means, to the hospital.

In the year 1771, Admiral Sir George Rodney was again appointed Commander-in-Chief in Jamaica, but during his term of three years' service there, no event of interest occurred. I shall, therefore, not only pass over that period, but make as slight mention as possible, of an equally inactive, and very melancholy portion of his life. Strange as it may seem, this faithful servant of his country, who had already in so great a degree, and who still further, was to re-establish the waning honour of the British navy, was for the four succeeding years of his return from Jamaica left to suffer, in exile and in a foreign country, all the cruel privations of want, and was at last, to a stranger, and to an enemy to his nation, indebted for that assistance, which was never tendered him by his own countrymen.

On finding that the embarrassed state of his affairs, was such as to prevent his remaining in safety in England, Sir George Rodney had repaired to France, and for some time resided in Paris; but when rumour was afloat of a new war with that country, and he eagerly desired to leave the French capital, and proffer again, his services to his country, bitter must have been his feelings, when unable to discharge the debts he owed in that city, he was compelled to remain inactive.

The distresses of so brave an officer, excited the

interest even of strangers, and the good old Duc de Biron, made, through their mutual friend Lady Dunmore, a proffer of whatever sum might be necessary to discharge the debts, and allow of the English Admiral's return to his own country.

The proposal was made, and was decidedly but gratefully refused. It was impossible, he said, for him to accept the generous offer of the Mareschal de Biron, but he would long and gratefully retain it in his memory. He still hoped to meet, if not with favour, at least with justice from those in whose power it was accepting his proffered services to free him from his painful position, and in this hope he applied to the Earl of Sandwich, but that nobleman, although formerly, and in aftertimes, apparently the stanch friend of the Admiral, seems all this time to have neglected and forgotten him. It was evident that a personal interview with the King, would alone procure for him, the desired command in any expedition, that might be intended for the coming war, and the offer of the Maréchal de Biron being again and again pressed upon him, it was at last accepted. The high-minded, generous, warm-hearted old man advanced the required sum, and thus relieved from his more pressing difficulties, Admiral Rodney returned to England.

I have in different books seen this circumstance so strangely misrepresented, and so greatly to the discredit of the Duke de Biron, that in case you should ever meet with it, my dear boy, and feel puzzled

between two statements so totally differing from each other, I cannot resist copying here what appeared at the time in the public prints, and what, strange to say, is still published as authentic, although a real and very different version of the story has been given under Lord Rodney's own hand, in a letter written at the time to Lady Rodney.

"The distress of this brave officer," says the paragraph I have alluded to, "had at length so much increased, as to become a subject of public notoriety. It had indeed been long suspected by the keen observation of M. de Sarline (the Minister of Police) who was no stranger to Sir George's merit. He accordingly communicated his ideas to the Duke de Biron, and persuaded him to make the Admiral an offer of the command of the French fleet in the West Indies; and also to proffer a very liberal supply for the immediate arrangement of his finances. In order to accomplish this infamous design with the greater ease, the Duke immediately sent a very civil invitation to Sir George, to spend some weeks at his house. When one morning during a walk in the garden, he with great prudence, or rather with what would be termed polite delicacy, sounded the Admiral on the subject, but so far was the ingenuous mind of Sir George from being able to discover what this strange preamble would lead to, that he at length imagined his grace must be deranged, and in consequence, began to eye him with some degree of consideration, for what might happen. The Duke,

who had not been accustomed to such unyielding principles, now came at once to the point, and eagerly declared,—‘That as the king his royal master intended the West Indies should become the theatre of the present war, he was commissioned to make the most unbounded offers to Sir George if he would quit the English service, and accept the command of a French squadron.’” To this disgraceful proposal it is said, that “with great temper, although with considerable emotion, he made this memorable reply,—‘My distresses, sir, it is true, have driven me from the bosom of my country, but no temptation whatever can estrange me from her service!’ and that the Duke, struck with the patriotic virtue of the British tar, from that time became his friend.”

I have told you that the more true and creditable version of this tale has been taken from one of Sir George Rodney’s own letters ; it can require, therefore, no further proof of its authenticity, and if the above ever came under the eye of the brave Admiral it must deeply have wounded him, to see the disinterested and chivalric action, of his generous liberator, given to the world under so false a light. Disinterested, and chivalric, it was, in the highest degree, for well did he know how formidable an opponent he had restored to the service of Great Britain. So, in truth, it proved, and on the arrival of the intelligence at Paris, of Sir George Rodney’s great and decisive victory over the French fleet, of which you are about to hear, the population, inflamed with the

most violent rage and resentment against the Maréchal, vehemently reproached him with having brought that calamity upon them, and even proceeded to threats of personal violence; but unmoved by these attacks, his only reply was that he gloried more and more in having effected the liberty of so great a man.

Upon his return to England, Sir George Rodney was not immediately gratified by active service. Nor was it until the close of the following year that he obtained the command of a fleet, at that time preparing for a twofold object. First, to relieve Gibraltar, and then to defend the Indian islands from the joint attacks of the enemy: for the Spaniards had now joined in confederacy against the English, and the Dutch gave evident signs of an equally hostile intention. Nor was it here alone that England was engaged in war. In America it was carried on with unabated zeal, for her people still resisted the claims of the mother country, and the skill, bravery, and devotion, of their leader, had not yet achieved the end for which he fought and conquered. Thus, you will see, that the service of the entire force of the British nation, both by land and sea, were called for in different portions of the globe, but as was usually the case, more especially, against their ever restless, and aspiring enemies, the French.

‘ Late in December the English fleet, consisting of twenty-two ships of the line, eight frigates, and a cutter, sailed from Portsmouth, but. nothing of

interest occurred until the morning of the 8th of January, when a Spanish fleet of twenty-two sail, but principally merchantmen, were discovered off Cape Finisterre. The signal was instantly made for a general chase, and by one o'clock every ship had struck her colours, the whole squadron being captured by the English.

The garrison at Gibraltar benefited largely by this success, for the Spanish merchantmen had been principally laden with those articles, of which it stood the most in need. This was not, however, the only advantage resulting to the English nation, for these stores had been intended for the use of a squadron of Spanish men-of-war about to sail for the West Indies; and this capture, by detaining them in Cadiz, delayed at least, the proposed joint attack that they, and the French fleet, contemplated on the Island of Jamaica.

Shortly after this engagement, information was brought that a squadron of fourteen sail of the line, under the command of Juan de Langara, had been seen cruising off Cape St. Vincent, and Sir George Rodney accordingly lost no time in making such necessary arrangements, as enabled him to follow up the attack, so successfully begun on the enemy's fleet.

Towards noon on the 16th, signal was made of a fleet seen in the distance, and immediately, that, for a general chase was hoisted by the Admiral. At four the hostile fleets had met, and from that hour,

although the night was dark and tempestuous, until two on the following morning, the battle continued to rage, with an equal degree of bravery, and for some time an equal success on both sides, but victory once more favoured our countrymen. The firing ceased, and the last of the enemy's ships that were engaged, struck her colours in token of submission.

On announcing this engagement to the English government, the success of which, had given a decisive blow, to the proposed expedition of the Spaniards, against the West Indian Islands, Sir George Rodney concludes his letter with these words. —“The gallant behaviour of the admirals, captains, officers, and men I had the honour to command, was conspicuous; they seemed actuated by the same spirit, and with the utmost zeal exerted themselves to serve his Majesty, and to humble the pride of the enemy. I may venture to affirm, though the enemy made a gallant defence, that had the weather proved but even moderate, or had the action happened in the day, not one of the squadron had escaped.”

The darkness and tempest may have increased the difficulties of the English Admiral, but his success, despite these difficulties, tended also to his renown, in the eyes of his grateful countrymen; and the extent of his services were acknowledged by the whole nation. They had indeed in this instance been very great, for every province of Spain felt the blow she had received. Fear and consternation prevailed through the whole country, and she who had

lately been the **attacker**, now every moment expected, and trembled at the expectation, of an attack.

England too, obtained one advantage from the defeat of Admiral Langara, to which it was not less indebted to Admiral Rodney than for the defeat itself. Previous to that time, the English prisoners in Spain had been treated with so much inhumanity, that many a brave man sank under the long and rigorous confinement. When the Spanish admiral, on the contrary, now fell into the hands of Sir George Rodney, he was astonished to find his misfortunes pitied, his wants relieved, and not only he himself, but his inferior officers, treated with as much respect and attention as if they had been the free and unconquered guests of the English. Such is but the natural impulse of one brave heart for another ; but Sir George Rodney took this opportunity of representing to the Spanish admiral the miserable condition of his countrymen, when prisoners in Spain, and extracted at length a promise from government, that, henceforward, they should be made as comfortable as their situation would permit.

I have forgotten to say, that when the fleet had last sailed from Portsmouth, Prince William Henry, our late king, had accompanied Rear-admiral Digby on board the Prince George. I mention it here, that I may tell you an anecdote of the young prince and Don Juan de Langara. While the squadron lay at Gibraltar, that admiral, paying a visit on board the Prince George, was presented to his royal highness.

During the after conference of the admirals the prince had retired, but on its being known that Don Juan wished to return, he reappeared, and in his character of midshipman respectfully announced that the boats being in readiness, when the Spanish admiral, astonished to see the son of a monarch, doing the duty of a petty officer, exclaimed with enthusiasm,—“Well does Great Britain merit the empire of the seas, when the humblest stations of her navy, are filled by princes of the blood.”

Having now, as you have seen, achieved all that was required of him on his present station, Sir George Rodney, proceeding to his appointment, anchored in Barbadoes. In April of the same year, 1780, he encountered the French fleet of twenty-three sail of the line, and by a masterly piece of seamanship gained the wind of the enemy, thus obtaining the advantage of position, and forcing them to an engagement. The signal for battle was accordingly made, but that signal was not answered with the usual readiness of British seamen, and, with one or two exceptions, the behaviour of the fleet on that day is a blot on our naval annals.

Never, perhaps, before or since, has any commander been placed in so trying a situation as Sir George Rodney in this engagement; never had a fairer opportunity been offered to Britain, of reaping a glorious and most important victory; never had a more judicious disposition been made; never was greater coolness and intrepidity shown in time of

action than by Admiral Rodney; but, unassisted as he was, his own individual bravery, or that of the one or two ships that nobly supported him, could do little. The remainder of the fleet kept aloof, and by a dastardly conduct unworthy of, and happily rarely met with, in the British navy, threw away the almost proffered victory, remaining passive lookers-on of the noble, but ineffectual exertions of their leader.

General Vaughan, who had accompanied Admiral Rodney in the Sandwich, and was accordingly witness of all that occurred, writes,—“No ship could have been led on, with more of gallantry, nor do the annals of the navy record a greater character than Sir George Rodney supported, in setting the noblest of examples.” Even the adverse fleet were not insensible of the base desertion of the British ships. The Conte de Guichen, the French admiral, appreciating the masterly manœuvres by which his opponent had forced him into action, as well as the noble example set in his own ship, could not conceal the anxiety he felt for the result of the battle. But a few minutes later, his fears were relieved,—“Courage, my brave fellows,” exclaimed he, “see, the English desert their leader.”

What must have been the feelings of the noble Rodney at that moment, and how bitter, too, his mortification, when, after acquainting government with the unsatisfactory details of this engagement, he went on,—“I cannot conclude without acquainting their lordships that the French admiral, a brave and

gallant officer, *had the honour to be nobly supported during the whole action.*"

At the close of the battle, in which neither side can be said to have been victorious, the French fleet under cover of darkness withdrew. They were pursued, but no inducement could tempt them to risk another battle. They now again looked for assistance from Spain, and wished consequently to defer any engagement until the conjunction of the two fleets should, they hoped, leave no possibility of defeat.

I am going to pass over the intervening months spent by Sir George Rodney in an attempt, to place on a better footing the affairs of America, whither he had hastened on learning the danger, with which Jamaica, and other possessions of his majesty in that country were threatened by a fleet from France.

During this absence, the British settlements in the West Indies, had had an enemy to contend with beyond the power of the strong arm and the brave heart of the veteran sailor. One more dire in its effects, and more resistless than any mortal foe, for one of those fatal hurricanes, that from time to time sweep destruction over the devoted country, had raged with unusual violence at Barbadoes. None but an eye-witness, it is said, could have believed the total destruction it occasioned. The rich and beautiful island, in the course of a few hours, bore the appearance of a country laid waste by fire and sword. Not a single battery remained standing; the strongest buildings, giving way before the fury of the wind,

were torn from their foundations, while men, women, and children, flying from their houses lest they should be buried in the ruins, took refuge, if so it can be called, in the open fields.

From the terrific thunder, the roaring of the wind, and the constant crash of falling buildings, cries for help from the many unfortunate beings perishing among the ruins, were unheard, but when the elements, subdued at length, and weary as it were of the havoc committed, sank into quiet; fearful was the reckoning made—no fewer than six thousand of the inhabitants having perished.

The scene of desolation, the destruction of crops and property, the utter beggary of those who but forty-eight hours before had stood in fancied security of wealth, and comfort, surpassed all description; and I have dwelt upon this scene of suffering principally that I might have the pleasure of narrating what follows. Doctor Blane, who was an eye-witness of the terrific scene, in writing to a friend says, "The general wreck had a remarkable effect on the hearts of men. Any one who had been more fortunate than his neighbour in procuring food, after satisfying his own hunger, prepared victuals to administer to the cravings of the first comer; while the owners of warehouses gave almost gratuitously what remained of their victuals and clothing, all ideas of property and interest being apparently forgotten in the moment of calamity."

I think I have already told you that the British

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government had sent instructions to Admiral Rodney, to commence, in conjunction with General Vaughan, hostilities against the possessions of the Dutch, in the West Indies. The reason of this was, that although bound by their treaty to remain neutral, they had continued throughout the war, to supply with naval and warlike stores, the French, Americans, and Spaniards, thus enabling them to support, and carry on war against the English.

Sir George Rodney lost not a moment in obeying the instructions received ; he forthwith sailed against the Island of St. Eustatius, and the blow then given, he himself says, was “as sudden and as unexpected as a thunderbolt.”

The English fleet, bearing with them a considerable land force, anchored in the bay, and all things being prepared for an attack, to prevent, if possible, unnecessary loss of life, a summons was dispatched to the Dutch governor, commanding in the name of his Britannic majesty, an instant surrender of the island. It was complied with, and thus, without one blow being struck, or a drop of blood being shed on either side, England obtained not only an excellent harbour and resting-place for her troops, but a vast wealth of amassed stores,— while the perfidious Dutch paid a just penalty for their dishonourable conduct, it being proved by their books, and papers, that for long they had, as I have said, provided the enemies of England with stores to carry on the war, disguising their forbidden commerce by using the

word "fruit" for cannon-balls, and "grain" for gunpowder.

In a letter to Lady Rodney, dated St. Eustatius, Feb., 1781, the English admiral says,—“The greatest blow has been struck, that Holland and America ever received. We have taken the Dutch islands of St. Eustatius, Saba, and St. Martin. The riches of St. Eustatius are beyond all comprehension. A Dutch convoy, valued at more than half a million sterling, had sailed about thirty-six hours before my arrival. I sent after them, and the whole are taken. The Dutch admiral, I regret to say, was killed in the action. His courageous obstinacy cost him his life.”

The fatigue both of body and mind which, for the last year, Sir George Rodney had experienced had now so injured his health that however unwillingly, he was obliged to lay before government the necessity of quitting for a time his command in the West Indies, and of returning to England. “I have not,” he wrote to the Earl of Sandwich, “a wish to remain idle, or unemployed for a moment longer, than is necessary for the recovery of my health. The infinite obligations I owe my sovereign, will for ever demand my constant services, and while I live, he shall have them.”

Upon the first of August, then, 1781, he sailed for Europe, leaving during his absence the command of the fleet in the West Indies to Sir Samuel Wood.

Little more than two months of rest, however, was

allowed to the hero of so many battles. His services were again required in the West Indies, and at the summons of his sovereign, with a large reinforcement, he prepared to embark for that country.

At this time he was raised to the rank of Vice-admiral of Great Britain, and the grateful feeling for his active and invaluable services expressed by the whole nation, was in the eyes of this true servant of his country, a yet higher distinction. "The fate of the empire is in your hands, and I have no reason to wish it should be otherwise," were the parting words of the Earl of Sandwich, who I think I have already mentioned to you as being at this time at the head of the Admiralty, and many another mark of distinction and honour was paid the valorous hero. Wherever he appeared shouts and acclamations sounded on every side, while women and children, as in olden time, strewed the path of the conqueror with flowers.

After a tempestuous and stormy passage, the English fleet reached Barbadoes, and General Christie coming on board the *Formidable*, announced to Sir George Rodney the near vicinity of the French naval and land forces, under the command of the Comte de Grasse and the Marquis de Bouillé. I must tell you that sometime previous to this Captain Vashon, an English prisoner, had, when on board the *Ville de Paris*, met from the French admiral every kindness and attention it was possible to show. He had been received rather as a guest than a prisoner, and was on

the most friendly terms with his captor. Upon one occasion the conversation turned on the conquests of Admiral Rodney ; and the Comte de Grasse, after expressing the greatest admiration of his talents, with, his earnest desire to meet so great a man, coolly remarked, that he looked forward to one day having the honour of receiving him on board the *Ville de Paris*. Of course, though so civilly expressed, he meant as a prisoner. Captain Vashon who understood it so, in the same strain of courtesy assured the Comte that as Sir George Rodney would be equally delighted to meet with him, he trusted he might soon afford him an opportunity of so doing. The admiral again, politely replied, that in the course of a few weeks he hoped it would be in his power : and so it was, for that wished-for meeting did take place, but unfortunately for the Comte de Grasse, it was, as you will hear, on board the *Formidable*, not the *Ville de Paris*.

And now, dear boy, we come to the great event in Lord Rodney's life, when by one vigorous effort, and noble victory, he was to annihilate the mighty projects of France, Spain, and Holland.

The French fleet now assembled in Fort Royal Bay, Martinique, consisted of thirty-three sail of the line, added to which there was on board an immense body of land force. The design of the Comte de Grasse, was not to hazard a battle, but to proceed with all diligence to Hispaniola, there to join the fleet under the Spanish admiral, and by their united

force of fifty sail of the line, and twenty thousand troops, to bid defiance to the English leader.

The situation of Sir George Rodney was at this time one of the greatest danger and anxiety, for the very existence of his country as an independent nation, may be said to have hung on the possibility of preventing this overwhelming conjunction of the enemy, and never I believe at any period of our history, has so much depended on the issue of a naval combat.

On the morning of the 8th of April, 1782, signal having been made that the enemy's fleet were unmoored, and proceeding to sea, that of the British admiral, which had been held in complete readiness, was in little more than two hours, also, under weigh, standing with all sail they could crowd towards the enemy; and so much did they gain upon them, that by day-break on the following morning the hostile force met under the Island of Dominique, where contrary winds and a succeeding calm had nearly proved fatal to England, for sixteen ships of the admiral's fleet, becalmed under Dominique, were compelled to remain lookers-on in the brief and indecisive engagement which followed. Had the French fleet at that time borne down on the English, they would in all probability have remained conquerors of the day; but still intent on joining the Spanish force, after a sharp cannonade which did considerable damage to the masts and rigging of their opponents, they kept at a great distance to the wind-

ward of the enemy, and during the night again sailed out of sight and reach of the English admiral,—nor was it until the morning of the 12th, that with any hope of drawing on an engagement, they were once again encountered.

The line of battle was then promptly formed, and the signal was given for immediate and close action. Very differently was that signal obeyed from what I have described in the engagement between Admiral Rodney and the Comte de Guichen. Now, it was followed to the letter, and after an hour of steady fire given and received, under one general blaze, and peals of thunder, sounding along either side, the Formidable broke through the line of the enemy.

Although at that moment the victory of the English may be said to have been decided, the battle which had begun at seven in the morning continued until sunset, and with such determination on both sides, that scarcely the respite of a few minutes had been allowed during the day.

The gallant ship, the *Ville de Paris*, had so bravely done her part, in the engagement, that neither sail, nor mast fit to carry a sail, was left. Her brave admiral had done all that courage could do, or honour require, and now he struck his flag, only, when further resistance, would have been but wilful destruction of those under his command.

This was the final signal of victory to the English, and never was victory more complete. Nine of the enemy's ships had been taken or destroyed, and the

remainder of the fleet, escaping with difficulty, were in so damaged a condition, as to secure the safety of the colonies from further attack, at least for that season.

The extent of this victory was fully appreciated by England, not only for the incalculable benefit, derived by it, to our possessions in the West, but that it, with the previous successes of the gallant Rodney, had fully re-established the national character of naval superiority, and once more restored to England the sovereignty of the ocean.

I must here tell you an anecdote which, although occurring some time previous to, is connected with this great battle, and with the spirited manœuvre of breaking through the line of the enemy, and shall copy it from the writings of Mr. Cumberland, who, as you will find, was an eye-witness of the scene. "It happened to me," he says, "to be present, and sitting next to Admiral Rodney, when the thought seemed first to occur to him of breaking the French line, by passing through it in the heat of action. It was at Lord Germaine's house, after dinner, when having asked a number of questions, he proceeded to arrange a parcel of cherry-stones which he had collected from the table, and forming them as two fleets drawn up and opposed to each other, he at once arrested our attention, which had not before been very generally engaged, by declaring he was determined so to pierce the enemy's line of battle, (arranging at the same time his manœuvre on the

table,) if ever it was his fortune to bring them to action. Having seized the idea, he held it fast, and in his eager, animated way, went on manœuvring his cherry-stones, and throwing the enemy's representatives, into such utter confusion, that already in possession of that victory in imagination, which in reality he lived to gain, he concluded his process by declaring, he would lay the French admiral's flag at his sovereign's feet; a promise which he actually pledged to his Majesty in his closet, and gloriously performed."

The gallant behaviour of the officers and men connected with the fleet, was another welcome cause of congratulation to England. On announcing this victory to the Earl of Sandwich, Sir George Rodney says,—“I want words to express, how sensible I am of the meritorious conduct of all the captains, officers, and men, who had a share in this glorious victory obtained by their gallant exertions.” and again, in replying to the thanks of both Houses of Parliament voted to “Sir George Rodney, his officers, and seamen, for their able, and gallant conduct, on the late most brilliant and decisive victory obtained over the French fleet in the West Indies,”—“To fulfil the wishes and execute the will of my sovereign,” he said, “was my duty. To command a fleet so well appointed, both in officers, and men, was my good fortune, and by their undaunted spirit, and valour, under divine Providence, the glory of that day was achieved.”

To France, the blow received on the eventful 12th of April, proved as unexpected as it was overpowering, for she had built the certainty of success, on the vast magnitude of their united force. The unwelcome tidings, however, were received by the good and unfortunate Louis XVI. with firmness and magnanimity. "So far from being bowed down," he said, "by such a reverse, it should serve only, to redouble our zeal, that the consequences of it may be repaired:" and when some of the council lamented the loss of the ships, captured or destroyed,—“Would to God,” he replied, “that we had lost nothing more than these ships, that loss is easily repaired, by money and labour, but who shall restore those brave men, who have sacrificed their lives in my service?”

It is sorrowful, my dear boy, from scenes of glory, or from sentiments such as these, that do honour to the hearts of the conquerors or conquered, to turn to pitiful feelings of jealous and party spirit,—but so we must. A change of ministry, brought with it a change of friends to the gallant Rodney. He who had conquered De Grasse, who had rescued the West Indies from the very grasp of the enemy, whose whole life had been spent, whose whole thoughts next divine Providence had been occupied in the service of his country, was in the most ungracious manner, recalled from his station in the West Indies, and superseded by one, brave indeed, but as yet at least, unknown to fame as a commander. It was intended by those whose jealousy of feeling, was

such as to distort and view in a wrong light even his successes as a leader, thus to humiliate and disgrace him in the eyes of the public, but happily for the good, and grateful feelings of our nature, it had a contrary effect. No sooner was the fact of his recall known, than the tide of popularity, always strong in his favour, burst in torrents on every side. On his arrival in England he was received with an enthusiasm that knew no bounds, for he was hailed as the deliverer of his country, and to the latest moment of his life had the gratification of knowing that the name of Rodney, and the memory of his services, were enshrined in every English heart.

CHAPTER II.

EARL HOWE.

RICHARD HOWE, son of the Right Hon. Lord Viscount Howe, was born in 1728. At an early age he was sent to Eton, and at fourteen, leaving that college, was entered as midshipman on board the *Severn*, commanded by Captain the Hon. Edward Legg. This ship was one of the squadron under the orders of Commodore Anson, and destined for a second expedition to the South Seas. This, his first voyage, was one well calculated to initiate our little hero into all the dangers, discomforts, and hardships of the profession he had chosen, for the life of a midshipman in these days was very different from what you have known it to be. To one species of danger, however, in common with your hero—in common with all “who go down to the sea in ships”—you are equally exposed,—I mean that of storm and tempest. May He, my dearest boy, who is “mightier than the noise of many waters, who rulest the raging

of the sea when the waves thereof arise," be then your guide and guard ; and may you now and for ever, in sunshine or in storm, rest confidently on His care, for—"thereby shall good come unto thee." •

A tempest, the most violent and continued, that perhaps any fleet ever experienced, was, on their nearing Cape Horn, encountered by that of Admiral Anson ; when the ships, dispersed and driven back, were, from the raging and contrary winds, the tremendous sea, and the extreme cold, reduced to the utmost distress.

The *Severn* with the *Pearl*, had suffered more than any of the other ships in the squadron, and not venturing, from their disabled state, to re-pass Cape Horn, put in to Rio de Janeiro, where they recruited the disabled and disheartened crews, and then returned to Europe.

So unfavourable an outset in his life as a sailor, did not, however, daunt the courage of Richard Howe, for immediately on reaching England, he embarked for the West Indies, and again served as midshipman on board the *Burford*, commanded by Captain Lushington. Here for the first time, in the attack upon La Guayra, on the coast of Caraccas, young Howe witnessed, and took part in an encounter with the enemy, but unfortunately little notice is made of this engagement by his biographers. Indeed, so little by any of these do I find narrated of his early life, that I must, however unwillingly, follow their example, by passing slightly over many of his

first years of service, and reserving the pleasure of fuller detail for that period when his name and fame became known to the whole world.

'At the age of eighteen, Mr. Howe was made a lieutenant, and two years after, in 1745, we find him in the *Baltimore*, commanded to join the squadron then under command of Admiral Vernon, on the coast of Scotland. I need scarcely recall to your memory that 1745 was that eventful year in which the unfortunate Charles Stuart attempted ineffectually to regain the throne of his father, and it was to intercept the French fleet, laden with stores and ammunition, and having the Prince on board, that Admiral Vernon was now engaged.

During this cruise, Captain Howe, in company with another vessel, fell in with two of the French ships, and running the *Baltimore* between, and almost on board of one of them, an unceasing and destructive fire was kept up on both sides until Captain Howe, receiving the wound of a musket ball in the head, was stretched on the deck. He was immediately conveyed to his cabin, and for some time the wound was believed to have been fatal, but the spirits of the crew, giving way under the belief, that they had lost their young and brave leader, were re-animated by the cheer which he himself gave from the cabin, and by the encouraging messages sent by him during even the painful probing and dressing of the wound. Previous to this action, though unknown to himself, Mr. Howe had been raised to the rank of

post-captain, and on his return to England, Rear-admiral Knowles, then commanding a squadron on the Jamaica station, requested and obtained permission for his joining him in that island.

Although, as I have already mentioned, little is told of the early life of your hero, you have seen that at the age of twenty, and after no more than six years' service, he had attained the rank of captain.

In the year 1754, Captain Howe returned to England, and in 1755 he was again afloat; for France, who for so many years, seemed resolved to lose no opportunity of embarrassing the English government, was again in busy preparation; and the ports of Brest and Rochefort were filled with ships of war, destined for an attack upon the British settlements in North America. A fleet under the command of Admiral Boscawen was despatched to watch and prevent their purpose, and in this fleet we find Captain Howe commanding the *Dunkirk* of sixty guns.

The British admiral took his station off the banks of Newfoundland, with the intention of there obstructing the passage of the enemy; but under the cover of a thick fog, which favoured the attempt, the French eluded his vigilance. As the fog cleared, however, two of the enemy's ships, separated from the rest of the fleet, were seen in the distance. They were the *Alcide*, of 64 guns, and the *Lys*, pierced for 54, although then mounting no more than 32. Captain Howe, under press of sail, was the first to

come alongside, and having hailed the Captain of the Alcide, he requested he would proceed with him to the British admiral, who was then in sight, although at the distance of about six miles. M. Hearquart, commander of the ship, demanded whether it were for peace or war, and Captain Howe, repeating his demand that he would accompany him, added, that if such were not his intention, he had better make such speedy preparation as was necessary, since he expected every moment a signal, from the flag-ship, which must be obeyed, to fire into him, for not having brought to when pursued.

M. Hearquart of course declined this easy mode of surrender to an enemy so greatly his inferior in force, and after some further courtesy between the commanders, the order for action was at the same moment given by both. The first broadside of the Dunkirk—all the guns of which were double-shotted with round-shot—told fearfully on the Alcide, and in a little more than half an hour that ship had struck. Seven hundred men, whose bravery, nevertheless could not be questioned, (for the struggle was a desperate one,) laying down their arms to a force, scarcely amounting (boys and all) to two hundred and forty-two.

Captain Howe may thus be said to have struck the first blow of that memorable war with France, which was of seven years' continuance, and in which Great Britain displayed a power and strength, in her naval force, to which she had never before attained.

Shortly after this engagement ; a proof of the confidence placed in the skill and energy of the young sailor was given, by his being appointed to command the squadron for the protection of the Islands of Jersey and Guernsey, when threatened with invasion from France ; and so rapid and decisive were his movements, and so successful his attack upon the Island of Chausee, that the French, finding it expedient to abandon their designs on the Channel Islands, withdrew their troops to Brest, and thus allowed the Dunkirk an opportunity of returning to Plymouth for the purpose of refitting.

The success of this expedition encouraged the ministry to extend their plan of operation against the French, and a fleet under the command of Sir Edward Hawke, for this purpose was assembled in Spithead. Horace Walpole gives, in a hasty sketch, and few words, the characters of the different land and sea-officers employed upon this occasion, but I must here confine myself to that only of our present hero. "Howe," he says, "was the third on the Naval List. He was as undaunted as a rock, and as silent,—the characteristics of his whole race ; he and Wolfe ;" (the good and brave General Wolfe, whose life I hope one day to write for my boys,) "contracted a friendship like the union of cannon and gunpowder."

The principal object of government in equipping so large an armament was, by withdrawing a part of the Continental army for the protection of their own

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coast, to cause a diversion in favour of the King of Prussia, whose dominions they had invaded. A detachment of the fleet, then, in which Captain Howe commanded the *Magnanime* of 74 guns, upon the 8th of September, left Spithead. On the 22nd, they anchored in Basque Roads, and on the 23rd prepared to attack the Island of Aix.

As the English ships approached ; the batteries on the Island, opened their fire of shot and shells, and the *Magnanime*, which had been ordered to lead, stood on direct to the fort. Captain Howe, with that calm and steady resolution which never forsook him, reserving his whole strength until he had advanced within forty yards of the fort, when he opened so tremendous and well-directed a fire, that in little more than half-an-hour, the enemy, driven from their guns, surrendered to the British.

In testimony of the steady bravery and brilliant services of Captain Howe upon this occasion, two magnificent pieces of brass cannon taken from the fort, were presented to him, with a request, that they might be placed as a trophy, and at the same time as a useful ornament, on the quarter deck of the *Magnanime*.

Shortly after this engagement, various councils of war were held by the principal officers of the fleet, in order to decide whether an attack upon Rochefort could be made with any hope of success. The fort of Fouras, which commands the entrance of the Channel, was considered, by some, an insurmountable

obstacle to the landing of the troops ; for large ships, it was supposed, could not approach sufficiently near to allow of their cannon having any effect. The French pilot, who had carried the *Magnanime* close to the walls of Aix, was examined, and giving it as his opinion that there was depth of water sufficient, he volunteered to take the same ship before Fouras. The *Bonfleur*, which drew less water, was pointed out as more suitable for the occasion, but he persisted in his former selection, and being asked the reason of his preference replied,—“*Parceque le Capitaine Howe est jeune, et brave.*” The venture, however, was not made, and the failure of this intended enterprise was a severe mortification to every naval officer concerned in it.

So far, however, the effects of the disappointment were favourable, for it stimulated rather than deterred the efforts of government. Another expedition, on a more extensive scale, was appointed, for the purpose of making a descent on the different parts of the French coast ; and on June 1, 1758, a squadron of nearly one hundred and fifty ships, sloops, and frigates, to the command of which Capt. Howe was appointed as Commodore, put to sea.

There is little or nothing to relate of this expedition for little or nothing was accomplished ; the fleet shortly returned to England, and in the course of a few months again prepared for sea. The command of the land forces in this second expedition devolved upon an old, but brave soldier, Lieut.-General Bligh,

who embarked on board the *Essex*, commanded by Commodore Howe, and on board the same vessel Prince Edward Augustus, the then Duke of York, was placed as midshipman.

I must tell you an anecdote concerning the Prince, that I think may amuse you. Upon his coming on board, the different captains of the fleet had assembled to be presented, in turn, to the royal midshipman, when a sailor, who from the forecastle had closely observed the scene, remarked to his companion,—“The young gentleman, I think, is not over civil, see, if he does not keep his hat on before all the captains.” “You stupid fellow,” replied the other gravely, “where should he have learned manners, don’t you know that he never was at sea before in his life?”

The intention of the English government, was, as I have mentioned, to harass the coast of France, so as to compel some of the troops of that country to be employed in its defence, rather than warring upon other countries, and thus to cause a diversion in favour of the Prussian monarch. The first attack, therefore, had been directed to be made upon Cherbourg on the coast of Normandy, and though the landing of the troops was opposed by 3,000 of the enemy, it was gallantly accomplished. The French quitted their post, and were pursued with great slaughter, while upon the English side the loss of the killed and wounded amounted to no more than twenty.

The next attack, that upon St. Maloes, was less successful. Upon this expedition Commodore Howe, had by particular request, been accompanied by Prince Edward. On first joining the Essex, he had solicited the favour on all such occasions, of being by the side of his commander, and this request was now followed out, perhaps, somewhat further than the little prince, accustomed to beds of down, had intended, for that night the Commodore and he, in a miserable hovel, slept side by side on a bundle of straw.

• General Bligh had been permitted to land his troops without opposition, but after a day's march, discovering that the force of the enemy was upwards of 10,000 strong, and that they intended, on the morrow, giving battle to the English, nothing remained to be done, but with as little loss as possible, to re-embark the troops, and avoid so unequal a fight. It had been rumoured that it was the intention of the French to cut off the retreat, (for so it must be called,) of the English to the ships, but they met with little interruption, and reaching the beach, found the Commodore with his squadron and transports ready to receive them.

Advanced parties of the French, had indeed appeared upon the high ground, but they made no attempt to molest the embarkation of the troops until their reduced number assured them of success, when bringing their field pieces to bear on the now almost defenceless remnant of the British force, a scene of the most horrible carnage ensued.

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It was not on the bank alone that the defenceless soldiers, were mowed down, by the sweeping fire of the French—the flat-bottomed boats used in embarking the troops became the principal mark of the enemy, and such was the havoc occasioned, that while hundreds crowded on the beach, eagerly hailing the boats, as their sole chance of escape, the seamen, intimidated by the death of so many of their companions, hesitated to proceed, and lay on their oars. At that moment Captain Howe, perceiving the cause of their backwardness, jumped into his barge, and rowing into the midst of the fire, stood upright in his boat, waving the seamen to follow. The example of their brave commander, animated the depressed spirits of the sailors, and so far from now shrinking from the danger, they vied with each other, as to who should, at the hazard of their lives, rescue the greatest number of those, who, some by swimming, some by rushing into the sea, had attempted to reach the ships.

Thus ended the second unsuccessful expedition against the coast of France, and little, as you have seen, had been done, but that little had established for our hero the character of a brave, active and intelligent officer. It had done yet more, for the unvarying kindness, and attention, always shown to the comforts of his crew, had won for him the appellation of “the sailors’ friend”—indeed, so high stood the reputation of Lord Howe, (for by the death of his elder brother he had succeeded to that title,)

that the nation, as well as the government, now looked up to him when any naval operation of moment was contemplated : and George II. is said to have expressed his sense of the high character he held, in these words :—"My Lord Howe, your life has been a continued series of services to your country." The expression of Sir Edward Hawke, however, is perhaps still more to the purpose ; for Lord Howe having served under him, he had full opportunity of judging his deserts. "I have tried my Lord Howe," said he, "on most important occasions ; and he never asked me, how he was to execute any service entrusted to his charge, but went straight-forward and performed it." I nevertheless find in these first years of his life, but little of such matter, as is most likely to interest my sailor boy. One anecdote, of this hero perhaps may do so.—In 1763, on board the Princess Emelia, he acted, as flag-captain to his former royal pupil, and midshipman, the Duke of York—while one morning asleep in his cabin, the lieutenant of the watch suddenly entering, exclaimed in great agitation, "The ship is on fire close to the magazine, but do not be frightened, my lord, it may be got under." "Frightened, sir," was the hasty reply, "what do you mean by that? I never was frightened in my life," then looking the lieutenant in the face, he continued, "Pray sir, how does a man *feel* when he is frightened? I need not ask how he *looks*."

I do not know why I have told you this anecdote ;

I do not like it, and I believe my boy will not like it either. The cheek of a brave man, may not grow paler, as he rushes into the field of battle, but that of a Christian may, and must be bleached, at the prospect of himself, and others, being hurled by so sudden and fearful an accident—at once from time into eternity. Hundreds of unprepared souls, summoned in one moment, in the twinkling of an eye, to meet their Judge, to await their sentence, and to know that if such be not—"Come ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you," then assuredly will those fearful words, "Depart from me ye cursed, into everlasting fire prepared for the devil and his angels," ring their eternal doom.

In the summer of 1763, there seemed a general anxiety to end the hostility, so long carried on, with little advantage gained, upon either side. The French, who had met with small success, either at home, or in the colonies, were eager for peace. The English had long murmured at the continuance of the war,—and thus a treaty was entered into, a cessation of war was proclaimed between the two countries, and the fleet of both were paid off.

It was not, therefore, until the December of 1775, that Lord Howe was again called to act in the service of his country, and having been raised to the rank of Vice-admiral of the Blue, was appointed Commander of the North American station, receiving a joint commission with his brother General Sir William Howe, to treat with the revolted Americans, and

attempt to enforce peace in the discontented colonies.

I need not, I believe, remind you, dear Herbert, of the little success attending this expedition; your recollection of the life of Washington is, I hope, such as to make my dwelling long upon this period of the history of your hero, unnecessary. The indefatigable efforts of the Americans, and the determined resolve of their head leader, to assume for the united colonies, the rights of a free and independent state, had already nearly secured for them, that success so generally attending indefatigable efforts, and determined resolve.

We shall pass on, then, to a period of greater distinction to Lord^e Howe, and consequently, of greater interest to you. On his return from America, in 1778, after forty years of his life spent in the service of his country, Lord Howe eagerly desired to remain for some time at home, and the three following years were spent by him in the midst of his family. At the end of that time, in 1782, he was once more summoned to attend at the Admiralty Office, where he received a commission, appointing him Admiral of the Blue, with directions to take under his command, besides his own squadron, the ships of Rear-admiral Kempenfelt and Rear-admiral Sir John Ross. The whole to be employed in the North Seas, to watch the movements of the Dutch fleet. On this service Lord Howe was employed for the space of two months, and on his return to

England received directions again to put to sea, and cruise off Brest ; for the purpose of giving battle to the combined fleets of France and Spain.

Some account of the tremendous preparations on the part of Spain, for the siege of Gibraltar, had reached the English government, but they were as yet little aware of their extent or magnitude.

The re-conquest of that fortress would have given the French and Spaniards entire command of the Mediterranean, and Lord Howe proceeded accordingly to the relief of its brave, but small garrison , before his arrival, however, it had, under the able command of General Elliot, repulsed the attack of the enemy, and although your hero was not at this time connected with it, I must give a slight account of this memorable siege.

Huge floating batteries, so constructed that it was believed impossible they could either be set on fire, or sunk, were looked upon by the Spaniards, as the certain means of capturing the fortress, and indeed so feeble appeared its power of defence, and so overwhelming the force of the enemy, that its destruction seemed inevitable.

Upon the 13th of September, 1782, the floating batteries proceeded with a fair wind to Gibraltar, and arranged themselves for the attack ; the Spanish batteries from the land side, at the same time, redoubling their fire on the garrison. When within gun-shot of the walls, the English opened upon them a tremendous fire, but no ways disconcerted, the

Spanish commander, succeeded in forming a straight line, and in ten minutes these immense machines, completely moored, were prepared for action.

From the hour of nine in the morning until two they kept up a well directed fire, with very little damage to themselves, so that the belief of their famous batteries, being impervious to shot, gained ground ; they were, however, shortly and fearfully undeceived. The smoke rising from the side of that commanded by the Prince of Nassau first gave them to believe, although no flames were to be seen, that the red-hot balls from the garrison, had taken effect, and a scene of horror and confusion followed, for lying close to the walls, the shot had pierced full three feet, into the solid bed of green timber, of which the batteries were composed, and the fire thus smouldering on for some time unperceived, from one after another burst at length with a fearful explosion. Signals of distress, and cries for help, were heard on every side, while the glare of the flames lighted the whole scenery around, and showed with horrible distinctness the very features of the many unfortunate beings who, maimed, wounded, and exhausted, were struggling with the waves, numbers to avoid a more lingering and painful death, having cast themselves into the sea.

Never, perhaps, was that promptness which the English seamen have ever shown, and ever I hope will show in rescuing a fallen enemy, more required than on this occasion ; and Captain Curtis, who in

command of a marine brigade of gun-boats, had been the only assistant of the brave General Elliot in the repulse of so formidable an enemy, now called his gallant followers round him and at the risk of his own life, while surrounded by the clouds of smoke and fire attending each successive explosion, encouraged them to their dangerous work, and dragged from amidst the wreck, and the mutilated bodies of their companions, many a brave foe, who but for this assistance, must have perished among the flames.

On an exchange of prisoners, which was made a few days after the engagement I have narrated, no fewer than three hundred and thirty-five, who had thus been saved from the batteries were sent back to the Spanish lines; and the kindness of the British seamen had not been bestowed on ungrateful hearts, for loudly did they extol their generous enemies; the French, in particular declaring, they would sell their last morsel of food at any time, to relieve the wants of an English prisoner.

During this engagement, there is one anecdote I have heard, of a brave sailor, that I must relate. I could fill pages with such proofs of fearless hearts, and high and noble feeling, taken from among our brave crews, but I must, I fear, content myself with this one.

A sailor on board the Royal William, who had received a wound, that severed his right thigh from his body, was carried below in great agony, when the surgeon, although finding from the nature of the

injury, that it must prove fatal, attempted by every means in his power to allèviate sufferings more than usually intense, but calmly telling him, he knew all was in vain, for that he was a dying man, the poor fellow entreated with great earnestness, that he would leave him, to attend to those, who might perhaps survive the day. A few minutes afterwards the mizen mast of one of the French ships was shot away. The seamen on board gave three cheers, and raising himself from the cot on which he lay, the wounded sailor seconded them—fell back and expired.

We must now return to Lord Howe. On the 11th of September, the fleet for the relief of Gibraltar had sailed from Spithead; on the 8th of October it reached the latitude of Cape St. Vincent, and here the Commander-in-Chief attempted to obtain intelligence respecting the motions of the enemy, in order that he might regulate the conduct of the fleet, so as to secure the great end and aim of the expedition—the speedy introduction of supplies to the famishing garrison.

The information received, was such, that notwithstanding the great superiority of numbers, being in favour of the enemy, Lord Howe resolved upon at once making for the Straits, and an easterly wind springing up, the whole fleet, amidst joyful shouts and acclamations, was carried into Gibraltar; the ships landing their cargoes; and the troops for the assistance of the garrison, disembarking without molestation.

The enemy had thus failed, in the double effort of reducing the brave garrison of Gibraltar, by storm, and by famine, and Lord Howe succeeded in his, which was that of relieving it. By a masterly movement, and most daring venture, he had accomplished his mission. The garrison was effectually relieved, the hostile fleet baffled, and dared to battle, the ardent and certain hopes of the enemy were disappointed, and on his return to England, Lord Howe was hailed as the hero of that grand national object, towards which the eyes, not of England alone, but of all Europe, had for the last year been turned with anxiety.

On his return to his own country, Lord Howe hoped, from the prospect there now was of a speedy peace, that he might at length look forward, to spending some time in quiet with his wife and family; but this was not a period, when peace and quiet was to be enjoyed by any faithful servant of his country, and though not immediately again summoned to sea, the services of Lord Howe were no less required.

In January, 1783, he had been appointed First Lord of the Admiralty, and shortly after this it was, that the spirit of mutiny, which was then spreading its baneful influence over the British fleets in their different stations, showed itself at Portsmouth, Plymouth, and Sheerness.

The Janus, a forty-four gun ship, was among the first and most dangerous of the mutineers. The men

became outrageous, 'confined the officers, and refused to allow of their captain coming on board. He succeeded, however, in forcing his way among them, but when he harangued the men, and pointed out the danger into which they thus threw themselves, they, fearful of being compelled to return to their duty, refused to listen, and with lighted matches rushed to their quarters, ready to fire, on the first appearance of any attempted attack from without.

Other ships were not slow to follow the example set by the *Janus*, and the accounts of the fast-spreading evil that reached the Admiralty, were such as to induce Lord Howe to repair alone to Spithead, for the purpose of making inquiries on the spot.

On his arriving there, he had sent word, that it was his intention to go on board the *Janus*, and no sooner was his barge seen to approach that ship, than the sides were manned by the mutineers, while with the usual honours and the greatest show of respect he was received on board, Lord Howe forthwith proceeded to the quarter-deck, and having directed all hands to be called, expressed his grief and astonishment at such mutinous conduct in British seamen, whose character for order, and obedience, had hitherto been proverbial. They knew, he said, the deep interest he had always taken in their welfare, but it was impossible he could give any countenance, let the cause be what it might, to disobedience of lawful authority, and disrespect to their officers: that he had come down purposely to inquire, of what

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grievances they complained, and to comply with any reasonable demand they had to make. Upon this, with one accord and three hearty cheers, the brave though mutinous crew, acknowledged their error, and resolved to return to their duty, relying with perfect faith, they said, on the promises of his lordship, whom they had long known as "the sailors' friend."

If energy and decision of acting, if stern and unflinching justice, in subduing a mutinous spirit, such as you will afterwards meet with in the life of Lord St. Vincent, is to be admired, how much more so, should that firmness of resolve, and gentleness of nature, that can by a few kind words, and the recollection of past benefits, tame the rebellious spirits and recall them to their duty ! It may be, that Lord St. Vincent was differently situated, that a heavier responsibility lay upon him at the time, and that therefore, the most decided means, although they were also the most severe, were necessary to allay the evil. In this light, a comparison between them may be unfair, but, that much may be done, by attention to the comforts of the sailors, by winning their confidence and good will, is proved both in the persons of Lord Howe and Nelson. They were both proverbial for kindness and attention to their crew ; and no mutiny, even at the time, when that evil was most prevalent, ever showed itself in any ship, immediately under their command.

In 1790, rapid progress having been made by the French Revolutionists, a squadron, under the command of Lord Howe, was directed to proceed to sea ; but the fleet of the enemy contriving always to avoid an encounter, little or nothing of interest occurred.

The same, at least as far as regards Lord Howe, may be said of the years 1791, 1792, and 1793, for it was not until May, 1794, that he was again given an opportunity of exercising those talents, which he longed to devote to the service of his country.

Upon the 2nd of May, a numerous fleet under the command of Lord Howe, whom I have forgotten to mention had two years previous to this time, on the death of Lord Rodney, been appointed Vice-admiral of England, put to sea ; and on the 19th of the same month the French fleet, under the command of Rear-admiral Valaret, left Brest. Preparations on an enormous scale had been carried on in that port, the dock-yards and arsenals had long resounded with the notes of war and preparation, and the hopes of the republican party were high, that ere long they were to strike a decisive blow against the navy of England. In an address made to the seamen of Brest, previous to the sail of the fleet, we find them told—" You will conquer—yes, you will conquer these eternal enemies of our nation. As to that, you have only to will it and it is done." A French officer also, in a letter dated at this period, remarks, " Never before did there exist in Brest, a fleet so formidable and

well disciplined as that which is now lying here—all, too, burning to fight the enemies of our country to the very banks of the Thames and under the walls of London.”

On the 28th, the enemy although at a considerable distance, were caught sight of by the advanced frigate of the English fleet. And now my dear boy, we have nearly reached the most eventful day in the life of your hero, for so long as English history exists, so long will the glorious 1st of June be gratefully remembered.

While the enemy's fleet formed themselves into line, that of Lord Howe crowded all sail that the weather would permit, and bore down upon them in the most perfect order. Towards noon, on finding that the signal he had made for passing through the enemy's line had not been clearly understood, he tacked, and appointing the Queen Charlotte, his own flag ship, to lead, broke through the French line, thus separating himself entirely from the rest of the fleet, and for some time continuing alone, exposed to the incessant fire of the enemy.

The Bellerophon, and Leviathan, had tacked next in succession to the Queen Charlotte, and resolutely followed the daring example she had given, not however with the same immediate success, though after one or two ineffectual attempts, the Bellerophon burst through the line of the enemy, passing so close to her opponent as almost to touch, and totally unrig her, bringing down her topmasts and lower yards

with a starboard broadside, and at the same time raking the vessel to leeward of her.

Even this gallant commencement, however, failed to bring on a general engagement. The French admiral, like Lord Howe, had directed his own ship to lead, and by a manœuvre (so well and ably executed, that the whole of the British fleet were struck with admiration of the boldness and talent of their brave foe,) he rescued his two disabled ships, while the Queen Charlotte, in her unsupported state, unable to offer any resistance, saw her own almost secured prizes, carried triumphantly out of her reach.

Some more firing was interchanged, and then the two fleets busied themselves in forming again into line, and repairing damages received in the brief but heavy encounter; and such were the exertions on board the different ships, that before nightfall, with one exception, all that had been engaged were reported again ready for service.

From the evening of the 29th until that of the 1st, a dense fog prevented any attempt to renew the engagement, and when it did clear sufficiently to allow of the hostile fleets discovering each other, the day was too far advanced for bringing them properly into action, so that the final engagement was deferred until the following morning, the 1st of June.

At five o'clock, Lord Howe made the signal to bear down upon the enemy—by seven, they were within three miles of the French fleet, and after making the signals that he intended to pass through

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their line, and that each ship was to steer for and independent of each other, to engage that, immediately opposed to them. The Queen Charlotte bore down on the Montague, a three-decker, in the very centre of the enemy's line. She was fired upon from either side, but with the utmost coolness, setting her top-gallant sails, and with the signal flying for close action, she dashed through the line of the enemy. For the space of three hours the battle raged with the utmost violence; the seamen fighting as brave British seamen can fight, when the interest of their country is at stake, or when the honour and glory of a beloved commander, is to be won by their exertions. But in this instance, it was not by the seamen alone that such devotion was shown, for the sailors' wives, without a thought or fear for themselves stood by the side of the guns, assisting and encouraging their husbands.

Never perhaps, had two fleets met with more fixed resolve, to conquer, or to die. Small white silk flags with the words, "Victory or death," emblazoned in gilt letters, were distributed in different parts of the French ships, and the conviction that they were to conquer the English, and sailing for Spithead, to take up their triumphant anchorage in that port, had heightened their never-failing valour into a feeling of almost savage ferocity.

There are so many curious anecdotes, so many traits of bravery, among the different actors of this eventful day, that although not immediately connected

with your hero, I cannot resist telling you of some.

When Captain Berkeley of the Marlborough, severely wounded, had been carried below, the command devolved on the first lieutenant, Mr. Monkton, and the skill and bravery he evinced in a most trying and dangerous situation, was such as to attract the attention of the whole fleet. After a successful encounter with three separate ships of the enemy, the Marlborough, entirely dismasted and otherwise disabled, continued nevertheless, to keep the British flag unstained by any show of submission, until victory on the side of the English was decided, when Sir Robert Stopford, seeing the helpless state to which they had been reduced, hastened to their assistance. It is told that at one time, so incapable did she seem of offering further resistance, that a whispered proposal of surrender had been made: it was overheard by Lieutenant Monkton, and resolutely exclaiming, he would never surrender, he declared that if so base a proposition was again made, he would nail the colours to the broken stump of the mast. At this moment a poor imprisoned cock made his escape from the shattered coop, and overjoyed at regaining his liberty, perched himself on the broken main-mast, clapping his wings and crowing aloud. It was received as a good omen by the sailors; in an instant three hearty cheers rung through the ship's company, and no one spoke, or thought again, of surrender.

In another ship, the *Defiance*, commanded by Captain Gambier, one of the lieutenants, who observed the *Republican*, a three-decker bearing down upon them was struck with a momentary terror, and hurrying to the captain, he addressed him eagerly, using at the same time a word which I need not repeat here, and inquiring what they were to do. Captain Gambier, unmoved by the approaching danger, looked gravely at the officer, and in a solemn tone asked—"How dare you, at this awful moment, come to me with an oath in your mouth? Go down, sir, and encourage your men to stand to their guns like brave British seamen."


By eleven o'clock, the heat of the action was over, the British having eleven the French twelve of their ships dismasted in the contest; none, however, of the latter had at that time struck their colours. By one it was very different; the firing had almost entirely ceased, and the conquered and discomfited French saw seven of their ships secured by the conquering English. Although two hundred and ninety brave men, swept off in an engagement of only a few hours seems fearful indeed, the loss was comparatively small considering the equality of numbers, and the terrible destruction of the enemy, for no fewer than three thousand of the French, were killed or mortally wounded, on that, to them, most disastrous day.

Such was the first decisive engagement between the British and the *Republican* fleets; and on his

return to Spithead the brave old admiral (for Lord Howe was now in his seventieth year) was received with an enthusiasm worthy of the service he had rendered to his country. A salute fired from the battery announced the Queen Charlotte having anchored in the port, and on landing Lord Howe was received with military honours, the band of the Gloucester regiment playing, "See the conquering hero comes," while the crowds that surrounded him, cheering and weeping in turns, almost rent the air with loud and long acclamations of "God save the king and Lord Howe to defend him!" "May the French ever know Howe to be the master of the sea!"

His Majesty George³ III, accompanied by his queen, and three of the young princesses, had come down to Portsmouth purposely to receive and mark their gratitude for the many services of the veteran commander, and going on board the Queen Charlotte, the King presented Lord Howe with a diamond hilt and sword valued at three thousand guineas.

It was not in England alone, that the victory of the 1st of June was fully appreciated. The whole of the Continent, the whole of that part, at least, as yet unstained by the revolutionary principles, that France was fast spreading among them, rang with his praise, and the Queen Charlotte, breaking through the line of the enemy as she had done, brushing the ensign of the Montaigne on one side and on the other grazing the Jacobin's mizen-shrouds with her



jib-boom, was looked upon as an exploit that had no equal in the pages of history.

On advancing towards the French line, it had appeared so close and compact, that Lord Howe doubted whether it was possible to pass, but resolved to make good his way, even on the chance of running on board the flag-ship of the French admiral; he gave the command, and Mr Bowen, master of the Queen Charlotte, a brave and gallant officer, as eager to rush into danger as his noble leader, exclaimed in delight,—“That’s right, my lord, the Queen Charlotte will make room for herself.” Shortly after, however, on receiving an order from Lord Howe to starbord the helm, Mr. Bowen remarked that if he did so, they would be on board the next ship, the Jacobin. To this Lord Howe replied, sharply,—“What is that to you, sir?” and Mr. Bowen, nettled by the reproof, muttered, though in an undertone,—“Depend upon it, *I* don’t care, if *you* don’t I’ll go near enough to singe some of our whiskers.” This was not intended to have been overheard, but it was so, and Lord Howe turning to his captain, said,—“That’s a fine fellow, Curtis!” Nor was this the only time that the attention of the brave old leader, was attracted by the ceaseless and daring exertions of Mr. Bowen. His appointment as master of the vessel, brought them in frequent contact with each other, and always addressing Lord Howe as “my lord,” the latter was on one occasion at length heard to exclaim,—“Mr. Bowen, you call me my

lord,— my lord,— you yourself deserve to be a prince !”

Immediately after the battle, a deputation of the petty officers, and seamen, had requested Mr. Bowen to ask Lord Howe, if they might have the gratification of congratulating his lordship on the victory he had gained, and thanking him for having led them so gloriously into battle.

Lord Howe assented, but on receiving them on the quarter-deck was so affected, that he could only say,—his voice faltering, and his eyes glistening with tears,—“ No, no, *I* thank you,—it is *you*, my brave lads, it is you, not I, that have conquered.” In describing this scene, afterwards to a friend, Mr. Bowen added,—“ I could myself have cried, most heartily, to see the veteran Howe so affected ”

One more anecdote I must tell you, connected with, though not occurring immediately on the 1st of June Mr Larcoom, the first lieutenant of the Queen Charlotte, who had greatly distinguished himself on that day, was shortly after the return of the ship to Portsmouth, summoned by Lord Howe, and thus addressed by him,—“ Mr. Larcoom, your conduct in the late action was such, that it is necessary you should leave this ship.” The startled officer, who was at heart, as brave as his admiral, and who had always borne the character of a good officer and seamen, but who did not know in what light his actions of that day might have been represented, was thunderstruck by the words, and exclaimed, in

great agitation,—“Good heaven! my lord, what have I done? why am I to leave the ship? I have done my duty to the utmost of my power!” Lord Howe knowing, I suppose, what substantial comfort was at hand, seems to have taken a mischievous delight in prolonging poor Mr. Larcoom’s suspense, for he answered slowly,—“It is very true, sir, but that you must leave this ship is certain, and I have great pleasure in presenting you with this commission as commander, for your conduct on the late occasion.”

I said the above was to be my last anecdote connected with the 1st of June, but one more I cannot resist, for it is about a little midshipman. Lord Howe, observing him placed in a dangerous situation, and even in a moment of such intense anxiety mindful of the safety of those under his charge, remarked,—“You had better go below, you are too young to be of service here” “My lord,” replied the little fellow, blushing at the idea of remonstrating with his admiral, but still resolved not to obey, “what would my father say, if I was not to remain on deck during the action?”

A very brief space of rest was now allowed to Lord Howe. On the 13th of June the victorious fleet had anchored at Spithead, and on the 9th of August he returned to Portsmouth, to resume the command of a squadron consisting of thirty-seven sail of the line and ten frigates; the purpose of which was to protect the numerous and valuable

convoys, and perhaps at the same time to impress the enemy with an idea of the superiority, and resources, of the British navy, in thus being able to send to sea so numerous and powerful a fleet, immediately after the great encounter of the 1st of June. Little of interest occurred at this time. The fleet continued to cruise about Ushant and the Scilly Islands, from time to time detaching such ships as were necessary for the protection of the several convoys, and then the lateness of the season, with the boisterous and squally weather, preventing further opposition they returned to England, and on the 29th of November anchored at Spithead.

The increasing infirmities of Lord Howe, had for some time previous to this, made him anxious to obtain rest on land, for he hoped by recruiting his strength, to devote his last days to his profession. In this hope he was disappointed, the flag of the brave old admiral was never again raised in the British navy, but the remainder of his life was nevertheless spent in behalf of his country.

The year 1797 is, unfortunately, distinguished in naval history by the frequently repeated mutiny of the fleets at home, and abroad. When first it showed itself in the Channel fleet, Lord Howe, although at that time he had actually resigned all naval command, was urged both by the king, and government, to exert that influence he was known to possess over the officers and men of the fleet.

At this time he was suffering severely from illness,

but nevertheless he obeyed the call, and without delay set out for Portsmouth, where already the spirit of mutiny had risen to an alarming height; many of the officers having been forced to go on shore, and in some instances, narrowly escaping death at the hands of the crew. Misled and excited as these poor creatures were, the appearance among them of the brave old man, who had so frequently led them to battle, who had been ever ready to befriend them in their just wants, and who had long been regarded by them as "the seamen's friend," worked an instant change. The first point insisted upon by Lord Howe, was, that the seamen generally should express their regret for what had happened, and send him a petition, praying he would interpose his good offices, express their repentance, and obtain pardon of the king for their offences. This was complied with by the seamen, and government in their turn also made concessions. Those officers who during the mutiny had made themselves distasteful to their own crew were exchanged into other ships; and thus by good management, and the entire confidence placed in Lord Howe by the whole fleet, the plague spot was wiped out, and peace, order, and discipline, was restored to the Channel fleet.

This, my dear boy, was the last, though not least important act, of the public life of your hero, and it was one worthy of the sailors' friend, for without undue severity, without greater concessions than

justice admitted, the deluded, but brave and really honest seamen, returned to their duty.

From this time, the life of Lord Howe was altogether a private one; nor did he long enjoy the fame he had acquired, or the respect and affection which, to the last, was evinced towards him by his grateful sovereign; for in 1799, in his seventy-third year, he sunk under the painful malady which for some years he had been suffering.

CHAPTER III.

EARL ST. VINCENT

YOUR present hero, my dearest boy, was the second son of Mr. Jervis, an English gentleman of moderate fortune, who from being himself a lawyer, was particularly anxious that his second son should adopt the same profession. A change of residence from Staffordshire, to Greenwich, was the cause of this wish being frustrated, for the boy who was thus thrown entirely among naval associates, imbibed so strong a taste for the sea, that he would no longer tolerate the idea of any other line of life. He was, moreover, solemnly assured, by no less authority than his father's coachman, that all lawyers were rogues, and to escape from swelling a list so distinguished, the future hero, whose whole system of naval rule is said to have consisted in the word "obey;" whose path to fame originated in the discipline, which he alone found means to maintain, when all around were in a state of discord and

rebellion, began his course in life by an utter contempt of the word, for he ran away from his home and friends. Entreaty, command, and threats of lasting punishment, should he persist in his scheme, were all used to induce his return, but they were all in vain; and finding at length that nothing else could be done, it was resolved that the self-willed urchin should have his own way, and go to sea. To sea accordingly he did go, although, as at this time he was but ten years old, the nursery would have been a fitter place for the tiny hero, and it would, I think, have been a kindly action to have bound his little hands and feet, if by no other means he could be kept safe prisoner there.

I have told you that the fortune of Mr. Jervis was a very moderate one, but perhaps it was with the intention of making the first years of the little sailor's life less comfortable than they might have been, had he followed the wishes of his father, that the small sum of 20*l.* was all that was allowed, not only for the equipment, but for the pocket-money of the boy.

The Gloucester, in which ship the little Jervis had been placed as midshipman, was, shortly after his appointment, sent to the West Indies, where it remained so long in harbour, that the poor little boy, who could not afford the pleasure of going on shore with his companions, found the life on board very lonely, and volunteered, therefore, into whatever ship was going to sea.

The difficulties occasioned by his small means proved of after-advantage to the young sailor, for at every port, when others left the ship in search of amusement, he was forced to remain on board, and being thus left to his own resources, he occupied his time in study.

In a letter written at this time by one of his superior officers to a friend at home, we find, after his mention of the little Jervis as a manly and intelligent boy, "his chief occupation is reading, and with a surprising memory, he digests all branches of professional and general knowledge."

About the same period he himself, when writing to a sister, says, "My only employment now, is reading, studying navigation, and perusing my old letters, of which I have almost enough to make an octavo volume."

For the space of seven years he continued at different stations in the West Indies, and during that period did not call upon his father for any increase of allowance. How for that length of time he had contrived to hoard even the smallest remnant of his 20*l.*, is not easily understood, and will, I have no doubt, seem doubly strange to you, my dear boy, since on an allowance that would have been wealth to the little Jervis, you bemoan so feelingly in your last letter, the not being able to afford the beautifully carved chessmen, so temptingly offered to you at Hong Kong.

The wants of a midshipman of these times would

seem to have been few in number, for we hear of no privations, until at the^d end of the seven years, when he drew upon his father once more, for the sum of 20*l*.

The dishonoured bill was the only answer the poor boy received to this his first, and last application, and for the six following years the difficulties of the future earl were more severe than perhaps even his father would have approved, for having been obliged to sell his bedding, he slept on the bare deck, and besides this, frequently made, while he always washed and mended, his own clothes.

In the year 1759, having, with great credit to himself, passed his examination as lieutenant, Mr. Jervis was appointed to the Prince, then the flag ship of Admiral Sir Charles Saunders, whose fleet was destined to carry the brave Wolfe and his gallant band to Quebec. Shortly after quitting England he was again promoted, and as commander of the sloop Porcupine, the young sailor had for the first time, a field in which to display the real activity and alertness that characterized his after-life.

An unlooked for accident had at this time nearly closed the career of your hero, for Sir James Wolfe, having decided from what quarter to commence his attack on Quebec, and requested a naval force to escort his troops past the city, embarked in, and selected for the leading ship, that commanded by his former schoolfellow and friend, Mr. Jervis.

Unfortunately for the Porcupine, at the very

moment of her coming under the guns of Quebec, the breeze fell, it became a dead calm, and the stream of the river being exceedingly strong, she was rapidly borne nearer and nearer to the enemy.

You may imagine the consternation and horror of the whole British army, when without the power of offering assistance they thus saw their brave General hurried on to almost certain destruction, for no sooner was the helplessness of the Porcupine discovered, than a rapid fire being opened from the forts on either side, she became the sole mark of the enemy. At this moment, the presence of mind of Mr. Jervis, and the hardihood of his brave seamen, rescued the ship, the boats were ordered to tow the vessel out of her perilous situation, and cheering his men through the fire, the brave fellows, with the enemy's balls rattling round them, performed their work, and, while a shout of admiration and joy rose from the remainder of the fleet, brought the ship to her station.

Our present hero, has nothing further to do with the capture of Quebec, and for the two or three succeeding years, was employed in services of a nature not likely to interest you; I shall therefore pass over that period. In 1763, peace was re-established in England, many ships, among others that of Mr. (now Captain) Jervis, was paid off, and he did not again serve until the year 1769.

Even now, there was little to be done by the English navy, and I find, consequently, but few

things to interest you ; one anecdote perhaps may do so, and I shall not, therefore, pass it over. Captain Jervis, who now commanded the Alarm, had for some time been employed in cruising, and visiting various ports, and towards the end of the year reached that of Genoa. Shortly after his arrival two Turkish slaves, who upon their day of rest, (for it was Sunday,) were sauntering near the galley, discovered the boat of the Alarm. It had brought some of her officers on shore, and was now lying at no great distance. With the blessed hope of obtaining their freedom, by claiming protection from her colours, the slaves rushed towards her, jumped into her stern sheets, enfolded themselves within the British flag, and in the exuberance of their joy, shouted aloud, proclaiming to every passer by, that they were free.

The hope of the poor men was, on this day at least, short-lived, for on the arrival of the galley master, they were forcibly dragged from the boat, and were once more hurried back to chains and slavery.

Upon the return of the boat, the whole story was reported to Captain Jervis, and he, considering that an insult had been offered to the British flag, lost no time in dispatching a remonstrance, demanding an immediate apology, for the outrage done his nation, and directing that the slaves should be brought on board the Alarm, to receive their freedom.

This last was, perhaps, somewhat more than he was entitled to require, but the respect, and awe, in

which the English nation was held, ensured compliance. The apology was tendered, in presence of the whole ship's company, and the Turkish slaves were proclaimed free men.

The effect of this occurrence for many years after, was relief to the few, and a great increase of suffering to the many, for it became customary, that any slaves who could only touch the British colours, should henceforward be free. The eye of the overseer, consequently, from this time, kept more rigorous watch, and when English ships lay in the port, the galley chain of the poor slave never for a moment relaxed.

I am going again, my dear boy, to pass over some years of the life of your hero, you must take a long spring this time, for it is to be from 1770 to 1782, when Capt. Jervis commanded the Foudroyant, and when the combined fleets of France, Spain, and Holland, were sweeping the shores of Europe from north to south. A large squadron of French line-of-battle ships at this time stationed in the harbour of Brest, were destined to convey a land force to the East Indies for the purpose of attacking the English possessions in that country, and to prevent this expedition, Admiral Barrington had been dispatched with orders, so to guard the mouth of the harbour as to prevent the sailing of the fleet. He had under his command twelve ships of the line, and among these, the Foudroyant commanded, as I have said, by Captain Jervis.

Upon the 20th of April, a hostile sail was discovered in the distance, and signal being made for a general chase, the Foudroyant, being a superior sailor, soon gained upon the French fleet, and lost sight of the English. For some time, the French men-of-war continued to sail in a close body, but towards night, separating from each other, Captain Jervis selected the largest for pursuit, while to watch her movements, a little midshipman of the name of Bowen was directed to go aloft, and with his night-glass keep her in sight.

Preparations were now rapidly made for battle, and while every nerve was strained by pressure of sail to secure their coming up with the enemy, the boy was continually questioned regarding his watch, till finding by the just and accurate answers returned, that never for a moment could his eye be removed from the glass, Captain Jervis exclaimed in delight,—“That’s right, Bowen, do you keep sight of her, and rely upon it, I will never lose sight of you.” He kept his word, for the young midshipman, proving himself a useful and gallant officer, was rapidly advanced from one grade of his profession to another, until, in the battle of Teneriffe, where, as captain of the Terpsichore, he so brilliantly distinguished himself, and so gallantly fell.

The Foudroyant had now succeeded in reaching the enemy, and passing under her stern at the distance of about twenty fathoms, she poured upon her a raking fire, so deadly in its effect as to throw every-

thing on board into the greatest disorder. To follow up so successful a commencement, Captain Jervis resolved upon instantly boarding the enemy, and thus by a desperate struggle, without further loss of time, make the prize his own. He did so, and in three quarters of an hour from the first opening fire, the boarders, headed by young Bowen, were in possession of the deck, while with three cheers heartily given from the Foudroyant, the English colours were seen flying on the mast of the conquered ship.

This action, and the fact of the capture having been made without the loss of a single life on board the Foudroyant, excited the greatest admiration of the talents and bravery of her commander. His king marked his approbation by conferring a baronetcy upon Captain Jervis, and the whole of England ringing with his praise, was elated by the expectation, that this first success, was but a prelude to far greater events.

Towards the close of this year, the Foudroyant was paid off, and Sir John, now Admiral Sir John Jervis, was not again afloat until 1793, when it was found that the republican government then reigning in unhappy France, might extend its influence to the possessions of that country in the West Indian Islands, and by a fatal example, cause rebellion in those colonies belonging to England.

To avoid so great a calamity, therefore, it was decided, that an attack should be made upon the

French islands, and a naval and military force being destined for this purpose, Admiral Sir John Jervis was appointed commander-in-chief of the squadron, his friend Sir Charles Grey, that of the troops.

In January, 1774, this expedition reached Barbadoes, and proclamations were issued, in which the islands were urged to submit peaceably to the embarkation of the troops; this however was declined, and an immediate attack upon Martinique was the result.

The number of the enemy far surpassed that of the English, and to divide their force, it was decided that the island should at the same moment be attacked at three different points. That of Trois Rivières, however, where Sir Charles Grey was to act in conjunction with Admiral Sir John Jervis, is the only one, with which our present story has to do. The intention of the French was, from their stronghold, to oppose the disembarkation of the troops, and should this fail, they were to throw their whole force into the forts Louis, and Bourbon, for these places were so situated as to protect Port Royal, the principal town in the island.

On the 5th of February, then, the Aboyne, the flag ship of Admiral Sir John Jervis, anchored in Marin Bay, and the troops disembarking, made for the shore.

A heavy and destructive fire from the forts, was, during this time, poured upon our brave soldiers, but they nevertheless effected their purpose, and the

enemy, compelled to retire, left a lighted train, in the hope that by exploding the magazine, they might secure the destruction of their assailants. Fortunately this scheme being discovered, the train was quickly extinguished, and in a few minutes more, loud cheers, echoing from rock to rock, told that the British flag had been planted on the island.

This was, however, but the first and easiest step. Much yet remained to be done, and General Sir Charles Grey, with two thousand four hundred troops, marched up the island, where the French general, once more retreating, threw himself with his whole force into Fort Bourbon.

While the troops occupied themselves in building forts, digging trenches, and making all necessary preparations for a siege, a party of three hundred seamen under the command of Captain Grey, of the *Boyne*, were, with the assistance of the engineers, engaged in dragging four of the heaviest guns, to a height that commanded the fort of the enemy, and their exertions, it is said, although no longer on their own element, were such as to astonish even our brave soldiers, accustomed as they were to like toil.

Through five miles, where they were continually exposed to the fire of the enemy, the indefatigable sailors continued to drag their heavy burdens, now making their way through thick and almost impassable woods, and now scaling heights, where even the sure-footed mule, could scarcely have trod in safety. The undertaking was arduous, it had

seemed impossible, but the brave hearts who had undertaken the work, were not to be defeated, and on the evening of the third day, the guns were placed in the proper station.

"The French," says one who has narrated the events of this siege, "were, as they always are, lavish of their blood and life, and fought desperately, but nothing could withstand the bravery of the assailants, and the French sending in a flag of truce, the island of Martinique surrendered to the English."

In order to lose no time in subduing the other islands, Sir Charles Grey, after leaving, in the garrison of Martinique, a force sufficient to protect the rights of the conqueror, proceeded against Guadaloupe, the Aboyne with several others of the fleet, landing the troops, and four hundred seamen upon the principal forts of that island.

When all was supposed to be in readiness, a gun fired from the Boyne, gave the signal to advance, and the next moment the heights literally swarmed with the stormers. The struggle at this point, though short was terrific, and the loss of life upon both sides very great, for the ground had been disputed inch by inch, and until the arrival of the third division of English, it seemed uncertain, who should remain the conquerors, and who the conquered; at length, however, overpowered by numbers, the French gave way, and the conquest of Guadaloupe was complete.

The brave deeds of our countrymen, and the fearful loss of life occasioned by these battles, were not unfortunately destined finally either to benefit our country, or to secure those unhappy islands from the dreadful influence of the republican government of France. Sickness among our troops, had reduced the brave men to little more than the shadow of what they had been. And when Victor Hugo, one of the most active as well as the most cruel instigators of the revolution, arrived at Guadaloupe with a large body of fresh soldiers, and spread his baneful proclamation of universal equality and freedom, the enfeebled remains of the British force could offer no opposition to the hideous cruelties, and maddening fury, of the excited populace.

Upon learning to what an unhappy state sickness and disease had reduced those of his countrymen, whom so lately he had seen left at Guadaloupe and Martinique, in all the vigour of health and pride of conquest, Sir John Jervis, although himself suffering under the effects of yellow fever, hurried to their assistance, but all that could now be done was to remove the disabled troops to a place of safety. And then subdued by sickness, and disheartened by knowing that from the want of sufficient force to protect them, the trophies he and his companions had so hardly won, were wrested from their grasp, the admiral and his fleet set sail for, and returned to England.

A very short time was allowed Sir John Jervis

or the re-establishment of his health. In February, 1795, he had returned from his campaign in the west, and in August of the same year, he was summoned to immediate service, for the English nation was now for the first time about to offer resistance to the sleepless ambition, and fast increasing power of Napoleon, and a fleet, of which Sir John Jervis was appointed first in command, was destined for the Mediterranean.

How many never-to-be-forgotten names that fleet contained ! Nelson ! the great and victorious Nelson, the great and good Collingwood, the gallant Hood, the early dead, but brave and noble Trowbridge, all of these, and many another noble name was there, and well might England be proud of her sons, for although some of these were now but at the commencement of their great career, they had already given promise that Europe should one day ring with their praise, and England glory in the name of her heroes, "the heroes of a hundred fights"

France was at this moment busily occupied, preparing, in the harbour of Toulon, a fleet, that was intended to bear her army to Civita Vecchia, in the Roman States ; and it was to prevent this expedition, that Sir John Jervis blockaded the port of Toulon, surrounding it with his own fleet, so as to prevent that of the French quitting the harbour.

This service was faithfully performed ; not one of the enemy's ships dared to leave the port, and thus

the French army was compelled also to remain inactive. It was at this time, that writing to the Directory, Napoleon says, "If we could but cripple the British admiral, the French would be at sea in a week." But the English admiral was not to be crippled. The French fleet continued prisoners in Toulon, and the haughty spirit of Napoleon chafed in vain over the effectual, though apparently slight resistance, that held the whole of his mighty fleet in thrall. This obstacle was, in fact, the only one that through the whole of Europe was at this time offered to the triumphant career of the French leader, for his conquests on land were even now succeeding each other with unequalled rapidity.

The inactivity of a blockaded port, was as little suited to the temper of the English admiral or his followers, as the narration I fear, my dear boy, may have been to you ; they were, however, to be shortly relieved, and we too, come to a time of far greater excitement and interest, than any we have yet met with in the life of your hero

HAVING received orders to proceed immediately to the Tagus, which was henceforth to be the rendezvous of his fleet, Sir John Jervis found his command, although considerably extended from what it had been, still very inadequate to the service required ; for never had England stood in greater need of naval force than now, when France, Spain, and Holland, with their separate fleets ready for sea, had become her opponents.

The intention of the Directory at this time was to invade Portugal, and that country being then the ally of England, the fleet of Sir John Jervis, which in 1797 was dispatched to the Tagus, took up its station before Lisbon ; but scarcely had they reached that port, when information was received that the Spanish fleet had passed Cadiz, that it was in great force, and that it could not be far distant.

This fleet consisted of twenty-seven sail of the line, while that of England counted no more than fifteen, so that if the French and Spanish admirals should succeed in uniting the two forces, to fly from the enemy, or to risk the annihilation of his whole band by so overwhelming a force, would have been the only alternative, and to prevent this conjunction, therefore, it was that, notwithstanding his already great inferiority of numbers, Sir John Jervis took up his station off Cape St. Vincent, for there, as he must certainly encounter the Spanish admiral, he trusted to draw on a battle.

A busy scene now followed, ships were stationed to watch, and report the advance of the enemy, and signal was made that all should keep close and prepare for fight. From the total darkness, it was only from the signal guns of the Spanish ships, sounding nearer and nearer, that Sir John Jervis could judge of their positions ; and again and again during the night he renewed his inquiries, as to the compact order and situation of his own fleet.

By day-break, for his impatient spirit could take

no rest at such a moment, he was again on deck, and giving the captains 'of the various ships high commendation for the close and admirable order in which he found them, he added, "I wish we were at this moment well up with the Spaniards, a victory is so essential to England, and we could not be better prepared to meet the enemy than now."

The morning proved so foggy that the enemy's fleet was not immediately discovered, but as the mist cleared away, they were distinctly seen in the distance.

Signal for chase was immediately made, and having drawn sufficiently near, the number of the hostile ships was by the captain of the fleet reported to the admiral, "There are eight sail of the line, Sir John." "Very well, sir." A moment after, in a less satisfied voice, "There are twenty sail of the line, Sir John." "Very well, sir." "There are twenty-five sail of the line, Sir John." Still the answer was as before, a cool "Very well, sir;" but when the reporter came to "There are twenty-seven sail of the line, Sir John," and that some remonstrance against engaging so disproportionate a force, followed, "Enough, enough," replied the admiral indignantly, "No more of that—the die is cast, and if there are fifty sail of the line, sir, I will go through them all."

I do not know whether the captain of the fleet may have approved of this answer, but Captain Hallowell, who was a passenger in the Victory, and

who at the moment was standing beside the commander-in-chief, liked it so well, that quite forgetting how imposing a person an admiral is, on the deck of his own man-of-war, he clapped Sir John Jervis heartily on the back, exclaiming, "That's right, Sir John, by Jove we shall give them a right good licking."

The fog had now entirely cleared away, and when the hostile fleets stood opposed to each other, very different was their appearance. The English ships, half the number of those of the enemy, were quickly forming into the closest, and most perfect order, while the Spaniards, in high glee on discovering the smallness of the force with which they had to contend, and already boasting of the triumphant entry they should make into Cadiz, were straggling in two long unmeaning lines, with a large open space left between them.

So favourable an opportunity, of dividing the force with which the little fleet had to contend, was not to be lost, and signals were accordingly made, by passing through the lines of the enemy, to engage with those ships upon the leeward.

In the hazardous venture, the Culloden, commanded by Captain Trowbridge, gallantly led the way, and advanced so near to one of the largest Spanish ships, that at every port of her three decks the crew pointing their guns, and ready to fire, were distinctly seen. Although infinitely a smaller ship than her antagonist, the Culloden, by pouring a

heavy fire from her double-shotted broadsides, threw the Spaniards into such confusion, as obliged her to turn off; and the guns on her other side not having been cast loose, without the slightest injury, without receiving even a single shot, the Culloden passed triumphantly through the line of the enemy.

The inferiority of his force had not deterred Sir John Jervis from engaging with the Spanish fleet, because not only was he confident of the firmness of his whole band, but with the glance of a practised seaman, he had, as you have seen, discovered and resolved to profit by the disordered state of the enemy. .

The result proved him correct, and, indeed, the very daringness of the attempt, with the courageous front displayed by the well-ordered little fleet, had of itself struck awe into the hearts of the Spaniards.

The success of Captain Trowbridge in forcing the line of the enemy, increased the confusion, and convinced too late of their error in adopting so straggling a position, they attempted hurriedly to form themselves into a more compact body, and thus became so mingled together, that from the fear of injuring their own ships, many could not use their guns against the enemy.

Spain had long been noted for her brave men, and on this day, so fatal to their country, the officers maintained their character to the last; not so the seamen, for the fleet having been hastily

raised, the greater part had been manned by the lowest and most worthless, by whoever, in short, could at a moment's warning be pressed into the service, and such was their aversion to it, and such the terror with which they were seized, that again and again when called upon to go aloft, they had thrown themselves upon their knees, intreating with the wildest gestures, that their officers would sacrifice them on the spot, rather than compel them to a duty so distasteful.

In the hope that he might yet retrieve the day, the Spanish commander-in-chief bore up with nine sail of the line, and attempted by running round (for he could not break) the English line, to rejoin those ships, that having been cut off from their companions at the commencement of the fight, had hitherto remained nearly inactive.

This was a gallant manœuvre, and had it succeeded, the Spanish fleet might yet have offered a formidable resistance; but the intention of their leader had been scarcely formed, ere discovered by Lord, then only Commodore Nelson; he saw that not an instant was to be lost, and waiting for no signal to advance, but taking upon himself all responsibility in case of a failure, he unhesitatingly threw himself in the way of the enemy, and by this masterly move at once arrested the Spanish fleet.

In this venturous stroke he was closely followed by the Excellent, and thus the two greatest heroes of after days, Nelson and Collingwood, found them-

selves in the very front and thickest of the battle.

The contest now began in right earnest, and raged so furiously on both sides, that it was not until five in the evening that the disabled Spaniards declined further combat, and retiring from the scene, closed the memorable battle of St. Vincent by leaving the English victors of the day.

In the prizes taken by the fleet, there was melancholy proof of the execution done by the British guns, for the decks were literally strewed with the killed and wounded. The list of the former was also fearfully augmented by the indifference or incapability of their surgeons; and it is even said, that numbers of those poor creatures, who had undergone the agony of amputation, were left to bleed to death.

The horror of our brave sailors on discovering this enormity, was such, that with difficulty their officers prevented their throwing the offenders overboard; they were pacified, however, by their removal from the office they had so unworthily filled; and while English surgeons were appointed to do duty in their stead, many an English sailor, who an hour before, had fought as if the extermination of every Spaniard was the sole aim of his life, now watched by the bed of a wounded enemy, and by every means in his power tried to lessen his sufferings.

Upon the morning following the battle, Sir John Jervis issued orders of thanks and approbation to

his whole squadron, and tidings of the victory he had gained, having been forwarded to England, it was hailed in that country with general joy.

The defeat of either the Spanish or French forces, had at this time been considered so necessary to the safety of the nation, that all seemed to vie with each other in tokens of gratitude and regard to the conquerors; thanks were voted, and rich presents to the different commanders of the fleet were offered by the various citizens of Dublin, Bristol, Liverpool, and other cities, while Sir John Jervis, the great hero of the day, was, as a mark of his distinguished services, raised to the Peerage, and assumed the well, but hard-earned title of Lord St. Vincent.

The fleet under the new Earl, after refitting and repairing those damages received in the engagement of the 14th February, was, in April of the same year ordered to blockade the port of Cadiz, and thus prevent the Spanish fleet, now not only refitted, but augmented to thirty-six sail of the line, from joining the already considerable naval force of France and Holland.

It was at this period, that England was again thrown into a state of alarm and despondency, from a cause little expected of British seamen, and promising consequences more fatal even than the invasion of the enemy,—I mean the Mutiny of the Nore, described in the last chapter.

Although so distant from each other, the terrible infection seemed to fly from port to port, and was

not long in reaching that portion of the British fleet stationed at Cadiz. Such had, indeed, been looked for by Lord St. Vincent, and he was therefore found prepared to meet the emergency. By a stern and unflinching justice, that at times must have been a bitter trial to the kindlier feelings of his heart, he not only arrested the evil, but saved England from the greatest calamity that could have befallen her; for had the mutiny at Cadiz risen to the height it had at the Nore and at Spithead, the blockade there must have ceased, the Spanish fleet would have been at liberty to join that of France, and the combined force, at a time when our country may be said to have been divided against herself, would, under the command of the insatiable and victorious Bonaparte, too certainly have been directed against her.

We have not space to enter minutely into all those proofs of firmness and vigour which so peculiarly characterized the command of Lord St. Vincent at this memorable period, many of them, indeed, are too painful to dwell upon, for sudden and repeated executions were considered necessary, to subdue that contempt of discipline, that menaced the disorganization of the whole fleet. You must then, my dear boy, be content to know that dauntless intrepidity, the acting up to the utmost extent that law or justice permitted, with an inflexible determination to be obeyed, brought your hero, through dangers far greater, than any to which he was afterwards exposed by the enemy.

During nearly the whole of this year, 1798, the presence of the British flag had so completely awed the Spanish fleet, that though increased in numbers, they made no attempt to give battle, and the consequent inactivity it was, that, so little in unison with the character of our English seamen, had allowed time and leisure for the fostering of that discontent, which had so nearly written a dark page on England's history.

Events more stirring were now about to take place, for it was towards the close of this year, that Sir Horatio Nelson was, by Lord St. Vincent, selected from among other and older admirals, to command an expedition against the Toulon fleet, and this move was shortly followed by that of Lord St. Vincent himself, who, receiving orders, in conjunction with a land force, under Sir Charles Stuart, to proceed against the Island of Minorca, forthwith repaired to Gibraltar, and there commenced the equipment of his ships.

I must tell you what occurred during these preparations, or rather when they were supposed to be completed, for it was on that occasion that the agent victualler, at ten in the evening, waiting on Lord St. Vincent, informed him that all in his department was finished, and that ample stores for the projected voyage were safely lodged in the different ships. Scarcely had the wearied man, after a hard day's work, been dismissed to the quiet comfort of his own house, ere another appeared, with less pleasing

information for the general and commander-in-chief. A Spanish spy, he said, it was suspected, had made his way into the garrison; a suspicious looking person having been heard making inquiries, as to what port the ships were bound for, and for what length of voyage victualled.

To seize and imprison the man, so as to prevent his communicating with the enemy, was the immediate order of Sir Charles Stuart, but the Admiral eagerly starting forward, begged he might not be disturbed. "Let him alone my dear friend," he said; "let him go to whatever part of the garrison he wishes; it will be hard, indeed, if you and I, not only prove a match for a Spanish spy, but do not turn his visit to good account," and then, full of his sudden scheme, he requested that a messenger might immediately recall the agent victualler.

The General wondering, no doubt, what was to be the result, agreed, but could not resist adding, "My Lord, you will be the death of that poor man." "No, no," was the answer, "work does him good—he will thrive on it;" and an orderly sergeant being accordingly dispatched, a few minutes (for none dared loiter with the commands of the Admiral) saw the agent, still half asleep, but hurrying to the interview.

"Mr. Tucker," said Lord St. Vincent, "I have been considering that the supply of twelve months' provisions for the expedition that is to sail to-morrow, will scarcely be sufficient, and am anxious to increase

it to eighteen months." The astonished agent replied "that as the store-houses were already nearly cleared out, he feared there would be some difficulty, but with a little management, he thought, that if his lordship would afford him a strong working party, he might accomplish his wishes."

"You can neither have men nor boat from the squadron, sir," was the unsatisfactory reply, "for all will be engaged in embarking the troops and military stores."

"Then, my lord," said the complacent agent, "I must hope for a little assistance from the General, and trust the rest to the Jews. There are a great many of them who all live in nearly the same quarter of the town, and if the General will lend me an officer, and a few soldiers to enforce their help, I might lay them under contribution for the public service."

This proposal, which was greeted by a laugh from his listeners, met with so ready a compliance, that Mr. Tucker, on finding it was expected that, without being allowed the accommodation of a single boat, he should have the stores shipped at an early hour, hazarded another of the same kind.

"If the General would grant a second officer and guard," he said, "and place them at daybreak upon the sally-port, there to await the arrival of the merchant-boatmen, he could manage very well, for as soon as there were two men in each boat, the military might advance, and retain the number required.

So novel a way of setting to work, you may be sure, caused far more amusement to the General, to Lord St. Vincent, and to the instigator of the scheme, than to those who were thus detained, and the uproar of indignation, the cries and vows of vengeance, that in every different language, on the following morning, rose loud and long, defies description.

The assurance, however, that all should be liberally paid, lulled at length the indignation of the compelled labourers, and the presence of the bayonet, still further enforcing obedience, the clamorous multitude began the work in right earnest. During all this commotion and hubbub, the Spanish spy, who was a spectator of the whole was very naturally assuring himself, that such preparations, proved the destination of the fleet, to be for a distant port, and that his employers therefore were safe for the present.

This was exactly what Lord St. Vincent, had foreseen and intended, and with evident satisfaction, he stood eyeing the success of his plan. It was certainly complete, the Spanish authorities, lulled by the report of their spy, prepared no defence for their territories in the Mediterranean, and without the loss of a single man on our side, the Island of Minorca was taken.

In the labour both of body and mind, to which for so long Lord St. Vincent had been exposed, his health had become seriously impaired, and upon his informing

the Admiralty that he must "retire, or sink," they had immediately dispatched Lord Keith with reinforcements, intending that he should join the fleet before Cadiz, and if Lord St. Vincent was, indeed, compelled to relinquish, succeed him in command

Although suffering from pain, as well as from excessive weakness, Lord St. Vincent, still hoped that, by transferring the command of the fleet for a time to his successor, and repairing to the harbour of Mahon to recruit his strength, he might resist the necessity of a return to his own country, but soon finding that his illness was not one, for which only a short repose from such labours as his, would be required, in June, 1799, the brave, but broken-down sailor, embarked in the *Argo*, and set sail for England.

Upon his arrival in that country, he repaired to his house in Essex, where for some time he was detained by increasing illness; but the present was too turbulent a period to allow of rest to one whose services were ranked so high, as those of Lord St. Vincent, and symptoms of further mutiny showing themselves in the Channel fleet, all England was clamorous that none but he, whose powerful influence had been already felt, should assume the command.

The report of his medical attendant, when from time to time he was applied to, was far from satisfactory; "the illness of his noble patient," he said, "was a dangerous one, and fast increasing." A slight change for the better, however, did take place,

and you may imagine it was with some astonishment that Doctor Baird, on paying one morning his accustomed visit, heard himself thus accosted,—“Baird, I am going afloat;” and then, certain of the remonstrance that would follow, he hurried on,—“I anticipate all you are going to say, but the king and the government require it, the discipline of the British navy demands it, and it is of no consequence to me whether I die afloat or on shore; besides, the die is cast.” And so it was. In a few days Lord St. Vincent was at Portsmouth, and once more surrounded by Sir George Grey, Sir Thomas Troubridge, and others of those he had formed in his own school, the flag of the brave old admiral was hoisted in the *Ville de Paris*.

A descent upon Brest, was now Lord St. Vincent's principal object, and having decided on what point an assault should be made, he stood in with his whole force to that port.

It had been directed, that the greatest secrecy should be maintained regarding the destination of the fleet, and it was therefore with dismay, Lord St. Vincent discovered that by some means or other, Bonaparte had received accurate information of their designs, and that the French were busily engaged in throwing up powerful batteries, on the spot where it had been decided the attack should be made. The enterprise was thus necessarily abandoned, and instead of active service, the blockade of the port, became the only duty to be performed.

The hostile fleet, which was thus held prisoner in the harbour of Brest, consisted of forty-eight sail of the line, and twenty frigates, a force far surpassing that of the English admiral. They did not, however, give battle; and though at different times, portions of their fleet tried to slip out, they were immediately detected, and compelled to return. This state of durance, more intolerable to the haughty spirit of Napoleon than any other species of discomfiture, was continued through the whole season, in which it would have been possible for him to have gone to sea, and at the end of that time the English fleet returned to Torbay.

This was not the species of service to which Lord St. Vincent had looked forward, but he had performed one of yet greater value to England, for he had once more, completely suppressed an indication to mutiny, and restored its wonted discipline and order to the fleet.

For the few following years we do not again find our hero at sea, but he was not the less employed in the service of his country; for during that time, he was appointed First Lord of the Admiralty, and it was not until 1806 that he again assumed the command of the Channel fleet.

With an army of 30,000 already cantoned in Bayonne, Bonaparte had at this time threatened to march upon Lisbon, and by subduing Portugal deprive England of her now almost sole remaining European ally. In August, 1806, the squadron

therefore anchored before Lisbon, with the intention, that should it prove impossible to protect Portugal against the threatened French invasion, they should, by carrying off the whole of the royal family and principal nobility, transfer the seat of the Portuguese government to the Brazils.

The expected storm, however, did not then break over Portugal; all remained quiet in that quarter, and Lord St. Vincent consequently received orders to resume his command before Brest; but from this time the name and services of the brave old Admiral were lost to the English fleet, for the flag that for so long he had borne victoriously through every battle, was now struck, never again to be hoisted in his name

Early in the year 1807, he took a last farewell of sea service, and though his death did not occur for sixteen years after that date, as my boy's book has only to do with the naval lives of his naval heroes, we will not follow him through that period, but rather go back to narrate some anecdotes of his life, that may serve the double purpose of giving more insight into the character of this great man, and amuse or interest my sailor boy.

Such, for instance, as his reproof to Commodore—afterwards Sir—C. Thompson, whose carelessness about the personal appearance of his officers, sorely vexed the particular spirit of the then Sir John Jervis. To so great an extent was this carelessness carried, that the Commodore himself would not

unfrequently quit his ship in the far more comfortable, but less officer-like dress, of a purser's frock and common straw hat, so nearly resembling those of a common seaman, that it was impossible to distinguish the wearer or his rank. In this dress, the Commodore one morning, happened to pass in his barge near the stern of the flag ship; the admiral, who was on deck at the time immediately recognized him, but feigning ignorance, hailed the boat,—“Holloa, you in the barge there, go and assist in towing in that transport”

Captain Thompson, who felt that he had exposed himself to the reality of such a mistake being made, although suspecting that in this instance, it had but been feigned, took in good part the reproof of his commander, and standing up in his boat, he took off his hat, with his accustomed answer of “Ay, ay, sir!” and proceeded to execute the order.

Here is another anecdote that I like better The Ville de Paris being obliged to go into port to be revictualled, Sir John Jervis removed his flag for a time into the Royal George, where he observed in the secretary's office, a little boy, whose manly and spirited appearance attracted his quick eye. He inquired concerning him of the Captain, and learned, that the child was nephew to the brave Captain Wilmot, whom Lord St. Vincent had himself promoted for gallant conduct, and who had afterwards fallen in battle. No sooner had he made the discovery, than with his usual anxiety to benefit the

families of brave men who had distinguished themselves in the service of their country, he called the boy to him, inquiring whether it was by his own choice he was placed in the secretary's office, or if he would prefer a more active life.

The eyes of the little fellow, the summit of whose ambition at this time was to become a midshipman, sparkled with hope as he answered the inquiry; he had been placed in that office, he said, because his friends were too poor to afford him the means of supporting a midshipman's mess, but that the great wish of his heart was to become a sailor in real earnest, and not to have to sit all day long in the secretary's office. Perhaps he hoped this touching appeal might soften the heart of the Admiral, and that if he ever thought of him again, he might some day or other think of his request; and perhaps his poor little heart sank with disappointment, as Lord St. Vincent turned away without making any answer, for he could not read his thoughts, or follow him to his cabin, or hear the kind old man exclaim with emotion,—“Good heaven! Tucker, here is the nephew of that brave fellow, David Wilmot, a common boy, and I find his parents cannot afford to clothe him as a petty officer; do you immediately send into port and equip him in every respect for the quarter-deck.” This was of course done, and when the flag returned to the *Ville de Paris*, the happy and grateful little fellow was not only discharged into her, as midshipman, but on going on

board, found that the necessary uniform and well-stored chest awaited him there.

One story more to speak of the kindness of heart of your hero, and then I must have done. A poor sailor, who had entrusted his clothes to be washed by a messmate, lost the whole of his hard-earned, long-stored little fortune, by forgetting, that a small bag, containing six pounds, was concealed in the lining of the waistcoat.

Upon hearing the sorrowful tale, and the consequent distress of the poor man, Lord St. Vincent sent for him, and after listening to the story, which was told, as a man will tell of the loss of all he possesses on earth, he desired him to take the notes to his secretary for he was sure he knew a way not only of opening, but of making them as good as ever.

The man did as he was ordered, and pointing to the little ball of well-washed paper, remarked, despondingly, "My lord says you know how to open those notes; I hope you may, but I don't think it." The secretary saw at once the intention of the good Admiral, and asking the amount of the loss, said, "To convince you that I can, I will give you these in exchange." He then handed him six unwashed notes, and the sailor receiving them with joy, hurried back to the Commander-in-Chief. "Thank you, my lord," he said: "look," holding out the money, "the gentleman has changed the notes, but I don't think he will be able to pass the others, whatever he may think."

CHAPTER V.

LORD DE SAUMAREZ.

ADMIRAL the Right Honourable James Lord de Saumarez, was, in the year 1757, born in Guernsey, where through many generations, his family have resided. Like most other little boys who live in a town, instead of having the happiness of spending their baby life in the country, he received his first instruction, and went through all the difficulties of learning A B C, at a dame's school.

A very difficult task, too, he seems to have found it, and in one thing it appears he closely resembled the little sailor boy, for whose sake his life is about to be written, for while, like him, it seemed altogether impossible to fix his attention to c-a-t cat, d-o-g dog, and while, like him, perhaps, w-i-g, from some confused recollection of the meaning, was as often pronounced "*peruque*" as wig, like him too, his memory would seize upon whole pages of poetry, and much to the astonishment of all, when about

seven years old, Milton's *Paradise Lost*, seemed as familiar to him, as the usual nursery rhymes to other children of his age.

In 1767, he was then ten years old, he was sent to a school near London. His father does not seem to have been very happy in his selection, but fortunately, as he used afterwards to say, only ten months—for they were ten months of utter idleness—were passed by him here, and, at the end of that time, he was appointed midshipman to the *Montreal*, then lying at Portsmouth.

His store of learning, you will thus see, was not likely to have reached to any great extent; but now comes the better part of his history. He had not been many months on board, when comparing himself with those now his companions, he became painfully sensible of his deficiency, and with this consciousness, gained so strong a desire to make up for time lost, that by every means in his power, he set about acquiring knowledge. These means were, at this time, very limited, for the little library which he had brought on board, consisted only, of a few volumes of the *Spectator* and *Idler*, with some books of Roman history; the two first I should think, not very likely, now-a-days at least, to interest a boy of twelve years old.

Do you remember one of your late heroes, Lord St. Vincent, being sent on board his first ship, with the sum of twenty pounds, while the possibility of ever obtaining more, was debarred by his father?

Mr. de Saumarez, wished for an equal degree of economy on the part of his son, but he obtained the same end, by kinder and more gentle means ; and not that end alone, since he taught the young heart of the little sailor to act aright, from principle, instead of compulsion. On taking leave of his son, Mr. de Saumarez placed in his hands a purse containing no more than fifteen guineas, reminding him, at the same time, that as a large family of brothers and sisters required their share, he hoped he would use it with economy, but that when more was required to draw upon him. These words, child as he was, and the kindness and trust they implied, went straight to the heart of the boy, and so well did he act up to the advice then given, that the sight of his draft, his father used to say, gave him pleasure.

In 1770 he was changed into the *Winchelsea*, and in Captain Goodale was fortunate enough to find a friend, who interested himself in his improvement, and who allowed him constant access to his cabin, where, having a valuable collection of books, he encouraged him to read, and to make extracts from the best authors.

In 1775, Mr. de Saumarez returned to England, and the ship being paid off, he had the happiness of revisiting, after being separated from them for five years, his home and family.

In the same year, 1775, he was appointed to the *Bristol*, one of the fleet at this time under the command of Sir Peter Parker. On board this ship also,

bound for America, sailed the Earl of Cornwallis ; he was in command of land troops, and on his way out he was so won upon by the zeal, and activity, of the young officer, that he urged his changing his profession, and undertook, if he would accept of a commission in the 33rd, the Earl's own regiment, to appoint him his aide-de-camp.

The arguments of his new friend, had nearly prevailed, but on going below, and hunting the probable change of profession to his messmates, they so taunted and jeered him, for "turning soldier," that returning again on deck, he declined all the tempting offers and promises of the Earl.

On reaching their destination, the British fleet commenced preparation for the proposed attack upon Sullivan's Island. An attack which, though unsuccessful, reflected no dishonour on the assailants, for never was British valour more nobly displayed, and by none more than the brave crew of the Bristol, exposed as they were for hours to the incessant and destructive fire poured upon them from the batteries. Such, indeed, had been the loss on board, that at one time the Commodore stood alone upon the deserted quarter-deck.

In this severe conflict your hero escaped unhurt, but twice had nearly met the same fate, as so many of his brave comrades. At one time, while pointing a gun on the lower deck, of which he had the command, a shot from the fort struck the gun, killing seven out of the eight sailors stationed to work it ; and

at another, while in the act of speaking to one of the midshipmen, his great friend and companion, a shot passing close to him, laid the poor boy dead by his side.

The whole conduct of Mr. de Saumarez during this day's engagement, which, in after years, when he had seen many more memorable battles, he used still to cite, as the most severe he had ever been engaged in, was such, as to secure for him, the approbation of his commander. Soon afterwards he was appointed acting lieutenant, on board the Bristol, and in this situation he continued until September, during which time, he served with the army on shore as frequently as on his own more immediate element.

On proceeding to New York, Sir Peter Parker joined the fleet under the command of Lord Howe, and Mr de Saumarez, who then became aide-de-camp to his lordship, was by him selected for more than one post of trust and danger, where so frequently did he distinguish himself, that in 1778, although in rank he still continued only lieutenant, he was by direction of the commander-in-chief, appointed commander of the Spitfire, a schooner-rigged galley.

This was the highest point to which the ambition of the young sailor had yet risen, and now, having to command, instead of as hitherto, being content to obey, he had, in the attack and conquest of Rhode Island, in which the British fleet was soon afterwards engaged, ample opportunity of displaying his talents and intrepidity.

During his command of the Spitfire, Mr. de Saumarez, was engaged no fewer than forty-seven times with the enemy, but the fate of his gallant little ship after all, was a sad one.

In July 1776, you will recollect that America, not only had publicly declared its independence, but had concluded a treaty with the French nation. For some time past, secret assistance had been given by the latter to the Americans, but now all disguise being at an end, a powerful French fleet had anchored off Sandy Hook. The inferiority of Lord Howe's fleet, prevented the possibility of the English hazarding an attack, and on several of the French ships entering the passage where the Spitfire and two other small vessels lay, to prevent their falling into the hands of the enemy, after the stores, guns, and crews had landed, the vessels were set on fire.

Notwithstanding the superior force of the French, their attempt on Rhode Island completely failed, a storm of terrific fury greatly disabled their ships, they abandoned the attempt, refitted at Boston, and set sail for the West Indies.

A portion of the British fleet, and among others, Mr. de Saumarez, returned to England, and after a second narrow escape from shipwreck, he reached his own land in safety.

From this time, he continued to be employed in various cruising expeditions of little interest, and in 1781 was appointed first lieutenant of the Victory, the flag-ship of Sir Hyde Parker.

Not only were the Americans, French, and Spaniards, at this time, in arms against England, but the Dutch also had taken part against their old allies, so that England seemed to stand alone, and exposed as a mark of enmity, to the surrounding countries. She continued, nevertheless, triumphant, and the more severe the struggle, the more did the bravery of her sons seem to raise her above it.

A large convoy of Dutch ships, under command of Admiral Zoutaia, had at this time, sailed for the Baltic, where the squadron of Vice-admiral Hyde Parker lay, and on the 15th of August, the hostile fleets coming within sight of each other, signal for the line-of-battle abreast was made. The Dutch admiral showed no inclination to avoid an action, and the British, therefore, were soon bearing down for the attack, when, much to their astonishment, they were allowed to approach without the enemy firing a single shot, although considerable damage might have been done, had they opened their fire upon them, as they drew up to their separate stations.

This appears a strange policy, and till within half-musket shot, not a gun was fired on either side. The red flag was then hoisted on board the Victory, at the same moment, that the signal of war, was raised to the mast-head of the Dutch ship, and the deep and solemn, almost breathless silence that had reigned, was broken by the roar of the cannon.

From that time, for the space of three hours and forty minutes, the battle raged with undiminished

fury on either side, and then the damage done to the ships, rendering them altogether unmanageable, the Dutch dropped to leeward, and the action ceased. As no ship was taken on either side, both claimed the honour of victory ; and it would be very difficult, for wiser heads than yours, or mine, my dear boy, to decide by whom most was won or lost, and by whom the greatest bravery, and the most chivalric feeling was shown on this occasion.

It was on his return to England after this engagement, that Mr. de Saumarez was presented to George the Third, when his Majesty inquired if he were related to the two great men of his name, one of whom, he remembered, had accompanied Lord Anson in his wonderful voyage round the world, and both, he said, he knew had nobly served, and gloriously fallen in the defence of their country. They were the uncles of the young sailor, and it was their brave deeds, so often alluded to by his father, that had first inspired him with the desire to tread in their steps. Admiral Parker therefore replied for him,—“Yes, please your Majesty, he is their nephew, and as good, and as brave an officer, as either of them.”

I must tell you that Sir Hyde Parker, who from his petulant temper was distinguished by the not very enviable title of “Vinegar Parker,” thought so highly of your hero, that he had treated him always with peculiar favour. One morning, however, no more suitable person being at hand, the Admiral vented his ill-humour, by needlessly finding fault

with Mr. de Saumarez. A little afterwards, grieved at thus given way to irritation, he sent a civil message, requesting the young officer to favour him with his company at dinner. This species of apology, coming more especially, as it did, from an old man, should, I think, have been accepted in the same spirit in which it was offered, but this, the pride of Mr. de Saumarez would not allow. The honour was declined, and declined in terms, clearly proving, that he had not forgotten the occurrence in the morning. The kind old man, however, could not rest at variance even for a day, with his young friend, and sending for him to his cabin, his exclamation of—“What Saumarez, can’t you put up with the fractious disposition of an old man?” soon restored them to their former friendly footing.

Shortly after his return to England, after the engagement with the Dutch Admiral, Mr. de Saumarez, promoted to the rank of Commander, was appointed to the *Tisiphone*, and joined the fleet under Admiral Kempenfelt, in the hope of intercepting the *Comte de Guichen*, then cruising off Brest; for that commander, after returning from his last severe campaign, had in an incredible short time, refitted his disabled vessels, and was again on the point of sailing for the West Indies.

The English admiral, was not at all aware of the great superiority of the French count, and thought he had an equal force to encounter. This was very far from being the case, but, fortunately, a hard gale

of wind had dispersed both the French fleet and convoy, and the latter having fallen considerably astern, Admiral Kempenfelt, resolved to profit by the advantage thus obtained. His intention was to cut off the convoy in the first instance, and then afterwards to fight the enemy with greater advantage. In this he partly succeeded, and after a brief engagement had captured twenty sail of the enemy. The thick and hazy weather prevented the chase being continued further, and at daybreak the French ships, having succeeded in re-uniting their force, were seen twenty-one sail of the line.

Their strength was thus discovered, greatly to surpass anything that had been imagined by the English government, and it became, therefore, of the utmost importance, that Sir Samuel Hood, then on the West Indian station, should be informed of the fact, before the fleet of the Comte de Grasse, then preparing for an attack upon Jamaica, should be reinforced by that of the Comte de Guichen.

For this service Mr. de Saumarez was selected, and he received orders to push past the French fleet, in order to carry the desired information to the British admiral. He succeeded in doing so, without any interruption being offered by the enemy, but no sooner had he joined the fleet of Admiral Hood, than it being decided that the important information must, without loss of time, be conveyed to Sir Peter Parker, then at Jamaica, he was again appointed messenger. This was in his eyes a very

different mark of favour from the last, for it was sending him from, instead of to, the scene of war. He represented, therefore, to Sir Samuel Hood that the *Tisiphone*, a fast-sailing ship, might be of incalculable advantage on the present station, and that any other vessel could equally run down with the necessary tidings to Jamaica. To this the admiral, fully as well pleased to retain so zealous an officer, as to secure the services of a fast-sailing ship, agreed, and Mr. de Saumarez accordingly continued with the fleet.

Sometime after this, dispatches had to be sent to England, and no other smaller vessel remaining, the *Tisiphone*, much to the dismay and mortification of her captain, was ordered home.

The dispatches were already in his hand, he had taken his leave, and, with a heavy heart, had ordered the boatman to shove off, when Captain Stanhope, of the *Russel*, came alongside, and seeing him prepared for departure, shouted aloud,—“Halloo! de Saumarez, where are you going to?” “To England,” was the answer, in a very desponding voice,—“to England, I am sorry to tell you.” “Sorry?” replied his friend, “I wish I were in your place, I want to go home on account of my health, and if I had known, I would have exchanged with you.” “Perhaps it is not too late,” said the other. “Hold on, then,” replied he, “till I speak to the admiral, since I have your leave.” Away he went, and for a few minutes the true

sailor's heart of your hero was kept in a state of breathless anxiety. Captain Stanhope then again appearing at the gangway, called,—“Come up, de Saumarez.” He was on the deck in an instant, and finding that Captain Jackson, on being requested to submit the proposal to the admiral, had said, “Let Captain de Saumarez do it himself, he is the fittest person,” he went.

Sir Samuel Hood listened to the application, and after a moment's consideration, said,—“Captain de Saumarez, I have much pleasure in being able to serve you. Captain Stanhope shall go home as he desires, and you shall have the command of the *Russel*.” Before the close of that day, accordingly, Captain Stanhope was on board the *Tisiphone*, on his way to England, while her late commander, in possession of his post rank, and captain of a 74 gun ship, was on board the *Russel*. A good exchange for him, in every way, and all effected in less than two hours.

On the 17th of February, Sir Samuel Hood anchored in St. John's Road, Antigua, and on the 25th was joined by Sir George Rodney, with several sail of the line. But you already know the success of the engagement under Admiral Rodney, in which on the 12th of April, 1782, the French fleet, in command of the *Comte de Grasse*, was defeated, and their proposed junction with the Spaniards thereby happily prevented. I may, therefore, content myself with only mentioning, that in this engagement,

the Russel, with her brave commander, yielded to none, in the honour which that well-contested day poured upon so many of the gallant fleet.

On reaching Jamaica, it was found that the Russel was so far disabled, as to be obliged to return to England, for the purpose of being refitted ; she was paid off, and as war was soon afterwards terminated for a time, Captain de Saumarez was allowed to return to Guernsey.

These were unquiet times, peace was never long permitted to reign uninterruptedly, and in 1787, Captain de Saumarez was again summoned to active service ; 1793 saw the commencement of the revolutionary war with England, and then, appointed to the Crescent, he for a time sailed with Sir Hyde Parker, and finally obtained command of a squadron, appointed for the defence of the Channel Islands.

Little of interest, however, occurred until the month of October, when it was reported that a French frigate, nightly quitting the port of Cherbourg, and cruising in search of whatever might fall in her way, returned with her prizes before the dawn of the following morning. Captain de Saumarez was appointed to the pursuit of this vessel, and shortly afterwards she was discovered in the distance, but not observing the English ship, or mistaking it for a friendly sail, they had approached within two miles of her ere discovering their mistake ; they tacked about, and making all sail, bore down for Cherbourg.

The Crescent had, however, greatly the advantage in sailing, and by half-past ten, taking her position within pistol shot of the enemy, the action began.

It happened that very early in the engagement, the French colours had been shot away, and Captain de Saumarez, believing her to have struck, desired that the firing might cease. He was soon undeceived, for on coming round the starboard quarter, the enemy again opened their fire, and the Crescent then poured upon them a broadside, of such effect as totally to disable the vessel. Her colours, you have seen, were already gone, and the officers, therefore, by waving their caps and flags in the air, indicated their surrender.

This ship was the Reunion of 36 guns; her companion had succeeded in reaching the harbour of Cherbourg in safety, but she, less fortunate, became, as you have seen, the prize of your hero, while of her 320 men, no fewer than 120 were killed or wounded. The Crescent, on the contrary, escaped without even the hurt of a single man, and it is no wonder that this fact subdued every feeling of exultation and pride in the heart of Captain de Saumarez, impressing it with the more humble, and worthy feelings of gratitude for the mercy which had been extended to him, as well as pity for the situation of his vanquished enemy. His first care, therefore, was by every attention in his power, to soothe the affliction, and compose the excited feelings of the French commander,—his next, alone in

his own cabin, to pour out thanksgiving, and acknowledgments of the protection vouchsafed to him and his.

The gallant conduct of Captain de Saumarez was soon afterwards rewarded by the order of knight-hood, conferred on him by his Majesty, and the remainder of that year was spent by him in still cruising in the Channel, where from time to time he assisted, as far as lay in his power, the Royalists, in various places on the coast of France.

One adventure I must not forget to tell you of. In June, 1794, the *Crescent*, of 36 guns, accompanied only by the *Druid* frigate, also of 36, and *Eurydice*, of 20 guns, when cruising off Jersey, fell in with a French squadron, two of which mounted 54, two 36, and one 12 guns. To engage so superior a force would have been the act of a madman; Sir James, therefore, directed the *Eurydice*, the worst sailer of the party, to make the best of her way to Guernsey, while the *Crescent* and *Druid* followed under easy sail, occasionally engaging the French ships, and keeping them at bay, until their companion had got at some distance a-head, when they too made all sail and steered straight for Guernsey.

This the French squadron endeavoured to prevent, and they would in all probability have succeeded in cutting off the *Druid* and *Eurydice*, had not Sir James, seeing the perilous situation of his consorts, and by a bold and masterly manœuvre, attracted the attention of the enemy, on himself alone. The

Crescent tacked, stood close along the French line, and her capture thus appearing inevitable, the French commodore quitted his pursuit of the other ships, and turned upon her.

This was what had been desired by the English commander. On board his ship was a Guernsey man, to whom, as well as to himself, the whole of the dangerous and intricate channel was thoroughly known. With his assistance, the Crescent was now pushed through a narrow passage, where no king's ship had ever been known to enter before, and thus secure from danger, they defied the pursuit of the enemy. This gallant manœuvre was witnessed with breathless anxiety by hundreds on shore, for so near were they, that Sir James could almost look into his own home.

The surprise and mortification of the French, on seeing the prize they considered as already won, escape from their very grasp, is not to be described. For some time they continued to vent their indignation, by harmlessly firing at the ship over the rocks, but the guns now directed upon them from the batteries, obliged them at last to yield the hopeless contest, and to make their way back, to tell of their disappointment to their expecting friends.

On entering the narrow passage, Sir James de Saumarez had asked the pilot if he was quite sure that he knew the marks for running through,—“Quite sure!” he replied, for (pointing to a little distance) there is your house, and there is mine.”

That must, indeed, have been a trying moment for those on shore who were most interested in the success of the brave men thus perilled. They were so near, that it seemed almost as if a hand stretched out could secure their safety, and yet so far, that capture and defeat, and a French prison, lay still in all the horrors of uncertainty, between them and their homes.

The dangerous situation of the British ships, had been observed by some small vessels cruizing in the distance, and no doubt being entertained of their capture by a force so infinitely superior to their own, the news that it had been so was conveyed to Plymouth.

Admiral M'Bride was at the time suffering under a severe fit of gout, but on the entrance of Mr. Hall to inform him, that the whole of Sir James's squadron had been taken, he started from his sofa; "Did you see him strike?" was his first question, and the answer,—“No, but it cannot be otherwise, he cannot have escaped,” so enraged the Admiral, that it was with difficulty, it is said, he resisted throwing his crutch at the head of the messenger. He contented himself, however, by dismissing him, in no very courteous terms, from his cabin, and so little faith did he put in the report, and so convinced was he that Sir James de Saumarez would never strike the British flag, however great the superiority of the enemy, that he forthwith despatched the bearer of the evil tidings to Guernsey with a letter,

in which he assured Sir James he had no doubt of its finding him, and his associates, and in good health, although he feared, greatly damaged in the unequal contest he must have held.

Until the month of October, the Crescent continued on the Channel service; it then returned to Plymouth to be refitted, and early in 1795, his repairs being completed, Sir James de Saumarez joined the fleet of Lord Howe then employed in the blockade of the enemy in Brest. But I shall pass over this time, for the service in which he was particularly engaged, although arduous, was not of a nature to interest you.

In March, at his own request, he was moved into His Majesty's ship *Orion*, when the whole crew of the Crescent volunteered to follow him, and on his applying for permission that they might do so, it was complied with. Sir James de Saumarez now joined Lord Bridport, commanding the Channel fleet, and two days after his arrival, on the 22nd of June, the squadron fell in with the enemy off *L'Orient*. Finding that they had no intention of offering battle, the British Admiral made the signal for four of the best sailing ships, among which was the *Orion*, to chase, and soon afterwards they were followed by the whole force. On the following morning the *Orion* was the hindmost ship of the fleet, and before six o'clock she had begun the action, engaging with one of the largest ships of the enemy. The contest that followed was brief; three ships only struck to

the British flag, for the French Admiral had steered for Port Louis, near L'Orient, and being now close in with the land, Lord Bridport, who had on board no pilot sufficiently acquainted with the coast, was obliged to give up the chase, and much to his mortification to see the French fleet anchor safely in the harbour.

In 1779, the Orion, with her brave commander, was appointed to serve under Admiral W. Parker in a squadron about to reinforce Sir John Jervis, then off Cape St. Vincent, and whom they reached but five days previous to the memorable victory he there obtained. You already know that on this occasion, the Spanish force nearly doubled that of the British, but that the gallant Admiral, undaunted by the knowledge continued to work up to the position, where he expected to meet with them.

By sunset, on the 11th of February, signal having been made for the British fleet to prepare for battle, they kept in close order during the night, and at dawn, the Spanish Admiral, who is said to have expected to meet in Sir John Jervis's fleet no more than ten or twelve sail of the line, was struck with dismay, on seeing the English fleet of fifteen sail of the line close to him, and drawn up in the most perfect order of battle.

This engagement however, my dear boy, has been already described in your life of Lord St. Vincent. In this chapter, therefore, we must pass to that part only, with which your hero had to do, and which

may be told in a few words. The Orion, on that eventful day, was reckoned among those ships, which had most nobly done their duty ; although, when, (as in this instance,) all vie with each other in brave deeds, it is difficult to make any distinction or to particularize one brave man among the many.

One anecdote of your hero, occurring about this time, I must tell you, for it shows in him that gentleness and kindness of feeling, which after all, outweigh the bravest deeds of mankind. When the spirit of mutiny showed itself in the fleet of Lord St. Vincent off Cadiz, one of the most determined of the mutineers in the Prince George had been sent on board the Orion. Only three days afterwards, three of the unfortunate ringleaders were to suffer the penalty of their crime, and signal was made for a boat from each ship to attend the execution, which the Earl had commanded should be performed by their own ship's crew.

A stern mind might have believed such a lesson the most effectual means of reforming so hardened a culprit, as the poor man had hitherto shown himself, but Sir James de Saumarez's was not a stern mind, and the gentler lesson he then gave, fell upon good ground. Instead of condemning him to witness the death of his former shipmates, he sent for the man to his cabin, and after pointing out the heinousness of his offence, went on to say that it was his intention, to spare him the agony of assisting at, or being witness of the death of those, who in

another hour would have suffered the last penalty of the law, for the very crime of which he likewise had been guilty.

Thus relieved from the dread, that had almost overpowered a mind, hardened as it seemed, the poor man fell upon his knees, and acknowledging his fault, poured out, even with tears the gratitude he felt, and from that day the promises then made, of future loyalty and submission were never forgotten, nor was it long before his change of conduct won for him the character of being the best, as he had always been the bravest among the ship's crew.

Another instance of just and honourable feeling, I must give you. Near the fortifications of Cadiz, about forty boats had been placed, as if to guard the entrance of the harbour. These Lord St. Vincent wished to have cut out by the boats of the advanced guard, and an order was sent to Captain de Saumarez to superintend the attempt in person. From the position of the Orion, Sir James had a complete view of the gun-vessels in question, and his conviction was that they had been moored there on purpose to provoke an attack, for which the enemy were well prepared. A feeling of honour, (though it seems surely a mistaken one,) from his having been commanded to attend in person, prevented his making known this opinion, lest he should be thought averse to risk his own life on an enterprise thought advisable by the Commander-in-Chief. He had, however, no doubt that many lives must

needlessly be sacrificed, and accordingly made a written list of those officers and men who were to attend, selecting from among them those only who were unmarried.

When the list was read aloud in the ward room, it roused much dissatisfaction among those, who found their names had been omitted. One of these, Captain Savage, who on several like occasions, had followed his gallant chief, ventured now to remonstrate, and I shall copy for you the answer returned. "Captain Savage, do not imagine that your name is left out of the list because I have not a high opinion of your zeal and intrepidity. I well know, that you would be foremost in the assault, but I am also well aware that this is a desperate enterprise ; many will fall, and if you should be one, who is to support your wife and family ? The case is different with me ; I am ordered and my duty is to obey. Perhaps, if Lord St. Vincent knew what I do, he would not send us, but it does not become me *now* to make any observation. * Aware, as I am, however, of the probable consequences, I cannot, under the conviction that your valuable life would thereby be sacrificed, conscientiously order you to accompany me."

The entreaties of Captain Savage, that he would represent the case, as he saw it, to Lord St. Vincent, or if still resolved, that he would at least allow him to share the danger, were in vain ; and with a mixed feeling of disappointment, gratitude, and respect, he saw the brave sailor embark on his perilous

enterprise. But the safety and life of him, who had so cared for the safety and life of others, was guarded by that arm which rules the whirlwind and the storm, and before whose bidding, the tempest must rise or fall. The night had been calm, as the boats quitted their ships, but they had made only a little way, when a storm arose, so violent, and overpowering, as to oblige them to desist from their attempt.

It was afterwards fully proved that the supposition of Captain de Saumarez was correct, and that the gun-boats, having no person on board them, had been riveted in that position in order to tempt an attack ; the plan being, to allow the English to take possession, and then from the batteries,—(which for the purpose had been for several nights kept lined with troops,)—to open so disastrous a fire, that many, if, indeed, not all the lives of the assailants, must have been sacrificed.

Your hero was next to sail under another, and to English hearts a greater commander, for it was the gallant Nelson. Early in March 1797, the *Orion*, refitted, and again with her commander ready for service, embarked on a short cruise in search of the enemy. It was, however, an unsuccessful one, for the hour that was to shed renown on the head of Nelson, as one of the bravest, most able, and most devoted defenders of his country, was not yet come ; but in 1793, he again accompanied Sir Horatio Nelson to the Mediterranean, and made one of his

fleet, which under his command, fought and won at the battle of the Nile.

The French expedition having landed their troops, had possessed themselves not only of Alexandria, but Cairo, and, with their numerous fleet, had taken up a position in the bay of Aboukir, from whence they were, they believed, to defy the British navy.

The moment so long and ardently desired by Nelson, was now near at hand, and the anxiety and disappointments met with in their hitherto fruitless search, being now in the hope of a speedy and decisive engagement, all forgotten. Never, perhaps, did even a British fleet, go into action with higher or more determined resolve.

When every arrangement had been made, and every order and direction given in the clear concise style of the Admiral, the fleet bore up for Alexandria, and great was the disappointment of all, on nearing the harbour, to find that it was indeed crowded with vessels, but that not one of the enemy's men-of-war was in sight. That feeling, however, was soon dispelled, for shortly afterwards signal was made by the look-out ship, that the enemy's fleet, already drawn out in line of battle, and consisting of thirteen ships, four frigates, and two brigs, occupied the bay of Aboukir.

In writing home of this event, Sir James de Saumarez says, "When on the morning of the 1st of August, the reconnoitring ships made signal, that the enemy was not there, despondency took posses-

sion of my mind, and 'I do not recollect, ever to have felt so utterly hopeless, or out of spirits, as when we sat down to dinner. Judge then what a change took place, when as the cloth was being removed, the officer of the watch hastily came in, saying, 'Sir, a signal is just now made, that the enemy is in Aboukir Bay, and moored in a line of battle.' All sprang from their seats, and in another moment we were upon deck."

He, Sir James, was greeted then by three hearty cheers from his gallant crew. There was now no possibility of the enemy again eluding their pursuit, and all was busy preparation for that hour which was so far to humble the pride, and forward the total overthrow of Napoleon.

Soon after the signal for close action had been made from the Admiral's ship, the *Orion*, in running down to take her station, was met by the *Serieuse* frigate, which immediately opened her fire, and with so much effect, that one of her officers proposed that it should be returned with a broadside; but to this Sir James objected. "Let her alone," he said, "she will get courage, and come nearer." She did so, and then every gun being brought to bear, the signal was given, and by one fatal blow the unfortunate *Serieuse*, was not only dismasted, but so injured, that she shortly afterwards sunk.

* With equal perseverance and vigour, the action was maintained on either side. You cannot, I think, have forgotten the unhappy fate of the

magnificent French ship *L'Orient*, mentioned in your life of Nelson, and will therefore remember the unwearied efforts of the British sailors to rescue her unfortunate crew. After the dreadful explosion which caused so solemn and natural a pause in the fight, the *Orion*, from her vicinity to the fated vessel, was happily the means of saving fourteen additional lives, for in the last tremendous concussion, among the many cast into the sea, were numbers, so far uninjured as to allow of **their** swimming towards the *Orion*. They were quickly drawn on deck by their late conquerors, and our brave-hearted and generous sailors, stripping off their own jackets for their use, hurried them below, and giving up their own berths, treated them with every kindness and attention.

During the action, Sir James de Saumarez received a wound from a splinter, which after killing Mr. Baird, and mortally wounding a young midshipman, struck him in the side; he fell into the arms of Captain Savage, but although in great suffering, refused to be carried from the deck.

Many French officers were on board the *Orion* at the close of this battle, which had crowned the British fleet with victory, and when scarcely had the firing ceased, ere the officers and men, following the example of their leader, were kneeling on the deck, and offering up a grateful and solemn thanksgiving; the miserably demoralised citizens of the French republic looked on in wonder, and mingled with

expressions of astonishment, their respect and admiration of the scene.

I have mentioned a young midshipman, who was wounded at the same moment as his leader, and must tell you, that when the poor boy was carried below, the nature of the wound was found to be such that his life was despaired of, and the surgeons, therefore, were unwilling to put him to the needless pain of amputation. After a few hours, however, finding that he still lived, it was determined to give him at least the chance of life, by amputating the shoulder. It was done, and without one groan being uttered by the sufferer; when it was over, he only asked, "Have I not borne it well?" He did not, however, long survive the operation, and the earnest exclamation of his commander, "Thank God, thank God!" on his being told that it was over, and the boy likely to do well had scarcely been uttered, when another messenger followed with the information, that seized with a fit of coughing, he had that moment expired.

The last words of the little midshipman deserve well to be recorded, for, unconsciously, probably, the dying boy uttered the same sentiment as one better known to fame, Sir Philip Sidney, and in answer to a remark made near him, observed that the ball had been directed to strike where it did, and that to the will of God, and not to the position he had held at the moment, his death was owing.

After the battle of the Nile, Sir James de

Saumarez was despatched to Gibraltar, and from thence to England, where in January 1799, the Orion being paid off, he was enabled for a very brief space to return to his home and family. On the 14th of February in the same year, he again hoisted his pendant in the Cæsar, and was then engaged in a long, uninteresting, and tempestuous cruise off Brest.

In the following year, however, Sir James was called to a service of far greater importance. A considerable French fleet had now assembled at Brest, and as they had before eluded the vigilance of the blockading ships, it was determined under a zealous and active commander, to appoint a strong squadron to lie off the Black Rocks, and watch their movements.

The choice fell upon Sir James de Saumarez, and no very enviable service it proved, for a post of greater danger could scarcely have been selected. Not only were six ships to lie at the very entrance of a port, containing twenty-five sail of the line, ready for sea, and who might at any moment slip out, attack and overpower the squadron, but the rock by which they were surrounded, far from offering any shelter, increased the risks and danger of the situation. Notwithstanding all this, the commander-in-chief, some time after the appointment of Sir James, wrote to him, "Such is the unbounded confidence I repose in your zeal and judgment, that *I sleep as soundly as if I had the keys of Brest in my possession.*"

It was feared that during the equinoctial gales, when for safety, the squadron might be compelled to bear up for Torbay, the Brest fleet would escape from the harbour, but this, which had really been their intention, was frustrated by Sir James, steering instead for Douvarnenaz Bay, where he anchored exactly opposite but out of reach of the batteries. These soon tried their shells, but he had calculated the distance too correctly; they fell without effect, and thus actually within the enemy's harbour, and within a few miles of their fleet, he remained in perfect safety during the whole time that the gales continued.

This determined step, which some French writer has called "*a piece of English impudence*," completely prevented the proposed sailing of the fleet, and when the weather had again moderated, the squadron resumed its anchorage near the Black Rocks.

For fifteen weeks, Sir James held this station, and then losing all hope of escape, for during that time no vessel had been allowed to sail from, or to enter the harbour at Brest, the French fleet gave up the attempt, and dismantling their ships, released the English commander from his tedious watch.

The June of the following year, Sir James de Saumarez was again selected by the Admiralty, for an important service. Every exertion was at this time making in Cadiz, to equip a force sufficient for an attack upon Portugal; and with as little delay as

possible, a squadron under command of Sir James, was despatched to that port with directions to prevent the enemy's ships putting to sea, or to take, or destroy them, should they do so.

The order for as little delay as possible, was promptly obeyed; for in eight days the equipment of the whole squadron was complete, and on the 16th of June, signal having been made to unmoor, with a fair wind they sailed out of port. Nothing of interest, however, occurred until the morning of the 5th of July, when intelligence was received, that a French squadron had anchored off Algeziras, and an immediate attack was decided upon.

The town of Algeziras is about six miles distant from Gibraltar, and a more defensive situation could scarcely have been selected by the French admiral. Slowly and silently the English fleet advanced to its dangerous position, and so thoroughly had all preparations been completed, that not a word or movement broke the perfect stillness of that terrible moment.

In a letter from Captain Burton, in which he alludes to the impressive scene, made yet more solemn from its being the hour when the ~~whole~~ ship's crew were daily assembled for divine service, he observes, "At such a moment, when many of our number had, probably, but a few hours to live, you will not doubt that the impression then received, though with some of us, I fear, but too temporary, was at the time deep and imposing.

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The meek devotional countenance of our well-tried admiral, in particular, I shall never forget, so strongly did it indicate from whence he derived that confidence and support which led him so calmly to enter upon his hazardous duty." The three leading ships of the squadron were shortly anchored within shot of some of the French vessels, and at nine in the morning the action was begun.

By ten, the fire of the French had so slackened, that a proposal was made for a flag of truce being sent in, with notice to the Spaniards, that if the British squadron were permitted to take away the French ships without any further molestation from the batteries, the town should "be respected, and no further injury done. Had this proposal been accepted, much loss of life might have been prevented on either side; but, unfortunately, decrease of fire on the side of the French had been occasioned only by some change of position, and in a few minutes they were again, with fearful effect, raking with a deadly fire, the English vessels most in advance.

—The Hannibal, unfortunately, in attempting to tack, so as to fire on the ships of the French admiral, ran aground opposite the batteries, and under the raking fire of the French ship *Formidable*. Signal of her distress was instantly made, and boats were dispatched to her assistance; but the captain finding that all attempts to get her off

were unavailing, sent them back to their ships, and in this helpless condition, continued gallantly to engage the enemy, until, in the words of the French admiral, the decks of the Hannibal were "*jonché de morts.*"

The other ships were no less eager to engage the enemy, and from time to time, they brought their guns to bear; but the perpetual flaws of wind greatly impeded their success, and at length, every effort to close with the French ships proving fruitless, the admiral, withdrawing his shattered squadron, returned to the mole of Gibraltar, and greatly to his distress, after every effort to rescue her, was compelled to leave the Hannibal in the possession of the enemy. •

The French, in their account of this failure on the part of the British, placed their own success in a somewhat more brilliant light than it altogether deserved, for they stated, that three French ships had completely beaten six English, and obliged them to take shelter in Gibraltar, leaving the Hannibal in their possession. They made no mention, however, of the heavy batteries and gun-boats, with which their enemy had to contend. ~~The~~ Spaniards, more honest, represented the action as "very obstinate and bloody on both sides, and likewise on the part of the batteries which decided the fate of the day." The capture of the Hannibal, they also admitted, to have owed entirely to her bold manœuvre of attempting to pass between the

French rear-admiral's ship and the shore, when she went aground.

I must not leave the battle of Alegeziras without telling you of the brave feat of a sailor belonging to the Cæsar. One of those flaws of wind, which it is not too much to say, was the principal cause of the defeat of the English squadron, had so altered the direction of that ship, as to prevent her guns being brought to bear on her opponent. In order to secure her a more favourable position, it was requisite to convey a warp to the nearest ship, and a boat was lowered for the purpose, but scarcely had it touched the water, when by the shot of the enemy it was knocked to pieces, and Michael Collins, a young sailor, seizing the end of a leading line, and exclaiming, "You shall soon have a warp," sprang into the sea, swam towards the Audacious, where the line was received, and thus a hawser being run out, the purpose of the admiral was fearlessly and gallantly accomplished.

The mortification occasioned by the failure of the attempt on the part of the English was of brief duration, and was speedily and happily forgotten in the success that followed.

The French Admiral Lenois, from what he had already seen of the determination and perseverance of the English admiral, had no wish to enter on another engagement, yet he found it difficult to escape, and sent, therefore, an express to the Spanish admiral, imploring the assistance of a squadron to

convey them to Cadiz, before the English ships could be refitted, adding in his dispatch,—“I have just received advice, that the enemy intend burning us at our anchorage. It is in your power to save for the Republic, three fine ships of the line, and a frigate, and this by merely sending the Spanish squadron to come and seek us.” This demand was acceded to, but the French ships were nevertheless not saved for the Republic.

On the 6th of July, Sir James de Saumarez had retreated into Gibraltar to refit, and on the 9th, the *Superb*, and *Thames*, which had been left to watch the enemy off Cadiz, were seen coming through the straits under a crowd of canvas, the signal of an enemy in sight, flying from the mast-heads, and a few minutes later a Spanish squadron, consisting of six sail of the line, were discovered in pursuit.

That the object of these ships was to escort the French fleet to port was very evident, and the exertions, therefore of the British men and officers were re-doubled to repair the damaged ships. The *Pompey*, it was found, was in too bad a state to leave any hope of being refitted in time, her men were distributed, therefore, among the other crews; and all idea of repairing the *Cæsar* had, likewise, been nearly abandoned. This would have made a sad deficiency in the squadron of the English admiral, but, fortunately, the enthusiasm of the gallant crew prevented the necessity, for no sooner were they informed that another ship was to be

selected to bear the flag of the admiral, and that they, consequently, were no longer to sail under his command, than there was a universal cry of—"No, no; all hands to work; all hands night and day, until the ship is ready." Their efforts were successful, and Sir James de Saumarez, again hoisting his flag in the *Cæsar*, sailed in pursuit of a fleet, that almost tripled in number that of his own.

The interest taken in the various proceedings of the English admiral in Gibraltar, is scarcely to be described. The whole of the unfortunate but gallant contest of the 6th, had been observed from the rock, and such was the anxiety of all to sympathise with their brave countrymen, that the squadron was, on its return to the island, received rather as if it had achieved a great and decisive victory, than sustained a defeat. Their progress in refitting was also watched in breathless interest, and when at length the fleet set sail, the band of the *Cæsar* playing, "Cheer up, my lads, 'tis to glory we steer," it was answered by the military band on the Mole-head with "Britons, strike home," and by the almost deafening cheers, not only of the garrison, but of the whole assembled population.

The *Cæsar* took her station off Europa Point, and the signal was made for the little squadron to close round, and press on for battle; but before its commencement, I must not forget to tell you, that a boat with two men was observed pulling towards her. They proved to be two of her own crew, who

having been wounded on the 6th, had been sent to the hospital in Gibraltar. They had seen the ship under sail, and knowing that it was for an attack upon the enemy, the gallant sailors asked permission of the surgeon to re-join, but this being refused on account of their wounds, they made their escape, and taking possession of the first boat they could find, made straight for the *Cæsar*.

Two other seamen, who had belonged to the *Pompey*, and who, much to their disappointment, had not been selected among the number taken to reinforce the crews of the other ships, concealed themselves on board the *Cæsar*, and having during the action quartered themselves to one of the guns, they on the day following made their appearance on board the quarter-deck, earnestly requesting that the admiral would intercede for them with their captain, and obtain a pardon, which you may believe was readily granted.

All, both on the side of the enemy and our own, being now in readiness, the signal for attack was made, and little more than a few minutes after the first fire, two of the Spanish ships were discovered to be in flames. The wind was high, and the fire, with the rapidity of lightning, ascending the rigging, and seizing on the canvas, wrapped the whole of the stately ship in one magnificent and overpowering sheet of flame. Little assistance to the unhappy crew could unfortunately be given by the English; by their own countrymen and allies they were

deserted, and during the night, with a fearful explosion, the two ships blew up, no fewer than 2,400 persons perishing with them.

Captain Keats, of the *Superb*, had obtained leave to attack the rear of the enemy, and crowding all sail, his ship, from being a fast sailer, had soon gained three or four miles of the squadron, when coming up with the *Real Castor*, a Spanish three-decker, he opened a fire upon her, so steady and effective, that her fore topmast was shot away, and the ship soon after was discovered to be on fire. Her destruction thus became inevitable, and the *Superb*, sparing her falling enemy, bore up for the *Saint Antoine*. Before midnight she had closed with that vessel, and after a spirited engagement of thirty minutes, the French ship having ceased firing, hauled down her colours, and surrendered.

The *Cæsar* and *Venerable*, meanwhile, both of which had hitherto been nearly becalmed, came up to the assistance of the *Superb*, but finding that the enemy had already struck to that ship, she was left to secure her own prize, and they passed on to an attack on the *Formidable*, who although keeping up a galling fire on her pursuers, was, with the rest of the harassed fleet, making sail for Cadiz.

Sir James de Saumarez continued to bear up after the enemy, but they were now carrying a press of sail so that he lost sight of them during the night, and by daybreak of the following morning, the whole remainder of the combined fleet, being five

sail of the line and four frigates, instead of renewing the battle made straight for Cadiz, leaving the victory, (which from the nature of the attack had been accomplished without much hard fighting on either side,) in the hands of the English.

It would not be easy to describe the animating scene that followed the anchoring of the victorious fleet on their return to Gibraltar. Every point of the rock that overhung the shore was crowded with people, while the acclamations of the troops and inhabitants rose loud and long. It was indeed, an hour of triumph for your hero, one week before he had been towed in from Algeziras, with his crippled and defeated squadron, and now having refitted in an incredibly short time, with the same squadron, he had engaged and defeated an enemy more than double his force. A night of the most painful anxiety had been passed by all in the island, and when with the return of day they beheld the approach of the victorious squadron, their joy and exultation knew no bounds. Even the wounded in the hospitals, when they heard of the glorious success of their countrymen, joined in the general burst of acclamation. The excitement and enthusiasm which had supported the gallant crew of the *Cæsar* through the last seven days had now subsided and the effects of our exertion were shown, for the sudden change from bustle to inactivity, threw the whole of the men into such a state of languor and debility, that they were found lying on the bare

planks of the deck, where they had sunk exhausted, and incapable of exertion, and days even elapsed before many of them returned to their usual strength and health.

The victory of the 12th had followed so quickly on the defeat of the 6th, that it is said an English officer, who had been sent on shore to negotiate concerning the exchange of prisoners, had the published account of the defeat of his country exultingly handed to him by a French officer. He took little notice of the occurrence till his mission had been accomplished, but then drawing from his pocket, the Gazette account of the victory gained by Sir James de Saumarez on the 12th, he handed it to the officer. His chagrin and annoyance you may easily imagine, when with a burst of indignation, he threw the paper from him vehemently, exclaiming,—“Ce n'est pas vrai, ce n'est pas vrai.”

It was during this year 1801, that the total expulsion of the French from Egypt occurred, and it was quickly followed by a treaty of peace, signed by Spain and England, all hostilities ceasing between the two nations. Sir James de Saumarez did not, however, find himself as he had hoped, at leisure to return home; he was, on the contrary, directed to remain with his squadron at Gibraltar.

The next service in which your hero was engaged, was that of superintending the evacuation of Minorca, when that island was restored to the Spaniards, but though occasioning general satis-

faction to his employers and executed with much address, it is not of a nature to prove very interesting; for your sake, therefore, dear Herbert, and I fear a little for my own, I shall pass it over. When that was accomplished, much to his delight, he was once more free to return to England, and on the 23rd of July, 1802, he anchored in Spithead.

For some months, Sir James de Saumarez was now allowed the happiness of returning to his wife and family; but early in the following year renewed hostilities with France, summoned him again to active service, and hoisting his flag at Sheerness, on board the *Zealand*, he sailed for his command at the Nore. It was, however, retained only for a brief period, for he was shortly afterwards appointed to that of Guernsey.

The year 1804, perhaps my boy will remember, was that, memorable from the extraordinary exertions made by Napoleon to collect a powerful flotilla for the purpose of conveying "the army of England," as it was called, across the Channel. Spain, too, had again declared war with this country, and joining Napoleon in his grand project of invasion, carried on her preparations with such unremitting vigour, that in the month of April, the united force was expected to amount to 75 sail of the line, 50 frigates, and 2,300 smaller vessels, while the force of the invading army, was to consist of no fewer than 200,000 men.

All these mighty preparations, all the vast views

and grasping ambition of Napoleon, were sunk at once in the memorable battle of Trafalgar, for by the defeat there sustained, the projected invasion of England was arrested, and the command of Sir James de Saumarez became no longer necessary for the protection of the Channel Islands.

In the following year, 1807, having meanwhile been raised to the rank of Rear-admiral, he was once more called to active service ; for the enemy's fleet at Brest had again become formidable, and the Lord St. Vincent being appointed to command the Channel fleet, applied for Sir James being nominated second in command. Very shortly afterwards the ill health of his superior entirely disabling him from duty, the whole responsibility fell upon your hero, and the blockade of the enemy was continued with all that perseverance and activity with which he entered upon every service required of him.

A change of ministry, however, occasioned a change in the Channel fleet, Lord Gardener was appointed in lieu of Earl St. Vincent, and Sir James then applying also to be superseded, struck his flag and returned to Guernsey.

The success of the arms of Napoleon in Austria, Prussia, and Denmark, had now induced Prussia to accede to the proposal made to her, of declaring England to be in a state of blockade, and thus of all the surrounding countries, Sweden alone remained faithful to her ancient allies.

This could not fail to draw on that country, the

indignation of the French leader; preparations for an invasion were immediately made, and the alarmed monarch dispatched the most earnest solicitations for a large naval and military force to be sent from England for its protection. This was promptly replied to, and Sir James, with the assistance of the gallant Sir John Moore, and a body of 10,000 troops, was selected as the commander-in-chief best qualified to undertake the expedition.

The enemy had not yet obtained a footing in any port of Sweden, the speedy arrival of her allies gave her renewed vigour, and their faithful devotion to their own prince, with their aversion to French principles, promised fair for success.

After visiting the different stations where ships were to be placed, the English admiral proceeded to Carlscrona, the great naval arsenal of Sweden, and arrived there on the 10th of July, 1808. Soon afterwards he gained the information that the Russian fleet had sailed, and been seen off Hango Udd, the station occupied by the Swedish squadron. From thence they were pursued into Port Baltic, but here a gale, which lasted during eight days, prevented the intended attack. The enemy in the meantime, had been reinforced by a body of six thousand troops, whilst, by strong batteries thrown in upon each side, their position was soon rendered so impregnable, that no attempt against them could be made with any prospect of success.

This was a severe disappointment to Sir James de

Saumarez ; he was well aware of how high the expectations of his country had been raised, and he felt that, ignorant of all those circumstances which had frustrated his intentions, severe blame might rest upon him for their failure.

That by those in authority, and who therefore could best examine into the merits and demerits of the officer, he was rightly judged on this occasion, was shortly proved ; for soon after his return to England, the Swedes again applying for protection against their inveterate enemies the Russians, he was re-appointed to his former command ; and to rescue Sweden from the grasp of the common enemy of Europe, a British fleet once more sailed for the Baltic.

That part of the campaign which depended on Sir James, the protection of the coast of Sweden, and the blockade of the Russian fleet, was completely successful ; not so the poor Swedes ; they fought bravely, but the force of the Russians surpassed their own, and every attempt to repulse them was vain. Defeat followed on defeat, and the Swedish general was at length compelled to propose an armistice.

This led to a peace with Russia, little favourable to Sweden, and one of the articles insisted on being the exclusion of all British ships from the different ports, Sir James de Saumarez returned to England. The services of your hero in Sweden, you see, are not of a very interesting nature, so little so, indeed,

that in case of wearing out your patience, I shall altogether leave out his third visit to that country.

In the following year, 1811, Bonaparte had reached the summit of his wonderful career. He was already master of nearly the entire continent of Europe; and past success making him confident of his own prowess, he declared, that with one hundred and fifty sail of the line he would humble the navy of England. But that struggle for independence which was to end in the overthrow of the tyrant, was now about to commence, and those various countries that had already suffered from, or dreaded the inroads of his power, were now at length leagued together for their mutual defence. Russia, which you have seen formerly contending with Sweden, now in turn trembling for her own safety, made secret proffers of friendship to that country; and proposals, for resisting the overwhelming power of Napoleon, were made both to the Swedish government, and to that of England.

Soon after this it was, that the French emperor received his first effectual check in the disastrous retreat of his army from Russia; and this retreat, fortunately relieving Sweden and the surrounding countries from the oppression, to which for so long they had been subject, an English fleet was no longer necessary in the Baltic, and in May, 1812, Sir James de Saumarez struck his flag. It was for the last time,—for he then bade farewell to the sea

life which for nearly sixty years he had followed, with honour to himself, and to his country, but it was not for some years after this time that he was, in reward of his services, raised to the dignity of Baron, and assumed the title of Lord de Saumarez, which he bears in the first page of your present chapter.

CHAPTER V.

LORD NELSON

SHALL I tell you, my dear little boy, what it was that decided me upon making the story of Nelson come next in my book? It was this:—A little time ago, your mamma told Arthur the history of that great hero, and she bid him recollect that the tower which you may see from the drawing room windows here, was built in memory of his many victories. This morning she wished to try what impression her instructions had made on him; so she asked some questions about that brave man; among others, if he could tell her why this same high tower had been built. He was too busily employed in cutting up a nice sheet of white paper, to think of replying for some time; but at length, lifting up his wicked little black eyes, and smiling saucily, as much as to say, “I will answer this if you will not trouble me any more,” he said, “Just to amember of him.” So I determined, that you also may “amember of him,”

that I should tell you his story. Therefore, if you have got any white paper to cut up, you must for a little time put it away, and think only of me, that is to say, of my book.

Horatio Nelson!—a name which some writer (though I am so stupid that I cannot now recollect who) says was loved by England, by France feared, by Egypt, Turkey, and Italy venerated, and which will be remembered as long as history exists. Horatio Nelson, whose story I am now going to tell you, was the son of an English clergyman. When only nine years old, his mother died, and his father was left a widower, with eight children. He was not very rich, and when at twelve years old, the future hero wrote to ask permission to go to sea with his uncle, Captain Suckling, who then commanded a ship called the *Raisonnable*, Mr. Nelson was very glad to be able to provide in this way for one of his sons. He granted the boy's request, and even at this time his father used to say, that whatever Horatio attempted he would succeed in, and that he trusted he should yet live to see him at the head of his profession.

Captain Suckling readily agreed to take his nephew as midshipman, though he wrote to his father that it was a hard life for so delicate a boy. It was true that he was not so strong as his brothers, or so able to "rough it," as his uncle called it; but already his brave and generous nature gave promise of what his after life was to be.

Horatio received with delight the wished-for

permission from his father and uncle. He was all anxiety to try his new life, to visit new countries ; and the first time that he discovered that all was not perfect happiness, was when the morning came on which he was to part with his brother William, from whom, till now, he had never been separated. Many tears were shed on either side ; and even the thought of so soon being on board the *Raisonné*, could not comfort the young sailor, as he turned for the last time and caught the last look of his earliest companion and playmate.

Horatio was accompanied by his father to London, and was then sent alone to Chatham, where his uncle's ship lay. On coming on board, he learned that Captain Suckling was on shore ; and no one in the ship knowing any thing about him, the poor boy for two days was allowed to pace up and down the deck, before any one even spoke to him. The grief which he had felt in parting with his brother was yet fresh in his memory, and this reception did not help to cheer his heart. He wandered about the ship, or leaned over the side to watch the water as it flowed along, and thought of home, and of the happy days spent there, and he wished that they had not all passed away. But at last, as he himself said, some one did take compassion on him, and seeing the sorrowful mood of the poor boy, spoke kindly to him.

Shortly after Horatio had joined as midshipman, Captain Suckling found that he would not at present

be sent on any voyage ; and not wishing to accustom his nephew to an idle life, he removed him to another ship then going to the West Indies. On his return from that country, he again joined his uncle in the *Triumph*, but only remained with him during a few months , for hearing that some vessels were bound on a voyage of discovery to the North Pole, his love of braving difficulties, and even dangers, made the future hero wish to accompany them. He applied for permission, and after some hesitation, from his being considered too young to undergo the hardships which must attend the expedition, it was granted, and Horatio embarked for the North Pole.

They set sail in June, and made such good way, that in the beginning of July they were already surrounded on every side by ice, and soon it closed so round them, that the ships were unable to move.

As far as the eye could reach, nothing was to be seen but large fields of frozen water. The vessels lay quite close to each other, neither being able to move ; so that, though they were now in the middle of a great sea, the men could jump out and walk on the ice, and amuse themselves, which they did all day.

But the pilots belonging to the vessels, who were well acquainted with the dangers that surrounded them, were not content to remain thus hemmed and bound in. And it was not, you will think, a very comfortable prospect, being compelled to pass the winter in this place, where, even in summer, no

birds sang, no flowers grew, no insect fluttered or crawled about, and where even the worm could find no place to live. They advised, therefore, that all the men should set to work, and try to cut a passage for the ships. But this was very slow, and very hard work ; so that after labouring for a whole day, they had only moved two or three hundred yards.

I must here tell you an anecdote of Nelson, as, now that he is really a sailor I shall begin to call him. One night he and one of his companions, who was not older, or at all events who was not any wiser than himself, seeing a bear at some distance, determined to set off in pursuit of it. It was some time before they were missed, and when at last they were discovered it was in the very act of attacking the enormous creature. Captain Lutwidge, under whose care Nelson had been placed, saw the danger into which the two boys had thrown themselves, and immediately ordered a signal to be made for their return.

Nelson observed it, but could not bring himself to resign the bear without one effort to make it his own property ; and when his companion called to him to obey, reminding him at the same time that they had nothing to reload their guns with, he answered, "Never mind ; do but let me get only one good blow at his head with the butt-end of my musket, and we shall have him."

Fortunately for Nelson, just at this moment Captain Lutwidge fired a gun in order to frighten

the bear, which it did, for it scampered off in great haste, leaving the boy in safety, but very much disappointed at having lost this opportunity of carrying, as he said, the skin home to his father.

Now this may have been very brave, but I do not think that it was very wise. Had he struck the bear, all the force he could have used would not have killed it; the blow would have enraged the animal, and Nelson would probably not only have lost his own life, but endangered that of his companion.

During six weeks the ships remained unable to make any progress. At last, by degrees, when the wind rose in their favour, they succeeded in moving slowly on, and the ice itself was now drifted before the breeze, till once more they rejoiced in finding themselves in the open sea, and on their way back to England.

The delight which Nelson took in his profession, and his brave and generous nature, won for him the admiration and friendship of many, able and willing to serve him. He had not yet proved the courage which he possessed, because he had no opportunity of doing so; but none who knew him doubted, that, when such was given he would distinguish himself, not only for bravery, but for that decision and presence of mind, which even as a boy, he had frequently shown. He rose very quickly in his profession, and at twenty-one was captain of a ship called the *Hinchinbrook*.

After this he made two or three voyages, but I do not find much in any of them to tell you. The different climates which he visited, and the fatigue which he had to undergo, so hurt his health, that he was soon compelled to return to England; and shortly after his being sufficiently recovered again to go to sea, a peace was agreed upon, and many of the ships, among others that commanded by Nelson, returned to England, where the men were paid off.

I am going to pass over ten years of the life of the brave Nelson, and then I shall have one battle after another to tell you of.

He had been appointed to the ship *Agamemnon*, and was sent to the Mediterranean, in pursuit of the French fleet; for France at this time at war with herself, was also at war with almost all the surrounding countries.

On his way to Tunis, a large city in Africa, where he was going to join the Commodore Linzee, Nelson met with five French ships. He pursued them, and came sufficiently near to one of the frigates to engage it in a running fight, which lasted for three hours. The other four were still at some distance, but made all sail to come up to the assistance of their companion, when the *Agamemnon* would have been attacked by the whole five at once. A few minutes longer, and Nelson thought that the frigate would have been obliged to strike, that is, to resign herself prisoner to England, but a favourable wind sprang up, and carried her far out of his reach;

for the *Agamemnon* was not so quick a sailer, and had had her masts much injured in the contest. Nelson was disappointed of his prize, but he still looked to engaging with the other ships of the enemy, who were making towards him.

He called, therefore, his officers together, and asked them if they considered the vessel in a fit state to engage with a force so much larger than their own, without refitting. They agreed that she was not, and he immediately set every hand to work to repair the damage she had received. But just then the frigate with which Nelson had been engaged, made signals of distress. She was already sinking; and the other ships, hastening to her assistance, left the *Agamemnon* to pursue its own way, and to refit at leisure.

The French army had at this time retreated into Bastia, a place of great strength and security, in Corsica; and here Lord Hood, a brave officer, wished to attack them. He consulted with General Dundas, the commander of the army on land, upon the best means to pursue: but he, General Dundas, thought that the attempt would be hopeless, and declined joining in it.

Lord Hood, on receiving this answer, determined to undertake the siege, assisted only by his brave sailors; and accordingly Nelson set sail for Bastia. "We are but few in number," said he, "but we are of the right sort. My seamen are now what British seamen ought to be." He had always treated his

men, and those who were placed under his command with the greatest kindness ; he was, therefore, adored by the whole fleet, and looked up to with confidence and affection ; while every dangerous enterprise into which they were led by his thirst for glory, seemed rather to increase than diminish their attachment to their brave leader.

The French were not found unprepared for the attack. They had been employed in rebuilding the old walls, and erecting new places of defence ; so that to storm a place already so much on its guard, became a work of greater difficulty than it had even been at first supposed ; and when a message was sent to them by the English, calling on them to surrender the town, ~~a~~ determined answer was returned by the French commander. "We have," he said, "shot for your ships, bayonets for your men ; and when you have succeeded in killing nearly all our soldiers, but not till then, we shall trust to the generosity of the English."

On the 4th of April, Nelson had disembarked at Bastia, and on the 19th of May he was in possession of the town.

The brave seamen were themselves astonished at their success : four thousand men, protected by walls and strong towers, having laid down their arms to a party of twelve hundred, consisting of soldiers, marines, and seamen : most of whom, now, probably for the first time, beheld a fight on land.

Nelson next assisted at the siege of Calvi, where

the English forces suffered more from the unhealthy climate than from the defence made by the enemy, though here it was that their gallant leader lost an eye. He thought the injury slight at first, and spoke lightly of it ; but it was soon discovered that the sight was entirely gone.

I must copy here part of a letter written by his father, after one of the numerous victories gained by his brave son, who was now Admiral Nelson. The good old man says: "I thank my God, my dear son, with all the power of a grateful soul, for preserving you to me, amidst all the dangers which have surrounded you. All I meet, even those who are strangers to me, speak to me in your praise, till I have been obliged to turn away, to conceal the tears of joy that trickled down my furrowed cheeks. Your name, coupled with victory, is heard on every side. Alas ! how few fathers live to see their child reach the height of glory which you have attained."

Nelson was now to be engaged in an action of greater danger, than any he had yet undertaken. One night, when in a barge, accompanied only by ten men, he attacked a party of the enemy, twenty-six in number. They were Spaniards ; for Spain being at that time leagued with France, was consequently the foe to England. A dreadful struggle ensued ; for the boats being close to each other, the men fought hand to hand ; but it ended, as usual, in the English being victorious. Eighteen of the

Spaniards were killed, the others wounded or taken prisoners, and their boat captured.

You may have some idea of the devotion of the sailors to their brave commander, when I tell you, that in this fight, three times the life of Nelson was saved by the watchfulness and affection of an old and faithful follower. Twice he parried the blow aimed at the admiral ; and once, when he could not thrust aside the weapon of a Spaniard, he threw his own body before him, so as to serve as a defence, and received the stroke.

In Nelson's next expedition, against Teneriffe, one of the Canary Islands, he was less fortunate than hitherto. Before undertaking it he had known it to be one of great difficulty, but his ardent nature was not to be restrained by the appearance of danger.

The English who during the night had left their ships, and were making towards the shore in their small boats, were not discovered by the Spaniards, till Nelson gave orders to raise a loud huzza, and pushed for the shore. Their not having been perceived, they thought, promised well for the carelessness of the enemy. But here they were mistaken. The Spaniards^e were well prepared, and the huzzas of the English were answered by the loud roar of cannon. Nothing, however, could daunt the courage of the brave seamen ; though, so incessantly was the firing continued from the walls, that numbers lay killed and wounded in the very commencement of the attack.

As Nelson was preparing to leave the boat, a shot struck his right arm ; he fell, and must have perished, but for the assistance of a young officer. (Some years before this time, he had married a widow lady. She had one little boy, whose name was Nisbit. He had always sailed with Nelson. He was now fighting by his side, and he it was whose presence of mind saved the life of this great and brave man.) To prevent too great a loss of blood, he bound up the broken arm with handkerchiefs, placed the wounded hero carefully in the bottom of the boat, and collecting some sailors, he prepared to row back to the ship, that the hurt might be attended to by a surgeon.

Just at this moment a loud shriek of many voices was heard from one of the boats ; a shot had struck it under water, and it filled, and went down. Ninety-seven brave sailors perished. Eighty-three were saved by the other boats ; many by that in which Nelson was. He himself, forgetting the pain he suffered, and thinking only of those who so suddenly had been cast into a dark and stormy sea, though with now only one arm to render them assistance, succeeded in saving many of these poor sinking creatures.

One party, of about eight hundred men, commanded principally by Captain Troubridge, had succeeded in gaining the land in greater safety ; but even they had not done so without the total destruction of their boats ; some of which had been

disabled in the fight, and others, dashing against hidden rocks, were broken to pieces, or, filling with water, had gone down. The ladders, which they had prepared to scale the walls with, were all lost; the powder had been wet and injured; and to complete their misfortunes, they found that the admiral, with the rest of the boat's crew, on whose assistance they had depended, and of whose wound and defeat they were ignorant, had not succeeded in reaching the land. Their courage, however, did not desert them: they marched towards the wall, to discover what yet might be done; but on approaching the citadel, they found that every street was lined by French and Spanish soldiers, and Captain Troubridge, knowing himself to be altogether deprived of every means of attack, sent a flag of truce to the governor of Teneriffe, telling him, that if the Spaniards advanced but one inch nearer, he would set fire to and burn the town, but that he would only do so, if obliged in self-defence; and that he was quite ready to enter into a truce, should the governor agree to his terms. These were, that the Spaniards should allow the British troops to return in safety to their ships, providing them with boats for the purpose. Whilst he, on his side, promised, in the name of the fleet, that they would enter on no other attack, against any of the Canary Islands.

On hearing this proposal, the governor said that the English, being so totally defeated, should give themselves up as prisoners of war; but that notwith-

standing this, he would consent to the terms. He was a brave man, and a brave heart is ever satisfied with securing the safety of his country, without trampling on the fallen or defenceless. *

The English were not only granted boats, but were provided with meat, wine, or whatever aid they stood in need of; while such as were too severely wounded to return to the ships, were taken care of in the hospitals prepared for the Spaniards, and, on their recovery, were restored to their country and friends. Such is naturally the conduct of noble minds. A brave heart can afford to be generous, where a cowardly one would have recourse to cruelty.

After this failure, which weighed very heavily upon the mind of Nelson, he was again obliged to return to England; for the loss of his arm, together with the great fatigue which he had undergone, had injured his health, and it was several months before it was sufficiently restored to allow of his return to sea.

He was then again ordered to the Mediterranean, to attack the fleet collected by Buonaparte, at that time believed to be on the eve of sailing for Egypt. This idea led Nelson to follow in that direction; but owing to the thickness of the fog, which prevented their discovering objects at any distance, he missed the fleet, and for several months he searched for it in vain, till, upon his return to Alexandria, he found that port crowded with ships bearing the French flag.

Admiral Brueys, the commander of the French fleet, had drawn up his ships in order of battle, and in a line of defence so strong, that none supposed the English admiral would venture to engage with it. But no sooner did Nelson see the situation of the enemy than he determined upon his mode of attack. His ships were not fewer in number than those of the French ; but they were not of so great a size, and did not carry the same number of men ; yet he felt secure of victory, though he said that, perhaps, but few of all his fleet might live to tell it.

Admiral Brueys believed that the fight would not commence till the morning after the arrival of the English, but the eager and determined manner in which they advanced, undeceived him, and he prepared for an immediate engagement.

All night the battle was carried on with unceasing fury, the rival parties vying each other in deeds of courage ; the French, even when conscious of defeat, fighting to the last, and swearing never to desert their colours whilst there was one man capable of firing a gun.

When day dawned, two ships alone, of all the French fleet, remained unconquered. They had been but little injured during the engagement, and now saved themselves by flight.

Very soon after the battle had begun, a shot struck Nelson on the head. One of his crew caught him in his arms as he fell. All who were near him

at the time, and indeed he himself, believed the blow to be mortal. He was carried below, and the surgeon, who was attending a poor sailor at the time, forgetting all else at the sight of the wounded admiral, hastened to his side ; but Nelson bade him return to the poor seaman, saying, "I will take my turn with my brave fellows."

Shortly afterwards, the surgeon examined the hurt, and upon his declaring it to be by no means serious, and even very slight, a cry of joy was raised by the wounded sailors, who for a time seemed unmindful of the pain they were themselves suffering, in the delight they felt in the safety of their beloved commander

I must here tell you the fate of one of the largest and best of the French ships, the *Orient* ; manned by brave seamen, and commanded by as brave a captain as any who were that day engaged in the struggle. An English ship, the *Bellerophon*, greatly inferior in size to the *Orient*, had, in the beginning of the fight, engaged with that ship, and she only quitted the attack when every mast was down, and every officer either killed or wounded. The *Swiftsure* next continued the assault ; and when, assisted by two others of the English fleet, they had at length nearly succeeded in silencing their majestic enemy, about nine o'clock, shortly after the wounded Nelson had been carried below, a cry was raised that the *Orient* was on fire. Her sides had been lately painted, and the oil added to the rapidity

with which the flames rose, raging higher and higher, till all around that burning vessel shone as bright as day.

No sooner did Nelson hear the fate that awaited the numbers who still survived in that ship, than, to the astonishment of all his crew, he appeared suddenly on deck, ordering boats to be sent out for the relief of their brave foes, and thus the lives of many were saved.

As the flames approached nearer and nearer to the immense magazine of powder contained in the vessel, which when they did reach, must bring instant destruction, many of the officers and sailors jumped overboard, and were picked up by the English boats. But the greater part of the brave crew, even at this fearful moment, would not desert their post, and continued to fight to the last.

Among those who perished were the gallant Casa Bianca, and his young brave boy, who, though only ten years old, had fought fearlessly by the side of his father, till the latter, mortally wounded, was stretched upon the deck; and then the battle, the roaring of the cannon, the angry raging of the rising flames, all! all were forgotten by the affectionate child, as he threw himself, weeping bitterly, upon the bleeding body of his parent. An English boat had come alongside, in order to save such as had still the power of quitting the vessel, and the boy was entreated to leave the burning deck; but he refused to do so, since he could not carry with

him his dying father. It was in vain that they pointed out the danger in which he stood, he only clung the closer to his parent, and refused to listen : finding that they could not shake his resolution, and fearful that longer delay might hazard a greater number of lives, the boat left its dangerous situation. Scarcely was it gone, than it seemed suddenly to have struck the child that the life of both might yet be saved, for while his father still lived, he would not believe that the wound was indeed mortal. He bound him, therefore, to a fallen mast, and himself clinging to it, he floated off with his precious charge. Shortly afterwards the ship blew up with a shock so tremendous, that each vessel quivered to its very keel ; and so great was the feeling of horror which its destruction occasioned, that by one consent the firing ceased on both sides.

The captain of the *Orient*, *Casa Bianca*, and his noble boy, were seen floating on the waves, and every effort was made by the English to save the life of the devoted child, but in vain. "That young and faithful heart," still clinging to his parent, perished among the waves of that night of victory and defeat.

After this fearful interruption, the fight was again begun, and continued without ceasing for several hours, till all that remained of the French fleet was two ships of the line, the *Guillaume Tell*, and the *Généreux*, and two frigates ; all of which, seeing

the hopelessness of any further struggle, stood out to sea, and made their escape.

This, the battle of the Nile, was perhaps the greatest, and most glorious victory ever gained at sea. Eight hundred and ninety-five of our brave seamen were killed or wounded; while five thousand two hundred of the French fell on that bloody night

No sooner had the combat been decided, than Nelson gave orders that prayers and thanksgiving should be offered from every ship, to the God who had blessed the arms of England with so signal a victory; and every heart, which but one moment before had beat high with triumph, was now meekly and silently humbled before a God of mercy. In one moment, the noise, hurry, and confusion was hushed, and a perfect and solemn stillness reigned over the whole fleet.

Some of the French officers who remained as prisoners with the English, unaccustomed perhaps to such scenes, were much moved at the sight, and were heard to remark, that it was no wonder that such order and regularity existed in the English navy, when even at such a moment, the whole body of men, as if by one accord, were impressed with such feelings.

Nelson was now at the height of his glory: wherever he went, his fame, his victories, his glorious actions, were the general theme. Nations, with their kings and princes, seemed to vie with each

other in doing him honour, and in expressing their admiration of his talents and bravery. Such parts of Italy in particular, as had suffered most from the attacks of the French, and from the fear of yet further encroachments on the side of the enemy, were loud in the gratitude they expressed to their brave deliverer.

Soon after the victory of the Nile, Nelson returned to Naples, in the hope that he might recover there the health and strength which he had lost from his wounds, and from the great fatigue, both of body and mind, which he had endured now for nearly five years. The joy with which he was here received was excessive, for the success of his last battle had freed them from the dread of their enemies, and restored them to a feeling of safety.

When the Queen of Naples had been informed of the defeat of the French, she burst into tears, and clasped her children to her heart, calling Nelson their brave deliverer, and bidding God bless and prosper him. She herself wrote to the ambassador for Naples in London, to tell him of their happy escape. "I wish," she said, in the letter, "I could give wings to the bearer of this news: the whole of the sea-coast of Italy is saved from the power of the French, and this is owing alone to the generous English. This battle, this total defeat of our enemies, was gained by the gallant Nelson, and by the unequalled navy of the brave English nation."

Such was the joy and gratitude of the King and Queen of Naples; and that of its whole inhabitants was scarcely less loudly expressed. When the ship entered the bay, and Nelson was preparing to land, loud huzzas were heard on every side. The Lazzaroni—that poor and abject class who crowd the streets of Naples, and who may be generally seen everywhere lying in a state of sleepy and total idleness, yet ready to perform any slight service which may bring a few half-pence to procure bread—the Lazzaroni expressed their joy, their consciousness of the blessing of the liberty he had preserved to them, by holding up large cages, full of poor little imprisoned birds, and giving them freedom as he passed.

But I must not enumerate the repeated scenes of triumph which awaited the hero, or even many more of the victories which his bravery obtained. I fear I may already, in some degree, have forgotten my resolve, of not writing whole lives, but merely telling you such anecdotes as may give you some idea of the characters of great men, and prepare you to read with pleasure the many interesting histories, which in some years you will be sufficiently advanced to understand. I shall, therefore, content myself with passing over the intermediate actions, relating only the battle of Copenhagen, and that of Trafalgar, which was the last victory gained by the gallant Nelson, and which was purchased for his country by his life.

The battle of the Nile had been fought in the year 1798; that of Copenhagen, or the Baltic, in little more than two years after that period. Denmark was at this time leagued with ambitious and usurping France, and against Denmark the English fleet was now to be engaged. It was commanded by Sir Hyde Parker; Admiral Lord Nelson, for so he had been created; and Admiral Graves, who served under him.

A consultation was held by some of the leaders as to the best mode of attack. From the well-prepared defence of the Danes, they knew it to be an attempt of great difficulty and risk; for they had not alone that nation to contend with, since they, the Russians and Swedes, were now joining together, in one great effort, to destroy the British navy, hitherto invincible.

Whilst this discussion was held, Nelson walked up and down the cabin; and becoming impatient at hearing the dangers enumerated, he frequently repeated, "The greater the number, the more glorious will be the victory. I wish that they were twice as many." He then offered that he should himself lead the attack; and Sir Hyde Parker, who was the commander-in-chief, well knowing the dependence he might have on his opinion, intrusted to him the whole charge of the enterprise.

The Danes had arranged their line of defence as near the shore as possible; and Nelson, after much time, fatigue, and difficulty, in discovering and

deciding upon the best means of approaching them, —for the passage was a very narrow and dangerous one,—gave the signal to weigh anchor, and set sail. A loud shout proclaimed the joy of the seamen at this order, and a fair wind soon carried them in sight of the enemy.

In the meantime, the Danes had not been idle. They are a brave and warlike nation ; and thousands of every rank, from the highest to the lowest, now offered to fight in behalf of their country.

I have told you that the channel, through which the English fleet had to pass, was one of great difficulty, from the sandbanks and shoals, on which there was every danger of the ships grounding. Notwithstanding that every precaution had been taken by the forethought of the admiral, what had been so much feared came too true. Three ships went aground, and others, in various ways, were prevented from taking their proper station in the line of attack.

Nelson thus found himself deprived of the services of no less than the fourth part of the ships of the line, and his distress and anxiety in consequence was very great. • But no sooner had the action begun, than, amid the roaring of cannon, and the incessant firing of a thousand guns, he appeared to forget the difficulties with which he had to contend ; he became animated, excited, and his countenance lost every expression of the anxiety it had lately worn.

The commander-in-chief was at this time stationed near enough to see the action, and to observe how unfavourably the gallant Nelson was situated. To get to his relief was impossible; and it was no wonder that the diminished force filled him with fears for the safety of his friend, and for the event of the day.

For three hours he watched the combat in the utmost anxiety; and at the end of that time, seeing that the fire of the enemy was continued with the same vigour as at the commencement, he began to despair of success. The feeling of being unable to render him assistance was very painful, and after some consideration, he said, "I will make the signal of recall; for Nelson's sake I will do it. If he is in a condition to continue the action with any hope of success, he will not obey it, if he is not, it will be an excuse for him to retreat, and no blame can rest on him." He was convinced that further effort was useless, and the signal was made. He saw the probability of thus risking blame to himself, but he felt it would be cowardly to leave the entire shame of a defeat upon Nelson.

When the admiral was informed by one of his officers that the signal of retreat had been made by the commander-in-chief, he continued to walk up and down the deck, and took no notice of what he had been told. The officer, supposing that he had not been heard, repeated the information, and asked if he should pass on the signal to the other ships.*

"No," he said, "keep that for close fight still flying ; nail it to the mast. Leave off action ! fly from the enemy ! No, never !"

The battle continued with equal courage on either side. Never had the Danes been engaged in so well-contested a fight, and never had they given greater proof of that bravery and determination which they are well known to possess. It is a pity that it was not displayed in a better cause, for they now fought for the interests of France, and for its great but intriguing leader, Napoleon Buonaparte

Among the brave Danes, there was one in particular who attracted the attention and excited the admiration of Nelson, even at a time when he must be supposed to have had little leisure for thought on any other subject than the dangers of his own situation, and the responsibility which rested upon him alone. This young man, whose name was Villemoes, though not more than seventeen years old, had asked and obtained the command of a floating battery, or raft. This is a thing made of beams or planks of wood nailed together, without sides or masts. On this were placed one hundred men, who, with their young commander, fought well and bravely, mixing in the thickest of the fight as long as the engagement continued.

Between one and two o'clock, nearly four hours after the commencement of the battle, the fire of the Danes became less frequent, and by two, from

many of their ships it had ceased entirely—nearly all had struck ; but when the English boats were sent out to take possession of them as prizes, they were frequently fired upon, and thus many lives were lost after the Danish ships should have considered themselves as prisoners, bound by honour not to continue the fight. This was not, however, caused by treachery on the side of the Danes , it was owing to the vessels being so near the shore, as to permit a constant supply of new men to reinforce them, who neither knew nor cared what ships had yielded, and thought only of fighting to the last for their beloved country. But the English were, in self-defence, obliged to re-commence firing against vessels little able for the contest, and which, with their brave defenders, they would gladly have spared.

Shocked at the fearful massacre, as he himself called it, which was thus unnecessarily continued, Nelson, with a humanity and a presence of mind, which was never so much displayed as at this moment, retired to his cabin, and shortly after despatched a young aide-de-camp with a flag of truce, to bear to the Prince of Denmark this note :—

“Admiral Lord Nelson has been commanded to spare *Detmark*, when she no longer resists. All your ships have struck, yielding themselves to the British flag ; but if the firing continues on the part of Denmark, he must set on fire all the prizes he has taken, without having the power to save the men who have so nobly defended them. The brave

Danes are the brothers, and should never be the enemies of the English."

This letter had the desired effect. The battle was now over; the sound of war had ceased: but who could know what loss had been sustained—how many wives might have to mourn their husbands—how many mothers weep over the death of their brave young sons? It was a fearful day for Copenhagen. There was no house into which sorrow and mourning had not entered; seldom had there been so bloody a combat, and never, perhaps, a defeat where so much honour accompanied the vanquished.

It was found necessary that an interview should be held between the Prince of Denmark and Lord Nelson, the latter, therefore, accompanied by two of his captains, went on shore, and proceeded to the palace of the prince, where he was received with every mark of respect.

Nelson, in conversation, expressed warmly his admiration for the valour and determined courage of his brave foes. He told the prince that in the hundred and five fights in which he had been engaged, he had never seen one that equalled this. The French, he said, fought bravely, but could not have endured, for one hour what the Danes had supported for four. He then asked to be introduced to the young Villemoes, whose bravery on the raft I have told you he had observed with so much admiration, and told the prince that he ought to be an admiral. To which he replied, that if he made

all his brave officers admirals, he should have no captains and lieutenants in his service.

This is the story of the battle of Copenhagen ; and after reading it, you will think with me, that I could not have left it out, notwithstanding my fear of making the chapter too long a one.

About four years after the great victory obtained at Copenhagen, Nelson, for the first time, I believe, returned to England, trusting, by some months' rest in his native land, to recruit his strength ; a few days, however, had scarcely passed, when he received, and eagerly obeyed, another call to fight for his country.

After the last action in which they had been engaged, the French and Spanish ships had refitted, and were again prepared to go to sea. One morning at a very early hour, Captain Blackwood, a friend of Nelson's, visited him. The moment he saw him, he exclaimed, "I am certain that you bring me news of the French and Spanish fleets. Depend upon it, Blackwood, I shall have to give them another drubbing. I am ready to undertake it."

The services which he so readily offered were eagerly accepted ; and Lord Nelson was once more on the wide sea, in pursuit of the enemies of his country. When he left the English shore, to which he was destined never to return, thousands crowded to see him embark, and to gaze till the last moment on England's most beloved hero.

The English fleet, when it arrived off Cadiz, &

great city in Spain, consisted of twenty-seven sail of the line, and four frigates; that of the enemy, of thirty-three ships of the line, and seven large frigates. These were now in sight, and signals were given to set all sail, and bear down upon them. Having seen that everything was in the perfect order he desired, and expecting every moment to be engaged in fight, Nelson went alone to his cabin, where he spent some time in devotion, and in writing a short prayer, which was nearly as follows:—

“May the great God, whom I worship, grant to my country, and for the good of the whole of Europe, a great and glorious victory, and if such may be permitted, may the whole of the British fleet treat with kindness and humanity their conquered foes. For myself, I trust my life to him that made me, and may his blessing attend my endeavours to serve my country faithfully.”

When he returned to the deck, and observed the eagerness and decision of the whole fleet, and the complete preparation of his ship, he said, “We have now only to intrust everything to the great Disposer of events, and to the justice of our cause. I thank God for this great opportunity of doing my duty.”

From many things which I have mentioned in this story, you, my dearest little boy, may see how constantly the thoughts of God, of his mercy, and the need in which he stood of his aid and protection, occupied the mind of this great man. I remember the answer of a sailor, in a story that I have read, to

the doubt expressed by some one, in speaking of his profession, that there could not be much time, or many thoughts, during the life of a sailor, given to devotion. "Why," he said, "should you accuse those of neglecting the protection of the Almighty who require it most? They who go down to the sea in ships, and make their home upon the great waters, have the best right to feel, in the hour of danger, that the wind and the storm obey his word. A seaman, without a belief and trust in God, is worse off than a seaman without a chart or pilot." Like this sailor, I have often thought that a life spent upon the dark waters, must encourage a feeling of dependence upon a merciful and all-wise Protector more than almost any other situation.

The firing began, and the Victory, the ship in which Lord Nelson sailed, had already lost many of her men, when a shot struck the deck, and passed between him and Captain Hardy, who stood only a few feet apart. Both started, and looked anxiously round, for both supposed that the other must have been wounded, but the shot had passed by without injury. It was about this time the admiral remarked, that in all his engagements, he had never seen the cool and determined courage of his crew surpass what they showed on this occasion.

The Victory was now engaged with a French ship, the Redoubtable. Twice Nelson believed them to have yielded; and eager as he always was to shed no more blood than was necessary for the safety of

his country, he gave orders for the firing to cease ; he had, however, been mistaken, for the Redoubtable still continued to defend herself with great courage. Happy had it been for England that the supposition had been indeed true ; a rifle-ball from the mizen-top of that ship struck the brave hero on the left shoulder, and he fell upon his face on the deck. Captain Hardy stood at a little distance, and, on turning round, beheld his brave commander, faint and wounded, raised from the ground by some of his sailors.

Even at this time, when he already felt the approach of death, the presence of mind of the heroic Nelson might be seen in the collected manner in which, when they were carrying him from the deck, he ordered ropes that had been shot away to be replaced ; and then, that his faithful seamen might not be discouraged by knowing him to be wounded, he covered his face with his handkerchief. When the injury was examined, it was found to be mortal ; and the dying admiral insisted that the medical attendants should leave him, and go to those wounded men to whom they might still be of use. The certainty of his death was carefully concealed from all, except Captain Hardy ; for it was well known how such tidings of their beloved leader would depress the courage of the whole crew.

While the wounded hero, the brave Nelson, lay stretched in the cabin, unable to mix in scenes,

where till now he had ever been the foremost, repeated huzzas told of the yielding of the enemy's vessels ; and at each sign of approaching victory, a smile of joy passed over the face of the dying hero. He became anxious for more certain intelligence, and sent for Captain Hardy. He came ; they shook hands in silence, and his faithful friend tried in vain to conceal the feelings which at that moment almost overpowered him. Nelson asked how the day went with them. He was answered, that ten of the enemy's ships had yielded, and that there was little doubt of a complete victory. The admiral then said, that he hoped no English ship had struck, and Hardy's reply was, that there was no fear of that. He afterwards talked of himself, saying, that all would soon be over. Hardy spoke of hope, which he did not feel ; but Nelson was not to be deceived. He gave some directions about what he wished to have done when he was no more, and then bade his friend return to the deck. In the course of an hour he came again to the cabin, and clasping in his own the hand of his beloved commander, he informed him that the day was their own, that the victory was complete. Nelson received the news with gratitude, and expressed a wish that he had not left the deck, but had been allowed to remain there to die. He was by this time nearly insensible ; and upon Hardy's kneeling down and kissing his forehead, he asked who had touched him. When he heard who it was, he replied, almost in a whisper, " God bless

you, Hardy ! God bless *you !” He was heard repeatedly to say, “I thank God I have done my duty !” They were the last words he uttered. In little more than three hours after receiving his wound, the noble hero of so many fights was no more, and England felt that the Victory of Trafalgar had been dearly purchased by the death of the renowned Nelson

CHAPTER VI.

LORD COLLINGWOOD.

IN the life of Collingwood, the name of Nelson must frequently occur, for as they were brethren in arms, so were they in affection, and as through life Lord Collingwood followed step by step the gradual promotion of his friend, so, at his death, did he fill that station, which for his country he had so nobly held.

Among all those whose little world has been his ship, whose whole life has been devoted to the service of his country, and yet whose kinder, gentler, and better feelings have been nursed, as if that life had been spent by the hearthstone of his own home, you will find no brighter, nobler, purer example than in your present hero. The length and hardships of his services, exceed all you have yet read of, for in the fifty years, during which he continued in the navy, no fewer than forty-four were passed in active employment abroad,—the eight or ten last, in tedious

blockades, that rarely allowed the relaxation of one hour spent on shore,—and on one occasion, indeed, for the almost incredible space of twenty-two months, he kept to sea without once dropping anchor.

Cuthbert Collingwood was but eleven years old, when first entering on his career as a sailor, and the poor little boy's heart was, I suppose, sad and heavy, at the thoughts of this his first great grief, his separation from home, for in after years he used to tell, how he sat alone on the deck, shedding bitter tears, until the first lieutenant, observing and pitying his sorrows, spoke kindly to him, and thus so won his heart, that taking the officer to his box, he proved his gratitude by offering a large piece of plum cake he had brought with him. I suppose his grief, like all other griefs, passed away at length, for we hear no further mention made of his early sorrows. He had entered the navy under the charge and care of his relation, Admiral Brathwait, to whose interest and attention he was indebted for much of that nautical knowledge, which made him afterwards be acknowledged as almost unrivalled in his skill as a seaman.

In 1774, he went to Boston, and on the day on which the battle of Bunker's Hill had been fought; (after the great Washington had been made commander-in-chief, but before he had joined the forces of the American army,) he made one of the party of seamen, sent to the assistance of the General, Howe

and Pigot, and was on that occasion promoted to the rank of lieutenant.

In 1776, he was sent to Jamaica as lieutenant of the *Hornet* sloop, and shortly afterwards the *Lowestoffe*, of which Lord (then Mr.) Nelson was commander, came to the same station. The friendship of these two great men, which lasted unchanged through life, had been commenced previous to this time, and, as it happened that Sir P. Parker, then commander-in-chief on that station, was the friend of both, whenever Mr. Nelson got a step in rank, Mr Collingwood immediately filled the appointment he had held.

In 1780, the *Hinchinbrook*, of which your hero was now Post-Captain, was employed in an expedition to the Spanish main. At San Juan he joined that ship, and here the deadly nature of the climate, deprived England of many a faithful servant.

Captain Nelson was, for the recovery of his health, obliged to return home, and of his whole ship's crew, Collingwood alone escaped the terrible infection. Out of two hundred persons on board, one hundred and eighty sank under the destroying fever; and fearful indeed was the horror it occasioned, for every ship on the station had suffered in an almost equal degree. The transport's men all died, and some of the ships, having none left to take care of them, went to wreck, or sank in the harbour; but transport ships were not wanted, for the troops whom they had brought, were no more,—they had fallen, not

from the hand of an enemy, but from the contagion of the climate.

Being removed from that fatal shore, Mr. Collingwood was in December appointed to the command of the *Pelican*, and in August of the succeeding year, during a tremendous hurricane, the wrecked vessel was cast upon the rocks of the Morant Keys, where, exposed to the tempest, and with little food, they remained for the space of ten days, when the *Diamond* frigate, from Jamaica, happily came to their rescue.

Mr. Collingwood's next appointment was to the *Sampson*, of 64 guns, and from this period, 1783, until the close of 1786, he served in the West Indies, at the same station, and in conjunction with his friend Nelson.

About this date is the letter, which, addressed by him to a young friend, a midshipman, is worthy of being conned, line after line, precept after precept, by every midshipman that ever had the honourable ambition of treading the paths of virtue, and of glory, with your hero ; I shall, therefore, dear Herbert, transfer a great part of it to your book. After rejoicing that the situation of the boy is agreeable to him, he goes on,—“ You may depend upon it, that it is more in your own power, than in anybody's else, to promote both your comfort and advancement. A strict and unwearied attention to your duty, and a complacent and respectful behaviour, not only to your superiors, but to every-

body, will ensure you their regard, and the reward will surely come ; but, if it should not, I am convinced you have too much good sense to let disappointment sour you. Guard carefully against letting discontent appear in you ; it is sorrow to your friends, a triumph to your competitors, and cannot be productive of any good. Conduct yourself so as to deserve the best that can come to you, and the consciousness of your own proper behaviour will keep you in spirits if it should not come. Let it be your ambition to be foremost in all duty. Do not be a nice observer of turns, but ever present yourself ready for everything, and unless your officers are very inattentive men, they will not allow the others to impose more duty on you than they should. I need not say more to you on the subject of sobriety, than to recommend to you the continuance of it, exactly as when you were with me. Every day affords you instances of the evils arising from drunkenness. Were a man as wise as Solomon, and as brave as Achilles, he would still be unworthy of trust, if he addicted himself to that vice. He may make a drudge, but a respectable officer he will *never* be, for the doubt must always remain, that the capacity which God has given him will be abused by intemperance. Young men are generally introduced to such habits by the company they keep, but do you carefully guard against ever submitting yourself to be the companion of low, vulgar, or dissipated men. Let

your companions be such as yourself, or superior, for the worth of a man will always be ruled by that of his company. Read, let me charge you to read,—study books that treat of your profession, or of history. Thus employed, you will always be in good company. Nature has sown in man the seeds of knowledge, but they must be cultivated to produce fruit. Wisdom does not come by instinct, but will be found where diligently sought for, seek her, she will be a friend that will never fail you.”

During the next seven years, Captain Collingwood spent a greater portion of his time on shore than at any other period of his life, for little during that space was to be done at sea.

In 1793, however, the troubles in France which had preceded the cruel murder of the unfortunate Louis XVI, led to war between that country and England, and from this time, until the close of his long and arduous life, you will find your hero was scarcely ever again permitted the happiness of revisiting his home, or wife, or children, to whom he continued so devotedly attached.

Captain Collingwood had been appointed to the *Prince*, the then flag-ship of Rear-admiral Bower, with whom he served, until, in the *Barfleur*, that gallant officer was wounded, on the ever memorable defeat of the French by Lord Howe, on the first of June.

• After a night spent in preparation for the next

day's combat,—and as 'Captain Collingwood, in a letter to his father-in-law, expresses it, in sending many a blessing to his home, lest he should never bless it more,—Lord Howe, having made the signal for each ship to engage her opponent, the whole fleet, under a crowd of sail, bore down upon the enemy.

The ship with which the Prince was to engage, was two ahead of the French admiral, so that it had to pass through his fire, and that of both the ships next to him, receiving all their broadsides before they had fired a gun. Well was the time so lost repaired by the Prince, for no sooner had she reached her station, than she poured so deadly a fire on her antagonist, as left her without the power of resistance.

On the return of the fleet, Captain Collingwood, appointed to the *Excellent*, was sent to the Mediterranean, and continued for some time, under the command of Sir John Jervis, to cruize off Toulon, holding guard over the French fleet, and preventing their quitting that port, for a longer time than so inactive, and uninteresting a life, suited his eager spirit.

A glorious day was, however, in store for him, for having shared the honours of the 1st of June under Lord Howe, he was now to make one of that fleet, through whose aid, Sir John Jervis won his undying fame off Cape St. Vincent. On coming in sight of the Spaniards with their twenty-eight sail

of the line, the admiral, (whose whole force, I dare say you have not forgotten, consisted but of fourteen sail of the line,) determined to attack them, and the Excellent, to use the words of her commander, had the good fortune to get very early into action. The first ship she engaged was the San Salvador-del-Mundo, which soon lowered her colours, and by ceasing to fire, made token of her surrender. Captain Collingwood inquired if it were so, and was, by signs, replied to in the affirmative, so that, passing on, he engaged with another ship, but on looking back, he was surprised to see the colours of the San Salvador-del-Mundo again hoisted, and she once more taking her part in the battle. The San Isidor, with which he next engaged, did not escape so easily, for having been once deceived, no sooner were the Spanish colours taken down, than Captain Collingwood insisted she should hoist those of England; then leaving her in charge with a frigate, he passed on to the relief of his friend Commodore Nelson, who having for some time been exposed to the fire of two of the enemy's ships, stood much in need of assistance; this achieved, for the fourth time your hero commenced an attack, and this time he selected the Santissima Trinidad, the flag-ship of the Spanish admiral, but so disabled were now the masts, sails, and rigging of the Excellent, that it was with difficulty she could be brought sufficiently near, to allow of her fire being effectual on the enemy, and she accordingly escaped, although

so much damaged as^c to be almost a complete wreck.

The part borne by Captain Collingwood in this victory, served to place his name high on the list of England's heroes, and many were the congratulations and ecomiums, received by him from the different officers and leaders of the fleet. The following from the Rear-admiral Waldegrave, may serve as a specimen of the others.—“Barfleur, Feb. 15th,—My dear Collingwood, although Dacres has in a great degree expressed all I feel on the subject, yet I cannot resist the satisfaction of telling you myself, that nothing in my opinion could exceed the true officership which you so happily displayed yesterday, both the Admiral and Nelson join with me in this opinion, and nothing but ignorance can think otherwise. God bless you, and may England long possess such men as yourself,—it is saying everything for her glory. Truly yours, William Waldegrave.”

After having thus conquered the Spaniards, the British fleet, of nineteen sail of the line, continued to blockade the port of Cadiz. In writing at this time, Captain Collingwood says, “We are now parading under the walls of Cadiz, as we did last year before Toulon; the Spaniards have thirty-two sail of the line, ready, or nearly so, to devour us; if they knew but how to carve. We heard that their seamen were offered double pay, if they would exert themselves against us, which they decline as a hopeless undertaking, and refuse to come to sea.” “

It was at this time that Lord St. Vincent repressed in the Mediterranean fleet that spirit of mutiny, which, by your different lives, you have seen in 1797, pervaded the entire naval force of England, and so prompt and ready an assistant in the great work did he find your hero, that the most ungovernable spirits were invariably drafted by him into the *Excellent*. "Send them to Collingwood," he used to say, "and he will bring them to order."

Notwithstanding this, while the terrible necessity of inflicting immediate and capital punishment, on the most daring among the mutineers, was of frequent occurrence in other ships, on board the *Excellent*, an instance of any corporal punishment whatever, was nearly unknown. Upon one occasion, a seaman was sent to him, who on board the *Romulus* had pointed one of the fore-castle guns shotted to the muzzle, at the quarter-deck, and standing by it with a match, declared, he would fire at the officers, unless he received a promise that no punishment should be inflicted upon him. On his arrival on board the *Excellent*, Captain Collingwood, in presence of many of the sailors, said to him with great sternness of manner,—“I know your character well, but beware how you attempt to excite insubordination in this ship, for I have such confidence in my men, that I am certain I shall hear in an hour of everything you are doing. If you behave well in future, I will treat you like the rest, nor notice here what happened in another ship, but if you endeavour

to excite mutiny, mark me well, I will instantly head you up in a cask and throw you into the sea."

This unusual threat, I suppose, added to the treatment he met with in the Excellent, reformed the sailor, for his good and steady conduct never afterwards left room for complaint against him.

On another occasion, when Lieutenant Caville annoyed by some misconduct in the men, exclaimed with indignation, "I wish I were the captain, for your sake,"—touching him on the shoulder, Collingwood inquired.—"And pray, Caville, what would you have done if you had been captain?" "I would have flogged them well, sir" "No you would not," was the answer, "no, you would not, I know you better" He used also to tell the ship's company, that he was determined, the youngest midshipman should be obeyed as implicitly as himself, that he would punish with great severity any instance to the contrary, and when a midshipman did make a complaint, he would order the man for punishment, but, in the mean time, calling the boy down to him, would say, "In all probability the fault was yours, but whether it was so or not, I am sure it would go to your heart, to see a man old enough to be your father, disgraced and punished on your account, and it will therefore give me a good opinion of your disposition, if when he is brought out you ask for his pardon." This recommendation was, I hope, always gladly received, at least it was always complied with. The boy would intercede for the

prisoner, and then Captain Collingwood would say, "This young gentleman has pleaded so humanely for you, that in the hope that you will feel a due gratitude to him for his benevolence, I will for this time overlook your offence."

Month after month the weary blockade was continued to be held at Cadiz. The Spaniards themselves were well disposed to peace, but this their tyrant friends and allies, the French, would not admit of, and preparations for continuing the war were, on a vast scale, carried on in every part of Spain.

The French armament preparing in Toulon and Marseilles, had, meanwhile, sailed for Egypt, and Nelson, now Admiral Nelson, had been despatched on his successful mission to intercept and defeat their scheme. Bitter and great was the disappointment of Captain Collingwood that he had not on this expedition, been allowed to join his friend. Many a victory, he said, had been won, many he hoped were yet to come, but there never had been—never, perhaps, would be again—one, in which the fruits had been so completely gathered, the blow so nobly followed up, and the consequences so fairly brought to account, as in that of the Nile.

In December, 1793, the *Excellent* requiring repair, was ordered back to England, and for a short space, Captain Collingwood enjoyed the happiness he had so long looked forward to, of being again with his wife and two little girls. Very short, however, was

that desired visit, for in a few weeks he was raised to the rank of Rear-admiral, and hoisting his flag in the *Triumph*, he joined Lord Keith in the Mediterranean, where the Brest fleet, and the principal part of the naval force of France and Spain, were then collected. It was hoped to force them into an engagement, and thus to close the long and weary war. But unfortunately, escaping the vigilance of the English, the entire fleet sailed for Brest, and though Lord Keith exerted himself to the uttermost to overtake them, on his arrival off that harbour he discovered that they had entered it on the preceding day.

Thus a tedious blockade of the port was again forced on the English, and in writing to his home at this time, Lord Collingwood gives vent to some of those sorrowful feelings, which when not engaged in really active service, his letters so frequently express, —“When I reflect,” he says, “on my long absence from all that can make me happy, it is very painful to me, and what day is there that I do not lament the continuance of the war. We are wandering before this port, with no prospect of change for the better. Nothing good can happen to us short of peace. Every officer and man in the fleet, is impatient for release from a situation, which daily becomes more irksome to us all. Would to Heaven it were over, that I might think no more of ships, but pass the rest of my days in the bosom of my family! Will peace ever come? I confess I do not expect to

see it. All Europe has combined to reduce the power, and annihilate the glory of England, but the stand we shall make will be that of the lion at the mouth of his cave." At another time, when sent home to refit, and lying at Portsmouth, he writes,—
"Last night I went to Lady Parker's Twelfth night, where all the gentlemen's children of the town were at dance and revelry, but I thought of my own and was so completely out of spirits that I left them in the midst of it"

Whilst here, he had written to Mrs. Collingwood to join him with one of their little girls, that they might spend together the uncertain time he might remain in port, and to this meeting he looked forward as a cure for all the ills and sorrows he had met with, since they parted: but on the very day of her expected arrival he was ordered to sea, and the meeting of a few hours only was allowed them. Of that meeting he writes to his father-in-law,—
"You will have heard how short was our interview, how suddenly we parted. It is grief to me to think of it now; it almost broke my heart then, after such a journey, to see her but for a few hours; yet I am thankful that I did see her, and my sweet child. It was a blessing to me, and composed my mind, which was before very much harassed. No greater happiness is human nature capable of, than was mine that evening, but at dawn we parted, and I went to sea."

. The brief peace between France and England

signed at Amiens, shortly after Lord Nelson's great victory at Copenhagen, once more restored Admiral Collingwood to his home, and for the space of nearly a year, he remained with his family; but early in spring, 1803, hostilities with France recommenced, and being appointed to the *Venerable*, he joined the squadron of Admiral Cornwallis, then lying off Brest. "Here comes Collingwood!" was the remark of that commander, "the last to leave, and the first to rejoin me!"

The information respecting the French fleet being very vague, the whole squadron was kept on the alert, to watch their movements, and such was his anxiety, lest he should again escape them, that Admiral Collingwood when not, (as was usually the case during the whole night,) pacing the quarter-deck, would sleep upon a gun, and from time to time rise to sweep the horizon with his night-glass.

Great preparations were still making in the different ports of France, and peace with that country, or the rescue of Europe from the tyranny of Napoleon, seemed as far distant as ever. The hostile fleet continued inactive, and the never-ending blockades wore out both our men and ships.

The mighty project of the invasion of England was, meantime, the foremost, and the darling scheme of Napoleon, and daily adding to his immense force both by land and sea, he patiently attempted to wear out the patience of the English commanders, or by false rumours of his intentions, to disperse their

fleet, so as to leave him the freedom of the Channel. "Were we," he said, "but masters of the Channel for six hours, we should be masters of the world." And too surely his words would have come true; but the mightiest projects of the mightiest of earth, as well as the trivial concerns of the weakest, are overruled by an Arm of power, and thus the designs of Napoleon, were never allowed to be put into execution

In 1805, when commanding the Dreadnought off Cadiz, the very small fleet of Admiral Collingwood was reinforced by that of Lord Nelson. "I hope," wrote that commander to his old friend,—“I hope in a few days to be with you—not, my dear Collingwood, to take your command from you, but that we may consult together, how best to serve our country. We never can have foolish jealousies between us, for we have only the one great object in view, that of annihilating the enemy, and getting a glorious peace”

From this time, the friends, Admiral Collingwood being second, and Lord Nelson first in command, continued together until, at no great distance from this date, at the battle of Trafalgar, the hero of that day, closed at once his memorable career, and the friendship of a lifetime.

On the 19th of October, the Victory, Lord Nelson's ship, signalled that the enemy's fleet were coming out of Cadiz, and a general chase following, they were by daylight on the 21st discovered about

six or seven miles off Cape Trafalgar. Signal was then made for the English fleet to bear up in two columns, the one headed by the *Victory*, the other by the *Royal Sovereign*, into which Admiral Collingwood had exchanged shortly before.

Soon after this, it was, that the signal was raised by Nelson, which has since been engraven on the national heart, never to be obliterated, which has too become the war-cry of his country,—“England expects every man to do his duty.” On first observing it, Collingwood remarked that Nelson should now rest satisfied, as all thoroughly understood what they had to do; but when informed what the signal meant, expressing the greatest delight and admiration, he desired it might be made known to all the officers and ship’s company.

By twelve o’clock the action had begun. The leading ships of the column broke through the line of the enemy, and the rest following each at the muzzle of their guns, engaged with their opponent.

On the first preparation of the attack, Captain Blackwood of the *Victory*, anxious that the life of the commander-in-chief should not be exposed, by making his the leading ship, eagerly requested that the *Temeraire* might take the first station in the column, and Nelson agreed; but resolved to defeat his own order, crowded more sail, and maintained his place. Upon observing this, Lieutenant Caville, whom Collingwood used to call his right arm, and the moving spirit of the ship, begged that they also

might set their studding sail, and press forward. "The ships of our line," he replied, "are not yet sufficiently up for us to do so now, but you may be getting ready;" and a little afterwards, observing the eyes of the officer fixed upon him in eager expectation, he nodded compliance. In one instant, the ship, under crowd of sail, went rapidly ahead of the others, and on coming within fire of the enemy, was distant a mile from the remainder of the column. At that moment, when the Royal Sovereign was seen to pass alone into the very midst of the combined fleet, Nelson remarked with enthusiasm,— "See how that noble fellow Collingwood takes his ship into action,—how I envy him!" And the same thought occupying the mind of his friend, he observed to those around him,— "What would Nelson give to be here!" The remainder of the column, meanwhile, were pressing forward to the support of their gallant leader, his perilous situation, and the smoke that enveloped him, leaving them at times doubtful of his fate; and great was the burst of joy when the slackening of the enemy's fire, allowed them to discover his flag still flying above the smoke. One of his most gallant followers and friends, captain of the Tonnant, afterwards asserted, that such was his astonishment, when the Royal Sovereign first opened her fire on the enemy that for a few moments he felt as if he himself had nothing to do, but to look on and admire.

•The unequal contest was shortly closed, for the

Santa Anna, with which she had engaged, struck her colours, and Collingwood dispatched a boat for the Spanish Admiral; but that brave officer being then supposed upon the point of death, his flag-captain took his place, and on coming on board, inquired the name of the ship to whom they had struck. He was told that it was the Royal Sovereign, and patting one of her guns, he replied, in broken English,—“I think she should be called the Royal Devil.”

The struggle of that memorable day was a severe one, for the enemy fought with a gallantry often equalled, but never surpassed by the brave French and Spanish nations. It was not, however, a lengthened one. At noon it had begun—at about half-past one it had reached its height,—at three, the firing began to slacken,—about four it wholly ceased, and then twenty ships of the enemy having struck, the navies of France and Spain were annihilated.

The gallant Nelson, you remember, did not live to see that work completed, which he so nobly had begun. Towards the middle of the engagement he had received the wound that caused his death, and immediately on finding it must prove fatal, he dispatched a messenger to enform Admiral Collingwood of it. He had been directed to say that the wound was not dangerous. “But,” writes that officer, “I read the fate of my friend in his eye, for his look told, what his tongue could not utter.”

That death, which clouded so glorious a day, to many a heart in that gallant ship, left Admiral

Collingwood now first in command; and after returning thanks to the officers, seamen, and marines, whose noble exertions had added to the page of naval annals, so brilliant an instance of what Britons can do, when their king and their country require their service, he desired the publication of the following general order.

“The Almighty God, whose arm is strength, having of his great mercy, been pleased to crown the exertions of His Majesty’s fleet with success, in giving them a complete victory over their enemies on the 21st of this month, and that all praise and thanksgiving may be offered up to the Throne of Grace for the great benefit to our country, and to mankind, I have thought proper that a day should be appointed, of general humiliation before God, and thanksgiving for His merciful goodness, imploring forgiveness of sins, a continuation of His divine mercy, and His constant aid to us in defence of our country’s liberties and laws, without which the utmost efforts of man are naught: I direct, therefore, that — be appointed for this holy purpose.

“Given on board the *Euryalus*, off Cape Trafalgar, October 22, 1805.” •

This great victory did not obtain for the English fleet more honour and glory from their countrymen, than did their after humanity from the grateful Spaniards. To alleviate the miseries of the wounded as much as was in his power, Admiral Collingwood sent on shore an offer to the Marquis of Solana,

Governor-general of Andalusia, to restore to him all the wounded ; and this act of humanity, with many another recorded of the officers and men of the fleet, raised, as the English admiral expressed it, all that part of Spain in an uproar of praise and thankfulness. Nor was it in words alone that they proved their gratitude, for not only were the Spanish hospitals offered, and the Spanish honour pledged for the care and cure of the wounded English, but those officers and men, who in some of the prize ships had been wrecked upon their coast, were treated with the greatest kindness. The whole country hurrying to the beach, assured them of safety and welcome. Women and priests distributed wine, bread, and fruit amongst them, and the soldiers, turning out of their own barracks, provided them with lodging. Very different, indeed, was their treatment of their allies, the French. They were allowed to shift for themselves, and the only mark of attention shown, was a guard being placed over them, to prevent their doing any mischief.

The death of the great Nelson, as you well know, cast a shade of gloom, not over the fleet alone, but over the whole of the English nation. Never, surely, was hero so lamented ; England seemed scarcely able to believe in her mighty loss, and her triumph for the great victory was comparatively joyless, for the sake of what she had lost. The appointment of his successor was, nevertheless, received with satisfaction, and shortly afterwards,

further marks of favour were bestowed on Lord Collingwood, for he was raised to the peerage under the title of Baron Collingwood of Caldburne and Hethpoole. In writing of this distinction, he says,—"I cannot express, but you may, perhaps, conceive the sort of delight that a man feels in arriving at the summit of his wishes, and mine has ever been the approbation of my sovereign and my country." And again, when to Lady Collingwood, alluding to his want of fortune,—“I hardly know,” he says, “how we shall be able to support the dignity to which his Majesty has been pleased to raise me. Let others plead for pensions, I am an Englishman, and will never ask for money as a favour. We may be rich enough without it, by endeavouring to be superior to everything poor. I would have my services unstained by any interested motive, and old Scot and I can go on in our cabbage garden without much greater expense than formerly. But I have had a great destruction of my furniture and stock. I have hardly a chair that has not a slit in it, and many have lost both legs and arms, without hope of pension. My soup is served in a tin pan. My wine broke in moving, and my pigs were slain in battle. These are heavy losses where they cannot be repaired.”

Thirty-five years of the life of Lord Collingwood had now been spent at sea, and worn out, annoyed, and harassed by the continual anxiety of mind he was subjected to, he had hoped at the end of his

three years' service to retire for life. This, however, in the state his country then was, he found impracticable. As long as health was granted him, he said he must go on, since all the ability that God had given him, was due to his sovereign, and must be devoted to his service.

The principal object of Napoleon's ambition, at this time, was the destruction of Naples, and he had well nigh accomplished that ambition, for the poor king, finding his country overrun by the French army, retired with his family and court to Sicily, and many a piteous letter did Lord Collingwood receive from his Majesty, and many an entreaty, that he would fill the place of their lost friend and protector, the Lord Nelson—and that under his command the brave English might still prove themselves, now, as ever, the defenders of the oppressed.

A large portion of Lord Collingwood's fleet was accordingly appointed to the defence of Sicily, while with the remainder he continued, not only to annoy the enemy on the coasts of France and Spain, but to keep watchful guard over the Spanish fleet, anchored in Cadiz and Carthagenæ. This, with a force scarcely equal to the service, with ships maimed in former engagements, and health suffering from long continuance at sea, was fast wearing out even the strong constitution and energetic spirit of Lord Collingwood, and once more he writes, "I have a most anxious time of it, at present, but my whole life has

been a life of care ; I hardly know what it is that the world calls pleasure, and when I have done with my sea affairs, the only idea I have of delight on shore, is in the midst of my family, where I can see my daughters. In them is the source of my future happiness, and I believe a source that will not fail me ; but all this is to be when I come on shore. When is that blessed day to come ? I have devoted myself faithfully to my country's service, but it cannot last much longer, for I grow weak and feeble, and shall soon only be fit to be nursed, and live in quiet retirement, for having so long lived out of the world, I believe I shall be found totally unfit to live in it."

In 1808, when the treacherous proceedings of France, with regard to Spain, had roused that country to exertion, she eagerly applied to England for assistance ; and you already know how fully, how immediately, and at last, how successfully it was granted. The false promises of the French had corrupted the ministry of Spain, and her best troops, under the same influence, had been marched into foreign countries, leaving their own land an easy prey to the invaders. But the last act of perfidy, the seizure of their monarch, with those nobles on whom the government of their country most depended, rousing the spirit of the nation, they resolved to assert their independence. The numerous French army, with its veteran generals, although in the very heart of their kingdom, did not discourage

their efforts ; neither did the absence of their own troops—they rose in arms, and so great was now their abhorrence of the French, and so enthusiastic their desire to restore their country's independence, that far from having to devise means of raising troops, the government found themselves obliged rather to make regulations for restraining and selecting them.

In every province the demand for arms, muskets, pistols, &c., was incessant. All forges were employed in making pikes for the peasantry, and in every street of the different towns, in every hill and dale of the surrounding country, priests were found instigating the common people, and preaching the duty of being firm, in the defence of their country.

Yet with all this, little was done ; for a country without government, and an army without generals, had small chance of success against such invaders as the French. The enthusiasm, too, was unfortunately confined to the peasantry and lower classes ; for the nobility of the country remained inactive, and Lord Collingwood could do but little in their defence, since the determination of the French fleet to avoid an encounter with that of England, defied every attempt to bring them to action.

Immediately, on learning the struggle Spain was about to make for freedom, Lord Collingwood repaired to Cadiz, and there was hailed by the grateful people with every mark of delight ; the cries of

"Vivase los Ingleses—viva King George—viva Collingwood!" resounding on every side. But the life and services of the brave old admiral were now together drawing to a close. Finding that the interests of Spain, as well as of Italy, would be best advanced by a guard held over the French fleet in Toulon, he returned to that port, and once more, mind and body were worn out in a tedious, anxious, wearisome blockade.

But though that portion of the fleet immediately under the command of Lord Collingwood was thus held in inactivity, those ships despatched by him on different expeditions we find from his letters, kept, and contrived to keep, the enemy in constant and active employment. "We are," he writes, "carrying on our operations in the Adriatic and on the coast of Italy with great *éclat*. All our frigate captains are great generals, and some in the brigs are good brigadiers. They have taken seven ports, garrisons or castles, within the last two months, and scaling towers at midnight, and storming redoubts at mid-day, are become familiar occurrences. The enemy cannot stand a galling fire from the launch's cannonade, or a sharp fire of grape and musketry from the jolly-boat. It is really astonishing, these youths think that nothing is beyond their enterprise, and they seldom fail of success."

Of himself, he says, "The French have a good squadron here, thirteen sail of them, and seven frigates are quite ready, and appear to be deep in

the water. I have from nine to eleven, it is all I can keep up, but it must do, and I shall bless the day when we may try what it can do. My weak eyes and feeble limbs want rest, my mind has not known an hour's composure for many months, yet I cannot tell what to say on the subject of coming on shore. My declining health will make it necessary soon, since my weakness unfits me for the arduous situation I hold "

Shortly after this date, he was, in fact, compelled again to apply to the Admiralty for leave to retire, and concluded with these words. "I can assure your lordships, I have not made this application until *past service* "

His petition for removal was agreed to, but not in time to restore the worn-out sailor to health. He embarked for England, and for a few days appeared to rally, but sank again into still further weakness, and on the morning of the 7th of August, 1810, on one of his friends entering his cabin, and inquiring if the motion of the vessel disturbed him, "No," he replied, "I am in a state in which nothing in this world will disturb me more," and in a few minutes expired without a groan. Never more to visit that home for which, through so many years he had yearned as his future haven of rest, but soaring, we may hope, on a Saviour's love, to that, in which there are no more partings, neither grief nor shadow of change.

Little further account of the death-hour of this

good and great man, has been given by his biographer, but from the whole tenor of his life, from the trust and faith, from the spirit of utter dependence breathed through so many of his letters, we cannot but believe, that one remark he is said to have made at this time, and from which he is supposed to have drawn that comfort, which led him without fear or trembling, to resign his spirit into the hands of his eternal Judge, was a misconception on the part of the narrator

The sentence I allude to is as follows . "He told one of his attendants, that he had endeavoured, as far as was possible, to review all the actions of his past life, and that he had the happiness to say, that nothing gave him a moment's uneasiness," that therefore it was, he passed so calmly to the grave

The feeling that a mind, like that of Lord Collingwood, imbued with such genuine feelings of religion, could never have harboured so false a sentiment, never have clung to so frail an anchor, led me at first to pass it over unnoticed. But it afterwards occurred to me, my dear boy, that at some future period this very sentence might chance to fall under your own observation, and, either leave a wrong impression with regard to your hero ; or, what is worse, might not at the moment, stand before you in all the utter hollowness of so vain and empty a hope.

Not many hours before meeting with the passage I had quoted, I had read the beautiful description

by Mr. Zouch, of the death-scene of Sir Philip Sidney, and strongly and beautifully did it seem, contrasted with the supposed (for you see I will not allow it to be real) words of the dying sailor. Like him, the soldier of earlier times, had defended the rights and religion of his country; like him, too, that life had been spent, as far as mortal eye can read, in the love and service of his Creator—for we find him spoken of as “that lively pattern of virtue, who had advanced almost to perfection,” and, again, are told that “he professed the Gospel, loved and favoured those who did embrace it, entered deeply into the concerns of the church, taking good order, and very good care for his family and soldiers to be instructed, and be brought to live accordingly,” and yet that “on the approach of death, deeply feeling his transgressions; the guilt of sin, and the terrors of God’s judgment-seat did make a fear and an astonishment in his mind,” and that wholly condemning himself, “all things in his former life did now appear vain ! vain ! vain !”

Thus he acknowledged the inefficacy of his own works, and by admitting himself a sinner, laid claim to the blood of Christ, which “cleanseth from all sin.” “So that secure in faith,” says his biographer, “and resting in blessed reliance on his Redeemer, the nearer he saw death approach, the more his comfort seemed to increase, for with a cheerful and smiling countenance, he lift up his eyes and hands, uttering these words, ‘I would not change

my joy for the empire of³ the world.'” I had not intended so long a dissertation on Sir Philip Sidney, but my boy will not require an apology. I must now, however, close the chapter. May the God of heaven, dear Herbert, watch over and guide and guard you !

CHAPTER VII.

SIR SIDNEY SMITH.

WILLIAM SIDNEY SMITH, (who although with one exception, not the principal actor in any of our great victories, has, by his chivalric and romantic courage, placed his name on equality with so many of his great contemporaries,) was the second son of a gentleman of so moderate an income, that his father-in-law, on whom he chiefly depended for the support of his family, as well as for his own appointment in the royal household, thought fit to tyrannize over him, and to make the price of his munificence, separation from his children

For some years this cruel decree was submitted to by the father, but at length, unable any longer to support the continued estrangement from his children, he sacrificed his own prospects, and so far as wealth was concerned, their future expectations ; for, removing them from a school in Bath, where they had been placed by the grandfather, he carried them

with him to his property^{*} in Berkshire, and was accordingly, from that time, left unassisted upon his own small means, to educate and send out into the world, his three sons.

The first anecdote told of our hero, is a very characteristic one. His earliest affections, it is said, were very equally divided between a little girl of his own age, a piece of water on his father's grounds, and a large washing-tub.

One evening, when the sound of the horn summoned at the usual hour, all the family to evening prayers, little Sidney did not make his appearance; and when even the echo seemed impatient as the call was again and again repeated and still no answer save her own was returned, the father becoming alarmed, collected the whole group of friends, brothers and servants, and dispersed them through every hill and dale, known as the favourite haunt of the boy.

The little hero, meanwhile, had heard every blast of the horn, but to answer it, or obey the summons, was not in his power, for the future admiral was then engaged in his first voyage, and having through some accident, lost the oar or pole with which he had intended to direct his course, very nearly had the tiny bark, with its tiny commander and his companion, been wrecked, for on some of the party, hurrying to the side of the water, I have mentioned as possessing a large share of his affections, there, in the midst, stood the boy in his washing-tub. It was

drifted to and fro at the mercy of the current, now carried down the stream, now turning round and round; but the little hero appeared, nevertheless, altogether unconscious of his own danger, so intent was he on comforting and allaying the fears of the little girl, who, in the extremity of her distress, stood crying and wringing her small hands by his side.

You may believe that this was no enviable sight for the poor father. The slightest movement of the children must have upset their frail bark. Not one of those now collecting in tolerable numbers on the side of the water, were able to swim, and it was already getting dark.

The first person to unravel the difficulty was the boy himself, for hailing those on shore, he in a most authoritative tone desired that the string of his kite, which he had left on the bank, might be fastened round the neck of a large dog, which being his peculiar favourite, or, perhaps, as fully aware of the danger of the children as any of the bystanders, made straight for the washing-tub, and approaching it with the utmost caution, allowed the string to be unfastened; it was then eagerly seized by the children, and when they had been thus safely towed ashore, the rescued boy was clasped to the heart of his grateful father. "Now, papa," he said, "we will go to prayers;" and the tone of voice, so full of feeling, and joy, and thankfulness, in which the reply was given, "Yes, my dear child, yes, we will go to prayers," perhaps for the first time im-

pressed upon the heart of the boy, that but for the care of a heavenly Father, his earthly parent might at that moment have been shedding bitter tears over the lifeless body of himself, and the little partner of his hazardous expedition.

His next voyage was made under far more favourable auspices, for Lord Rodney, then a frequent visitor at his father's house, who foresaw in his contempt of danger, and (even at this early age,) decision of character, fair promise of his after life, proposed his accompanying him to sea. This proposal was joyfully accepted, and the little fellow, who in his own imagination, or in the mimic fights carried on in the nursery, had already long commanded, fought and conquered; whose thoughts in his waking hours, and whose dreams in sleep, were equally devoted to fighting the French, embarked with that admiral, and before he was twelve years old, paced the deck of a man-of-war, and wore the long-envied badge of the sea.

In 1781, when he had served his allotted time as midshipman, Mr. Smith, on being appointed lieutenant, to the Alcida, served in the squadron under Lord Hood, when that admiral, on the West Indian station, attempted by so many indecisive skirmishes to draw on an engagement with the Comte de Grasse; and again in the following year, under the gallant Rodney, when on the memorable 1st of April, he obtained his great victory.

•• Immediately after this, although he had served

scarcely twelve months as lieutenant, he was made commander to the *Fury* sloop of war, and in the following year, in these (you will think) happy days of quick promotion, at the age of nineteen, was appointed post-captain. So rapid, and not altogether a strictly regular promotion, may, in some degree, be accounted for by his father's interest at court, though indeed no doubt by the merits of the young officer himself.

The peace which, in 1783, restored a brief quiet to Europe, prevented Captain Smith from being further engaged at this time in the service of his country, and as a life of inactivity was altogether distasteful to a spirit requiring the constant excitement of danger and enterprize, he was tempted, on the prospect of war between Sweden and Russia, to offer his services to the former country.

This portion of the life of your hero, is fortunately unconnected with the "wooden walls of Old England," and allows, therefore, an excuse for omitting it. A thirst for distinction, and a passionate love of glory, has, by a writer of his life, been offered as apology for this step, and yet he himself acknowledges it to be "a crime against God and man, to draw the sword of the slayer in any other cause than that of our country;" he might have added that of humanity also, and in that cause England never has, never will, I hope, be defeated. But neither of these can, in this instance, be pleaded in excuse for your hero. Some few of our countrymen had likewise

taken service with the Russians, and thus Englishmen became opposed to Englishmen, fellow-subject to fellow-subject, and such may, indeed, in the words I have quoted above, be looked upon as a crime against God and man.

That these services in a foreign country, however, did not find disfavour in the eyes of his sovereign, but that, on the contrary, he expressed his approbation of them, is proved by his conferring on Captain Smith, the honour of an English knighthood, in addition to that of the Grand Cross, bestowed upon him by the Swedish King.

In 1793, the war that again broke out between France and England, recalled Captain Smith to his own land. He was at the moment of its being declared, in Turkey, but on the first rumour of war, hastened to place himself among the defenders of his country: nor did he go alone, several British seamen being then out of employment, in that far land, he determined, that at such a moment their services should not be lost to his sovereign, and purchasing a small fast-sailing craft, he appointed them his crew, hoisted the English flag, and in this, his diminutive man-of-war, sailed down the Mediterranean in search of the British fleet. Off Toulon he fell in with that, which, under the command of Lord Howe, was stationed there at the memorable time, when Bonaparte, that after fiery scourge of Europe, first signalised himself as a soldier.

•• I must not enter into a minute account of this

siege, but confine myself as nearly as I can to that part of it, which is connected with Captain Smith.

After five months spent in an unwearied effort to support the friends of the unfortunate Bourbons, the English Admiral, overpowered as much by the ineffectual if not treacherous conduct of his allies, the Spaniards, as by the masses of the republican force, evacuated a port he had no longer the power of holding; but before doing so, he resolved upon destroying the arsenal and-magazine with the whole of the French ships in the harbour—everything, in short, that could be of service to the naval or military equipments of the enemy.

For this hazardous undertaking Captain Smith volunteered his services. He was accepted, and contrary to all expectation, and despite the blunders of the Spaniards who were joined with him in the attempt, he with a small force performed the arduous and important service.

With a small band of hardy seamen, and through a heavy fire of musketry and cannon, Sir Sidney Smith made his way to the dockyards, the gates of which, in order to allow of their preparing the combustibles in safety, had already been closed and secured.

A large portion of the enemy were already in the town, and murder and destruction were carried on in all the horror of that fearful time, for the reign of terror was now at its height, and the shouts and songs of republican soldiers, were already heard

mingling with the shrieks and cries for mercy of the unhappy inhabitants.

As night closed in, a yet greater number of the enemy poured down from the hill, and a destructive fire was opened upon the British fleet, but by ten, all being ready, the preconcerted signal was given, the trains leading to the different store-houses and magazines were lighted, and the flames bursting out in terrific grandeur, gained so rapidly on those who had raised them, that many, overpowered by the heat, escaped with difficulty

The enemy, too, were, by the glare, enabled to point their guns with a fatal accuracy, nor were these the only dangers to which they were exposed. The Spaniards had undertaken to set fire to the ships in the basin before the town, as well as to sink those frigates laden with gunpowder, but in the hurry and confusion, or, as it is affirmed by some, through treachery, the former was neglected, and the latter set fire to. The explosion that followed was such, that the whole country round shook as with an earthquake. The houses in Toulon trembled on their foundation, and every pane of glass was shivered by the shock. So terrific, indeed, was the scene, that with one accord the firing ceased on both sides. It was but for a time, however, that the overawed combatants refrained from pouring on each other a further tide of destruction and of death.

The arsenal and magazines were now completely enveloped in flame, and Sir Sidney Smith proceeded

accordingly to accomplish that portion of the work neglected by the faithless Spaniards, when another, and still more dreadful explosion, that of the second powder-ship, that had been fired, again shook sea and land in one mighty convulsion.

The havoc it occasioned, and the shower of musketry that was poured upon them from the walls, compelled Sir Sidney Smith to abandon his design, and his small brave band, pulling back their perilous way, with death and danger surrounding them on every side, reached their ship in safety.

"This exploit," says a writer of the life of your hero, "was the most striking and the most glorious feature of these ill-conducted proceedings. The fame of our officer was commensurately increased. Men began to look upon him as one destined hereafter to extend the conquest and uphold the honour of the British empire. From the kindness of his natural disposition, and the amiability of his manners, his successes, great as they were, created for him less envy than usually attends transcendent merit. Men of all classes and of all ranks, spoke well of him, and by the seamen he was all but idolized."

The destruction, the bloodshed, and murders committed on the defenceless inhabitants of Toulon, equal, if they do not surpass, all the tales of horror connected with that unhappy time. The miserable creatures fled from their houses, and in the hope of reaching the British boats, flocked in numbers to the water side. They were not disappointed, nearly

fifteen thousand men, women, and children, flying from the fire and sword of their own countrymen, were received on board the different ships.

In the following year 1794, the enemy having fitted out a number of frigates which cruised at the entrance of the channel, and committed the most serious depredations, a small squadron under command of Sir John Warren, was despatched for the purpose of holding them in check. To this squadron, Sir Sidney Smith, as commander of the *Diamond* was attached, and the animating service that followed, suited well the disposition of your hero. Now they were hovering closely round the enemy's coast, now sweeping over the seas around it, now a single ship was detached to observe a suspicious stranger, and now the whole squadron were in pursuit of an enemy. At one time, some of the English frigates descried the French ship *Revolutionnaire* in the distance, and all sail was immediately made, but the *Artois*, commanded by Captain Nagle, out-sailing all the others, was the first to bring her to action. After the engagement had lasted for the space of forty minutes, the *Diamond* came up, but like the gallant Douglas of old, who, when too late to share the danger of Randolph, halted his own brave band in the distance, lest even by their approach they should seem to lay claim to some part of the glory due only to his friends, Sir Sidney Smith allowed no shot to be fired. "Captain Nagle," he said, "had fought his

ship well, and he would not diminish the credit of his victory." The enemy, however, did not surrender so immediately as he had expected, and saying, "She must not be allowed to do much mischief," he ordered a broadside to be ready, took out his watch and determined, that if in five minutes she did not strike, they should fire into her. Exactly as the time expired, however, the French colours came down, and Captain Nagle, unassisted, secured as his prize, the largest French frigate that had yet been captured.

Soon after this, in January 1795, it was reported that the French fleet had ventured out of Brest, and was then actually in the open seas. The squadron under command of Sir John Warren, was accordingly despatched to reconnoitre the harbour, and the hazardous enterprize of entering it, to ascertain the truth of the report, devolved, by his own request, on Sir Sidney Smith.

In course of a very short time, the *Diamond* assumed the appearance of a French vessel, and under this disguise, towards evening, her venturous commander boldly sailed into port, remained during the whole of the night in the midst of the enemy, and by daybreak he ascertained that the principal part of the fleet had in reality sailed. Without awakening the slightest suspicion, he quickly withdrew, passing so near, as to be within hail of one of the largest men-of-war in the harbour. The next incident in the life of Sir Sidney Smith, did

not end so fortunately for him. In the spring of 1796, when stationed off Havre de Grace, he fell in with and took possession of a French lugger privateer, but, unfortunately, the tide carried both captured and captors a considerable way up the Seine, so that when day broke, the astonished French discovered lying in the midst of them their own lugger, indeed, but strangely metamorphosed, for it was manned by British seamen, and was towed along by a whole string of British boats. The signal of alarm was given, and several gun-boats with other armed vessels hurried to the attack. A very unequal one it proved, yet long and obstinately was it sustained, at last, however, when four of the little party were killed, and seven badly wounded, Sir Sidney Smith, having no other resource, hauled down the English colours, thus surrendering himself, his prize, and his companions, prisoners to the French.

This scene was acted within sight of, though beyond the reach of the Diamond, and the officers and crew of that vessel saw their gallant leader thus fall into the hands of the enemy, without the possibility of rendering him assistance.

All in their power to do, was done—for by a flag of truce, they sent to inquire if he were wounded, and to intreat that he might receive every indulgence his situation, as a prisoner of war, would admit of. The reply was a very courteous one, but how faithfully the promises then made, were kept by his captors, you are about to hear. In defiance

of the usual rules of war, it was very early determined, (a compliment to his talents as an officer, which, no doubt, he would gladly have dispensed with,) that Sir Sidney Smith was not to be exchanged, and the two succeeding years were accordingly spent by him within the walls of the Temple in Paris

At the time of his capture, the English commander was accompanied by a M. T * * *, a French gentleman, who had emigrated from his country, in the hope of serving the cause of the Royalists, had he been detected, his fate would have been far worse than that of his companion, since certain death, would, at the hands of the Republicans, too surely have awaited him. It was, therefore, decided between them, that he should pass as the servant of his friend, and with the dress of an English jockey, assisted by the extraordinary pronunciation he adopted of his own language, he not only remained undiscovered, but so ably acted his part, that more than once, Sir Sidney Smith is said to have caught himself, forgetting his real character of a friend, and abusing him heartily for some negligence committed as his valet.

Many were the attempts at escape made by the unfortunate prisoners, but too vigilant was the watch held over them to allow of easy success. One after another of their schemes failed, and a less ardent temper than that of Sir Sidney Smith's, might, perhaps, have yielded the pursuit as hopeless. It was not so with him. At one time he enlisted in his

cause, three ladies, who living exactly opposite the window of his prison-house, carried on by means of signs, a constant correspondence, and scheme after scheme, with indefatigable industry, was proposed, attempted, and frustrated before the final one, by which he happily achieved his freedom.

Madame de T., the wife of the supposed English jockey, John, as he was now called, had in the meanwhile discovered the situation of her husband, and though fearful of approaching the Temple in case of betraying her secret, she left, you may believe, no means untried to secure his liberation. The most promising of these was as follows: having intrusted her secret to a young Royalist, a Monsieur L'Oiseau, who hoped by the same means to liberate others of his party, they together prevailed on a Mademoiselle D. to take the apartments immediately adjoining the Temple, and under pretext of visiting her, an hour or two of every day was allotted to the task of boring a hole or passage, twelve feet in length, from the cellar of the adjoining house to the room in which the prisoners were confined.

All for a time went on favourably and well. One of the actors, a little girl of seven years old, I must not forget to tell you of, for she acted an important part, nor did she ever, by look or word, reveal the secret entrusted to her. Her task was, by continually beating a little drum, to drown the noise made by the workmen below ground, and most indefatigably did she perform it.

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When the length, supposed necessary for the little tunnel, was nearly completed, and still no ray of daylight made its appearance, Monsieur L'Oiseau feared he had carried on his operations too deeply into the earth. It was necessary, therefore, that the walls should be sounded, and for this purpose an experienced mason was required.

At the very moment, when about, as they hoped, to accomplish their design, it was not without great risk that a stranger could be admitted, but they had no choice left, and Madame de T not only undertook to bring such a person to the cellar, but to retain him there until all the prisoners had effected their liberation, which it was intended should take place on that very day.

The choice, fortunately, fell on one willing like the rest of the party to risk his own life in the cause of the exiled Bourbons, so that when led to the cellar, and informed of the service required of him, he proceeded without hesitation to obey, only stipulating, (for well was it known, in these times, that death followed quickly on the slightest shadow of suspicion,) that if arrested, care should be taken of his poor children.

The narrow passage, the excavation of which it had taken Monsieur L'Oiseau months to accomplish, was found to reach all the way from the cellar to the garden of the Temple, but instead of being too low, was too high. With the utmost precaution the wall was sounded, and stone after stone care-

fully removed, but all was in vain. At the moment when the whole seemed to be happily accomplished, the last stone rolling outwards into the garden, fell at the feet of the sentinel.

You may fancy the alarm, hurry, and confusion that followed. The guard rushed to the spot, where all was immediately discovered, and the friends of the prisoners had but time to effect their escape, when the cellars were entered and searched, happily however without any trace being found of those who had dared so much, and all in vain.

This unfortunate accident does not seem to have long weighed on the spirits or energies of your hero. Scheme after scheme was again discussed, and so numerous were they, and so frequently did their failure expose them to the keeper, that never surely was poor jailer kept so constantly on the alert. He seems by all accounts to have been more courteous and gentle than jailers have generally the character of being, and though never for a moment relaxing in his duty, his prisoner and he were on the most kindly footing. "Your friends," he used to say, "are desirous of liberating you, and they only do their duty, I also am doing mine in watching you more narrowly." At other times they would make a sort of truce between them, Sir Sidney Smith would give his word of honour, that for such and such hours, even were the doors open, he would not attempt an escape; but at the close of that time his promise was considered at an end, and he again

at liberty to avail himself of whatever chance fortune might throw in his way

His word thus given, was to the jailer, as he himself expressed it, a safer bond than bolts or bars. "If you were under sentence of death," he would say, "I might still permit you to go out on parole, because I should be certain of your return. Many very honest prisoners, and myself among the number, might not act so in a like case, but an officer, and especially an officer of distinction, holds his honour dearer than his life."

This reliance on the faith of the brave sailor, greatly softened the miseries of his long imprisonment, for while these temporary truces lasted, he enjoyed a degree of freedom of which none of the less favoured prisoners could boast, and even a walk on the Boulevards, with the jailer as his companion, was from time to time permitted him.

On an exchange of prisoners taking place, between the French and English nation, Sir Sidney Smith was fortunate enough to procure the liberation of his supposed servant, and shortly after this, it was that the last and successful effort at escape, was made by the unwearied friends of the captive.

The scheme was one more simple, though not less daring, than any that preceded it, for it was by forged documents, to order the removal of the prisoner to another place of confinement, and during the supposed change to convey him to the house of a friend, from whence he could escape to Havre. • •

The order for removal was carefully imitated, and nothing now remained but to find two persons trustworthy, and bold enough, under their assumed character, to make their way to the Temple. Monsieur L'Oiseau would gladly have undertaken it, but his being well known to the different keepers of the prison rendered this impossible, and the dangerous office was generously accepted by two gentlemen, hitherto strangers to the prisoner.

At the appointed time, the one in the disguise of an adjutant, the other of an officer, they boldly entered the Temple, told their mission, and presented the forged order. It was carefully perused, the seal and signature of the minister minutely examined, and so careful were they to guard against any imposition, that two or three hours elapsed before, convinced that all was safe and right, they consented to give up the prisoner.

You may fancy what must have been the suspense of these three hours, to the two gentlemen, whose own lives hung on the success of their plot. At length all seemed about to end favourably. Sir Sidney Smith was informed of his intended removal, and feigning the greatest concern, was gravely assured that so far from its being intended as an aggravation of his misfortunes, he would find himself very comfortable in the place to which they were about to conduct him. He then prepared to obey, but a new and unexpected difficulty, at that moment was started, a difficulty which but for the presence

of mind of one of the gentlemen, must have ruined all. A guard of six men, it was said, must accompany the prisoner, and much like a knell to all further hope, as those words must have sounded, no objection on the part of the supposed adjutant was offered; he desired, on the contrary, that they might instantly be called out, and then, as if suddenly struck with the thought, turning to the prisoner he said, "Sir, you are an officer, I am an officer also, your parole will be sufficient, give me but that, and I have no need of an escort"

"If that be sufficient, sir," replied Sir Sidney Smith, who even at such a moment could not resist smiling at being thus called upon to give his parole, that he would not resist the offer of an escape from his prison-house,—“if that be all, I swear on the faith of an officer to accompany you wherever you choose to conduct me ”

Sentiments so honourable to the prisoner and his guardian, were highly applauded by the lookers on, and no further remonstrance being offered, accompanied by the jailer, turnkeys, &c, the little party, with many farewell bows, and expressions of lasting esteem, were ushered through the courts. Gate after gate opened to allow of their exit, and at last having passed through that of the outer court, you may believe it was with no small satisfaction, they heard its ponderous bolts and bars again drawn while they stood in safety on the other side.

After a long •wearisome imprisonment of two

years, Sir Sidney Smith, in 1798, made his unexpected appearance in London, and was almost immediately employed in active service, for the Republican government of France was now fast spreading its baneful influence over the face of the globe, and England was resolved accordingly on offering a determined resistance.

Turkey was at this moment the principal object of the French, and the display of opposition offered by the Sublime Porte, was signal for active preparation in England. A brave people were about to defend themselves against the tyranny of a foreign yoke, and a squadron under command of Sir Sidney Smith, was despatched to their assistance.

The rapid movements, the brilliant successes of Napoleon, and his uninterrupted career of victory was, indeed, well calculated to have awed the poor Turks into submission, but happily inspired by the ready assistance of their new allies, they prepared for the most strenuous resistance. The old Pacha, Il Djezzar, or the butcher, declaring his resolve to hold out to the last.

To a less ardent and energetic spirit than that of your hero, the cause, he then came to aid, would in all probability have appeared hopeless. The great battle of the Nile, had, indeed, ruined the prospects of the French, at sea, but the career of Bonaparte by land was as irresistible, and as triumphant as ever. He had already almost entirely succeeded in subduing Egypt, and still marching eastward seemed

resolved on the total overthrow of the British empire in India.

Acre, the capital of Syria, was the principal object interposing, between him and the desired end, and being a town weakly fortified, he looked upon it as already in his possession, and with a force of thirteen thousand men hurried thither, in the hope of reaching it before the British fleet. To his great mortification, however, on his arrival before the walls, he discovered that with a part of his naval force, Sir Sidney Smith had arrived two days before, and his very presence seemed to change the whole character of the war. Immediately on his arrival, he had landed to inspect the fortifications, and ruined and dilapidated in the last degree did he find them. The town, too, was almost entirely destitute of artillery, but making such hasty arrangements as the shortness of the time admitted, he prepared for defence, and did so with a resolve which these words in a dispatch to Lord Nelson, fully expressed — “The town is not, nor ever was, defensible according to the rules of art, but according to every other rule, it must, and shall be defended.”

On the 17th of March, the advance guard of the enemy were perceived, and a strange and novel sight they were, for instead of the gallant war-horse, the victors of so many fights were mounted, some on the heavy pacing, sombre-looking dromedaries, others on the poor despised donkey. A small body of men had been stationed to protect a ford, through which

the enemy were expected to pass, and so vigorous a fire was then opened upon them, that, driven to the utmost confusion, men, dromedaries, and donkeys all rolled together in the dust.

The main body of the French army were more fortunate, for taking a longer circuit, they advanced upon Acre without difficulty, and driving in the Turkish outposts, they encamped on a height exactly opposite the town, and at no great distance from it

At this critical moment, the equinoctial gales obliged the English commodore to withdraw from before the walls of the town, and to take shelter under the lee of Mount Carmel, so that the French, taking advantage of his forced absence, pushed their attacks with great vigour, and on his return were busily engaged in laying a mine, the firing of which, must have proved fatal to the defence of the town.

To counteract this scheme, a sortie of a mixed body of British seamen and Turkish troops was agreed upon. As it was intended to be a surprise, the sally was made before daylight, but owing to the impetuosity and noise of the Turks, the plan utterly failed, and the dreaded mine remained therefore in all its terrors

Notwithstanding the fire poured upon them from the British ships and boats, the French with the most persevering valour, continued their operations, and having at length succeeded in obtaining a breach

in the wall, nine times did they advance to storm it · but such was the determined bravery opposed to their desperate assaults, that nine times were they beaten back, with immense slaughter. At length, for the siege had already continued fifty-one days, a long-looked-for, and anxiously expected reinforcement for the besieged, appeared in the distance. Stimulated by their approach, and resolved if possible to effect a breach, before the arrival of fresh troops could throw relief into the town, Bonaparte renewed his desperate efforts. All that skill and bravery could perform, was displayed on either side, but under every disadvantage the enemy still continued to advance, and at length, gaining possession of the long-disputed north-east tower, the tricoloured flag was seen floating triumphantly above it

The troops of Hussein Bey were meanwhile in the boats, though as yet but half-way on shore, and a brief, but desperate effort was made to preserve the place until their arrival.

In the anxiety of the moment, Sir Sidney Smith had himself landed at the Mole, and at the head of a small body of British seamen made his way to the breach, where a few Turks offered a resolute defence. Their most destructive weapons were indeed only large stones, but these they hurled at the assailants, and by thus overthrowing the foremost, impeded the progress of the rest.

During all this contest the Pasha was, according to the not very ennobling custom of the Turks, seated

in his palace, receiving the heads of his enemies, and rewarding those by whom they were brought, but being informed that Sir Sidney Smith and his followers were in the breach, the old man, forgetful of his dignity, hastened thither, and most energetically pulling down one British seaman after another, from the post of danger, he reiterated again and again, that if harm befell his English friends, all would be lost

So many of the enemy had now fallen under the incessant fire poured upon them by the besieged, that they were forced for a time to withdraw, and a council, (in which Bonaparte was seen in the midst, indicating by his eager gestures a renewal of the attack,) was held by a party of the French generals.

A little before sunset, accordingly, a dark moving mass of French troops were seen to advance, but no sooner had they done so, descending on the other side of the breach, and congratulating themselves on their easy access, than the Turks, armed with the deadly scimitar and dagger, rushed upon them. The ground, as if by magic, was almost instantaneously covered with the headless corpse of the unfortunate French, while those more happy than their companions, who had not yet descended the breach, seized with panic, retreated precipitately; and such was the terror occasioned, that the brave officer who had led them on, and who now stood exposed to almost certain destruction, in vain encouraged them to renew the attack.

He was at length carried from the ground, severely wounded, and then the whole party retreating, a contest which had lasted through five and twenty hours, was closed for a time, the combatants on either side being too much exhausted to renew the fight.

Napoleon had looked for an easy conquest of Acre, and was now, by the opposition he had experienced, excited almost to frenzy, so that forgetting every principle of the generalship for which he was so renowned, and guided only by the blind fury of the moment, he pressed his soldiers forward, throwing mass after mass of the French infantry against the tottering ramparts, until the path of the assailants, was so crowded with the dead bodies of their companions, that the horror-stricken soldiers refused longer to advance.

From this moment, the siege of Acre may be said to have closed, for all further efforts of the French were feeble and disjointed. Upon the following day a flag of truce, with a letter from the French general, was sent, demanding a cessation of arms, for the purpose of burying the dead; and this proposition was gladly listened to, but while the answer was under consideration, a volley of shot and shells suddenly announced another assault of the enemy. It had been treacherously hoped, that at this moment, the garrison thrown off their guard, would be found an easy prey, but this, fortunately was not the case. The Turks and British were instantly on

the alert, and the French were again repulsed, with so heavy a loss, that an immediate retreat from before the walls of Acre, was now their only alternative.

Thus closed a contest, which may truly be called, unparalleled in history, since an undisciplined army of Turks and Syrians, directed by a British seaman, and aided only by a few boat's crews, made good an indefensible town against one of the bravest armies in Europe, and against the most skilful and victorious general of the time

On the night of the 20th, the retreat of the French was put into execution, and with so much of precipitation, that their whole train of artillery, was left in the hands of the English, while the wounded, who might otherwise have embarrassed their hurried march, were crowded into vessels, without seamen to navigate them, and without even the necessary provisions or supply of water. In this dilemma, the poor suffering creatures steered for the British fleet, and received from their generous enemy, the assistance denied by their own leader and countrymen.

The loss of the British in this achievement was small indeed, when compared with that of the French and Turkish troops. It is said that when the grand Seignor was informed of the frightful massacre in, and about Acre, that he shed tears, bitterly lamenting the many brave men who had fallen in his cause.

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His grief for the slaughter of his subjects, however, did not prevent his rejoicing over the signal defeat of his enemy, or from showering tokens of gratitude on the brave English commander, to whose assistance he was well aware, he owed the safety of his dominions.

After having dispersed the French army from before Acre, Sir Sidney Smith, leaving the Turkish force every assistance in his power, so as to enable them to follow up the advantage they had gained, proceeded with his little squadron to Constantinople, there to consult with the Ottoman government, on such measures, as might lead to the final expulsion of the enemy.

But for some unfortunate misunderstanding in the government at home, this, without further loss of life, on either side, might now have been accomplished, for after the departure of Bonaparte, General Kleber, on whom the command of the army then devolved, entered into negotiations for peace, and published, that the French army in Egypt, wishing to give a proof of its desire to stop the effusion of blood, and to put an end to the unfortunate disagreements which had taken place between the French republic, and the Sublime Porte, consented to evacuate Egypt, upon certain stipulations, hoping that this concession would pave the way for the general pacification of Europe.

These stipulations being agreed to by the Grand Vizier, the document was finally, in the name of the

British government, signed by Sir Sidney Smith ; but unfortunately that government, instead of ratifying the agreement, and thus peacefully accomplishing the only desired end, that of freeing Egypt from the presence of their destroying enemy, sent a haughty refusal, as unwise as it was discourteous, and which was followed by the most disastrous consequences, for many a brave and noble life was needlessly sacrificed to that ill-advised measure

A letter from Lord Keith, then commander-in-chief in the Mediterranean, informed General Kleber, that, he had received positive orders from His Britannic Majesty, not to consent to any capitulation with the French troops in Egypt and Syria, except on condition of their laying down their arms, surrendering themselves prisoners of war, and delivering up all the ships and stores, then in the port of Alexandria.

This decision of the English government, with its insulting accompaniments, was by the French general given out in public orders, with the following brief, but heart-stirring addition,—“Soldiers, we know how to reply to such insults by victories—prepare for battle.”

Well did they prove the truth of that assertion, hostilities were immediately recommenced, rapid and considerable advantages gained over the Turks, and when shortly afterwards, orders arrived from the British cabinet to concede to the Convention, on its former terms, it came too late to repair the

error; for the French, already possessed of the strong posts of the country, were now fully resolved to persevere in their original object, and by completing the conquest of Egypt, to make it a French colony.

To this resolve they held, so long as they continued victorious, but on the arrival of the reinforcements, sent out to the British fleet, Sir Sidney Smith, in conjunction with Lord Keith and Sir Ralph Abercromby, assisted at the battle of Alexandria, and shortly after the defeat there met with by the French, they agreed, upon the same terms as formerly proposed, to evacuate Egypt.

Sir Sidney Smith now returned to England, but left among those he had so ably defended, a name long and gratefully remembered. By the Arabs he had been regarded as a superior being, to be his friend was the highest honour they courted, and in all affairs of importance, no pledge, beyond his lightest word was required of him. He was, also, the first Christian who had ever been permitted to enter Jerusalem armed, or even in the dress of a Frank.

One token of the Sultan's veneration and unbounded gratitude to your hero, I must tell you of. By a seal and document which he commanded to be sent, he conferred on him equal authority with himself over all his subjects in the Asiatic provinces. The seal and aigrette that accompanied it, were the same as those used by the Sultan, with the exception of this inscription, taken from the Koran : • •

"The Christians are a people which exist. They believe in God, and in the last day. They order the doing of good deeds, they forbid evil ones, and they are eager in works of charity, therefore are they good."

In Turkey it is the custom, in a mission of importance, or when honours or presents are conferred by the Sultan, to select as a messenger some person who at any former period may have given offence to the person so favoured, and the concluding part of the ceremony then is, that the head of the unfortunate ambassador is swept from his shoulders by the swift stroke of a sword, or he is strangled by the mutes in attendance.

This mark of the distinction which he wished to confer on Sir Sidney Smith, was not neglected by the Sultan and a Pasha who had formerly incurred the displeasure of the English commander, was selected as envoy on the occasion.

The unfortunate Turk was compelled to obey, but you may believe it was in fear and trembling that he invested his expected executioner with the order of the Crescent, performed the other requisite ceremonies, and finally buckled on the rich sword, which having accompanied the present, he doubted not was the next moment to flash in the air, and with one stroke of its good Damascus blade, lay him lifeless on the ground.

No such fate, however, awaited the Pasha; for Sir Sidney Smith intended no such deadly revenge,

although he could not resist prolonging for a moment or two, the trepidation of the poor old Turk, or smiling at the strange gestures and grimaces by which he attempted to conceal his alarm

At length, finding that the blow had not fallen, he ventured to look up, and something in the expression, I suppose, of the English leader, reassured him, for he burst into an ecstasy of joy, gratitude, and astonishment, at his good fortune.

Shortly after his return to England, Sir Sidney Smith hoisted his broad pennant on board the *Antelope*, of fifty guns, and with many another brave man, wore out his good ship and his own patience, in cruising constantly in the Channel, and keeping watch on the enemy's movements

It was at this time, in 1803, while war raged in every quarter of the civilized world, that France in every seaport was engaged in fitting out a vast armament for the invasion of Great Britain, and already, in imagination, their victorious troops were ranged in resistless columns on those shores, that since the Norman Conquest have never yet been trod by a successful enemy.

The few skirmishes, or partial fights in which your hero was engaged, although invaluable at the time, as a promise of further work to be done, are not of sufficient interest to relate. I shall also pass slightly over the services rendered by him to the poor King of Naples, when, by the arbitrator of thrones, it had been declared that the Neapolitan

dynasty had ceased to reign, and that Joseph Bonaparte was now King of Naples.

Many Neapolitans submitted tamely to this change of sovereigns, but the resistance of Palermo, Abruzzo, and Calabria, held out a hope of final success; and Sir Sidney Smith, now Rear-admiral Sir Sidney Smith, in command of an English squadron, was dispatched to their assistance. He proceeded to the coast of Italy, and the enemy, who hitherto had carried everything before them, now found themselves obliged to act on the defensive. Consternation and alarm spread along the coast, and quitting their, as yet, but half achieved conquests, the French hurried back to Naples, and prepared to secure, if possible, that capital from attack.

Little lasting benefit, however, could be accomplished by so small a force as that under the command of Sir Sidney Smith, and he quickly discovered that without an English army to assist those provinces still loyally inclined, there was not the remotest chance of dislodging the enemy.

Early in 1807, Sir Sidney Smith was recalled from the Neapolitan coast, and almost immediately was appointed third in command in an expedition, which, under Sir John Duckworth, was intended against Constantinople.

The Sultan Selim, for whom your hero, eight years before, had fought and conquered, had now been deposed by his people, and his nephew, Mus-

tapha, being appointed in his stead, had opened a new cause of dispute between the contending powers. For both France and Russia hastened to solicit the friendship and co-operation of the new Sultan against their respective enemies, and both equally threatened hostilities should that co-operation be withheld.

The Russians affirmed that they wished to save the Turks from the grasp of the French; and the French, in like manner, conjuring them to beware of the Russians, insisted they should not only break off all friendly intercourse with that nation, but also with their British allies.

In this last they so far succeeded, that the English ambassador at Constantinople, wrote to acquaint the government at home of the unfavourable appearance of affairs in Turkey; and the expedition under command of Sir John Duckworth, was accordingly dispatched, with directions to force the passage of the Dardanelles, and if certain terms should not be acceded to by the Turks, to bombard Constantinople.

Sir Sidney Smith, as I think I have already mentioned, formed part of this fleet, and thus he, who had formerly been the friend and brother of the grateful Mahometans, who had assisted them in building their ships, taught them navigation, who directed them by his advice, and successfully fought in their behalf, was now unhappily called upon to exert his talents and call forth all his energies against them.

On the 14th of February the British fleet passed the Dardanelles, and without returning a single shot to the Turkish fire poured upon them, the whole fleet passed the outer castles. This forbearance on the part of the English was intended to impress upon the Turks a desire for peace, but in this disposition they were not allowed long to remain, for on entering the narrow strait between the celebrated forts of Sestos and Abydos, the squadron sustained so heavy a fire, that in self-defence a tremendous cannonade was in turn poured by them, and so effectual did it prove, that without further opposition they passed the remaining fortifications.

A small squadron within the inner castles, was meanwhile attacked by Sir Sidney Smith, and although the brave Turks fought with the desperate resolve of defending themselves and their ships to the last drop of their blood, the superiority of the English left little chance of success. They were driven on shore, their ships were burnt, and the guns on a formidable battery which the squadron had yet to pass, were spiked by a detachment of marines.

Preparations for defence on a large scale had been made, and continued still to be made by the Turks. Night and day did they labour at their fortifications, resolved apparently that the English should not depart from, as they had entered their narrow seas. The whole population, even the clergy, and those of the highest rank, were seen using spade and

wheelbarrow, and vying in exertions with the common labourer. Even the Grand Signor himself took part in the busy scene; and thus it is not surprising, that in the short space of four days huge batteries with excellent breastworks, and mounted with five hundred pieces of cannon, were completed.

The whole force of the British, with which they had thus thrust themselves into the very den of the lion, did not exceed eight ships of the line, two frigates, and two brigs; an enormous disproportion, with which it would have been wiser not to have exposed themselves to the danger of a defeat, or to the humiliation of threatening an enemy, with whom they had not the power to contend.

The whole of this expedition, indeed, had been badly advised, and its termination accordingly was productive neither of advantage or honour to the British nation. Whether it might have been different, had your hero been first instead of third in command, it is not now easy to decide. It is certain that it had met with his disapprobation from the first, and how justly the conclusion proved, for all idea of attack upon Constantinople was relinquished as hopeless, and the fleet weighing anchor, and repassing the Dardanelles, Sir Sidney Smith returned to England.

A very short respite from his labours was desired by, or granted to, Sir Sidney Smith. In Oct. 1807, he was appointed commander-in-chief of a squadron

destined for the defence of Portugal, against which the insatiable Bonaparte had turned his arms, and already in his official journal published his high decree that the house of Braganza had ceased to reign.

There did, however, happily still exist, one power over which he had not extended his influence, a power, capable, and willing to protect the oppressed; and no sooner was the situation of the Prince Regent known in England, than they received immediate aid from that country.

The French troops had already entered Portugal, and under the escort of a British fleet, the Prince sailed for the Brazils, resolved, until the conclusion of a general peace should restore him to his capital, to take up his residence in Rio Janeiro.

This step, although highly commended by many at the time, does not appear to us now a very heroic one, and the Prince Regent would, I think, have done more nobly, had he at all hazard remained with his subjects, for they afterwards proved themselves willing and capable, of upholding his honour and their own.

Scarcely had the royal fugitives sailed out of harbour, ere the French, under the command of General Junot, appeared on the hills above Lisbon; professions of friendship were showered by them on the Portuguese, but they were, nevertheless, treated as a conquered country, and severe laws and heavy contributions were imposed upon high and low.

Sir Sidney Smith, who had only despatched a portion of his squadron, and not accompanied in person the Prince Regent in his flight, continued to offer such annoyance to the enemy as was in his power, until January, 1808, when he was superseded in his command of the squadron by Sir Charles Cotton, and appointed to that of commander-in-chief on the South American Station.

On the 17th of May, Admiral Sir Sidney Smith arrived at Rio Janeiro, where he was received with every mark of gratitude by the self-exiled Prince. Of this period, I have, I fear, nothing of greater moment to relate, than a magnificent fête given by him to the royal family on board the London. It was to commemorate the birthday of his British Majesty, and no pains were spared to do honour to the occasion. The cabins were decorated with English, Portuguese, and Spanish colours intermixed, whilst in honour of the royal guests, and that they might in imagination at least, if not in reality, trample their imperious foes under foot, the deck was carpeted with the colours of the French nation.

The remainder of his command on this station, was employed by Sir Sidney Smith rather in politics than in war; and with politics your "Wooden Walls," dear Herbert, happily for you and me, have nothing to do. No opportunity for military exploit was afforded him, and therefore we will pass on to his return to his native land, from which time, in 1809, until 1812, he was not again employed.

although in the intermediate time promoted to the rank of Vice-admiral.

When the flag of Sir Sidney Smith was again hoisted, it was as second in command to Sir Edward Pellew, whose life you will find in the eighth and last chapter of your book. His station was the Mediterranean, and the blockading of the French fleet in Toulon, proved as little in unison with your hero's wishes, as with those of any of his predecessors; for months together nothing of further importance taking place, than stretching in and out of the harbour of Toulon, now and then varied with a storm of great and mighty force, and skirmishes too insignificant for notice, serving only still further to exasperate the British fleet against the enemy, and to increase their longing for one last and decisive meeting, by which they might lay prostrate the power of France.

That mighty power was already crumbling to its fall, for while your hero was held in his unwilling blockade off Toulon, the vast and gallant army of Napoleon, those veteran warriors and mighty bulwarks of the empire, were strewing his now inglorious path with their dead bodies, and daily and hourly were perishing by hundreds, among the snows of Russia.

Shortly after this time, Sir Sidney Smith, owing, it is said, to some cause of disagreement with Sir Edward Pellew, resigned his command on the Mediterranean, and returned to England; where he

struck his flag for the last time, never again being employed afloat in the service of his country ; and so, dear Herbert, ends your life of Admiral Sir Sidney Smith, which I hope you may like. I have not done so, as much as some of your other chapters. But this I believe to be not the fault of your hero, but of his biographers ; and that had they but done him justice, that you and I too, my dear boy, would have had more pleasure in the separate portions assigned to us : yours, of reading—mine, of writing—his life.

CHAPTER VIII.

EDWARD PELLEW, VISCOUNT
EXMOUTH.

How pleasant a thing it is, dear Herbert, to read a pleasant book, and how glad I should be, to hear you make the same remark, in laying down your present volume, as I have done, on finishing that which contains the life I am now going to write for you, my dear boy.

Edward Pellew, at a very early age, was left an orphan, and it may almost be said friendless, for there were few to interest themselves in his welfare, and none likely to advance him in that line of life which he had very early determined to follow.

A resolve to struggle alone, and unassisted, through all difficulties, and a steady determination to follow the one straight path of rectitude and honour, rarely fails, even in this world, to meet its reward, and such was the case of Edward Pellew. A fearless little fellow too he must have been, even

from infancy, for the first anecdote we are told of his daring spirit occurred when not nine years old.

A house which contained a considerable quantity of gunpowder had taken fire, and while the rest of the bystanders stood looking on in hopeless dismay, expecting momentarily the destruction of property that must ensue, the fearless boy, at the risk of his own life, preserved the whole, and removing the powder from the burning walls, had it carried to a place of safety. The God of power at that moment surely watched over the generous and disinterested child, and hazardous as was the undertaking, under that protection, he moved secure even among the destroying element that surrounded him.

His next feat was not so commendatory, and sorry am I, that truth compels me to tell of another of your little hero being a runaway from school. He had quarrelled and fought with a boy of his own age, and not choosing to await the threatened punishment, ran away, informing his almost sole guardian, a brother little more than two years his senior, that as he never could submit to be flogged, he was resolved to go to sea. That resolve, in the year 1770, (he was then fourteen,) was put into execution.

His first ship was the *Juno*, commanded by Captain Stott, and here, he again gave a proof of that generous nature, which, through his whole life, distinguished him as the ready assistant of all, whose situation was one of distress and danger.

Frank Cole, a little midshipman, three or four years younger than your hero, had, by some childish fault so exasperated his commander, that handing him his discharge, he ordered a boat, and desired that the boy should immediately be sent on shore.

The poor little fellow was about to obey, and to be left, child as he was, friendless and alone in a foreign country, for the ship was in the port of Marseilles. But Edward Pellew, though no powerful assistant, or guardian, could not brook this thought, and going to the Captain, "If Frank Cole is to be turned out of the ship, Sir," he said, "I hope you will turn me out too." He took him at his word, and the boys left the vessel, but not until the unjust and harsh treatment of Captain Stott, had raised for them a friend in one of the lieutenants, Lord Hugh Seymour, who, finding that they were altogether without money, kindly gave them an order on his agent in Marseilles.

On shore Edward Pellew was fortunate enough to meet with another friend, or rather acquaintance, who had in former days slightly known his family, and who now offered him a passage in his ship to Lisbon, from whence he could easily find a vessel sailing for England. This proffer, however, was made to him alone, his friend declined burdening himself with another passenger, and little Frank Cole was to remain behind. But once more the generous boy declined the benefit. his companion

was not to share, and so earnestly did he plead in his behalf, and so positively refused to leave him, that yielding at last, the boys were both granted a passage to Lisbon.

In his next ship, the *Blond*, Edward Pellew met with a very different commander. Captain Pownoll soon appreciated the high character of his midshipman, and such to the day of his death was his kindness towards him, that the orphan boy felt for him, all the affection and respect he might have done for a parent.

I have told you that at nine years old, he had performed his first feat, of rescuing at great risk to himself the property and it may be the lives of others; and a greater number of such instances occur in the life of Mr. Pellew, or as the writer of the *Naval and Military Almanac* calls him, "the apostle and champion of humanity," than in any other I have ever met with. Here is one that I must not pass over. Soon after joining the *Blond*, a man fell overboard; young Pellew was at that moment standing on the fore-yard, and the vessel was going fast through the water, but without hesitation he sprang forward and rescued the life of the sailor.

Captain Pownoll reproached him for his rash daring, but in speaking of it afterwards to the officers, it is said that he shed tears of delight, declaring that Pellew was the most noble fellow he had ever known.

In the year 1775, when the revolt of the American

colonies, assumed a more serious character than even in the preceding years, further opportunity was allowed your hero of evincing that courage, forethought, and coolness in the hour of danger, which so strongly characterized him.

Operations against Canada had been commenced by the enemy, and its governor had but little means of defence in his power. Montreal had been taken; siege was laid to Quebec, and the command of Lake Champlain, from whence they could successfully carry on their attacks upon Canada, had fallen into the hands of the Americans.

To wrest this command from them, was, with so small a force as could be collected at the time, a hazardous experiment, but it was one essential to the safety of the country, and you shall hear how it was performed.

A party of seven hundred men, detachments from the king's ships at Quebec, were sent across the lake, there to build with wood, felled by themselves, and in the presence of the enemy, the vessels in which they were to meet him.

Among others, a party with Mr Brown, Mr Pellew, and Lieutenant Dacre, joined from the *Blond*, and by the zeal and exertion of the whole men and officers, the work proceeded with almost incredible celerity. Numbers of boats carried over land or dragged up the rapids, were brought into the lake; while the *Inflexible*, being too large for either of these means, was taken to pieces, carried

to its proper station, and the different parts again put together.

Thus the work proceeded almost like magic, for trees that were hewn down from the forest in the morning, formed part of a ship before night, and when all necessary preparations were completed, no time in going in search of the enemy was lost by Sir Guy Carlton. He himself embarked in the *Inflexible*, and Lieutenant Dacre, with Mr. Brown and Mr. Pellew, were appointed to the *Carlton*.

On the 11th of October a strong line of the enemy, consisting of fifteen vessels, was discovered. They were commanded by General Arnold. Do you remember that name, my dear boy, in Rawdon's first volume of the *Great and Brave*? If not you will find it in the life of Washington; you will find how well, and ably for a time, he served his country, and you will find how, after that, he would have sold her interest, and his own honour to the English, for gold.

But to return to the *Carlton*; being nearest to the enemy, she at once commenced the attack, and unfortunately, from the state of the wind, no other vessel being able to come to her assistance, she was left single-handed to engage with the whole of the hostile fleet.

In the utmost anxiety Sir Guy Carlton watched her dangerous situation, and every effort was made but in vain, to bring up the squadron to her assistance.

Early in the action, Mr. Brown lost an arm, and soon after a severe wound stretched Lieut. Dacre senseless on the deck. Mr. Pellew then succeeded to the command, and with unabated zeal, the hopeless contest was continued until Captain Pringle, acting at the time as commodore, made the signal of recall. That signal the Carlton was not in a condition to obey, for from the damage she had received, two feet of water now lay in her hold, and more than one-half of her crew had been killed or wounded. She was finally towed out of her perilous situation by the artillery boats, a service of great danger to all, for the heavy fire of the enemy was incessant. One well-directed shot unhappily cut the towing rope in two, and Mr Pellew ordered it to be replaced, but none seemed willing to run so great a hazard, and springing forward, he performed the duty himself.

Notwithstanding the great disparity of force, various ships of the enemy in this action suffered far more than their single opponent. One was sunk, another burnt, and several so disabled, that General Arnold was glad to make his escape during the night.

The gallant conduct of the Carlton and her youthful commander, you may believe, was not passed unnoticed. Lieutenant Dacre had recovered his wound sufficiently to allow of his being the bearer of dispatches to England, and Mr. Pellew, —but I shall allow the letter of Sir Charles

Douglas, senior officer at Quebec, to speak of Mr. Pellew :

“*Isis*, Quebec, Oct 30, 1776.

“*SIR*,—The account I have received of your behaviour on board the *Carlton*, in the different actions on the Lake, gives me the warmest satisfaction, and I shall not fail to represent it in the strongest terms to the Earl of Sandwich and my Lord Howe, and recommend you as deserving a commission for your gallantry, and as Lieut. Dacre, your late commander, will, no doubt, obtain rank for his conduct, I am desired by General Sir Guy Carlton to give you the command of the schooner in which you have so bravely done your duty.

“*CHARLES DOUGLAS*.”

I do not know if it is a solitary, but it certainly is a rare occurrence, a midshipman receiving from the First Lord of the Admiralty a letter of thanks, but so it was with Mr. Pellew. To the representations of Sir Charles Douglas, were added those of Captain Pownoll, and a letter of thanks for his gallant conduct, with promise of immediate promotion on his return to England, was received by him from the Earl of Sandwich.

The advance of the season now prevented further hostilities on the part of the English, and in the disastrous campaign of the following year, little mention is made of your hero, beyond this, that when a council of war was held regarding the

desperate state of the British troops, a proof of the high character he bore in the eyes of his superiors was given, for Mr. Pellew, a midshipman, and under twenty years of age, was called to sit in council with generals.

On his return to England, 1774, Mr. Pellew received the promised promotion, but being appointed to a guard-ship, a post little suited to a spirit such as his, he left no means untried to secure more active service. At length meeting Lord Sandwich one day in the street in Portsmouth, he accosted him, and boldly made his petition

This unusual mode of obtaining an audience of the First Lord of the Admiralty, was, of course, reproved by him, and the impossibility of granting his request explained, but the young officer was not to be so repulsed, and after urging every plea which he thought likely to move his lordship, he handed him his commission, begging he might be allowed to return it, since he would rather command a privateer, than remain inactive while war was going on.

This last effort was successful, for Lord Sandwich smiling at his vehemence, desired him to retain his commission, and promised he should not be forgotten. He kept his word, for very shortly afterwards, Mr. Pellew was appointed to the *Licorne*, and sailed for the Newfoundland station, where he remained but one year. He then joined the *Apollo*, under command of his former friend, Captain Pow-

noll, and after his death, (for that gallant officer fell in an engagement with a French frigate,) was raised to the rank of commander in an old and worn out sloop, the Hazard.

I have told you that Mr Pellew was without any friends, but such as he happily made for himself; he was also without any means but those afforded by his profession, and when on receiving this appointment, he had not wherewithal to meet the necessary expense, a tradesman, to whom his character was well known, volunteered to provide him, not only with uniform, but with a loan of whatever sum of money he might require.

This disinterested action, (for had Mr Pellew unfortunately fallen in his first engagement, the liberal tradesman would have lost the money,) was never forgotten by him, and in after days, when commander-in-chief, he never gave promotion without inquiring into the circumstances of him who received it, and advancing, if necessary, the sum required for his immediate wants.

From the Hazard, Mr Pellew shortly removed to the Pelican, and in that vessel, while cruising on the French coast, attacked several of the enemy's ships, and drove them on shore; an action not interesting in itself, but which to your hero proved so in the result, for it called forth the following letter from Lord Keppel, who from your life of Lord Rodney, you will recollect succeeded to the Earl of Sandwich, as First Lord of the Admiralty.

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“Admiralty Office, May 25, 1782.

“SIR,—I am so pleased with the account I have received of your gallant and seaman-like conduct in the sloop you command, in your spirited attack on three privateers inside the Isle of Bass, and your success in driving them all on shore, that I am induced to bestow on you the rank of post-captain in the service to which your universal good character and conduct do credit, and for this purpose I have named you to the Suffolk

“KEPPEL”

• You will thus see, that every step in his promotion, had been obtained by Mr, now Captain, Pellew, for some special service, gallantly achieved under his command

The peace that followed, left him without employment for the following years, and as to him, a life on shore, seemed even more irksome than does “a twice-told tale” when “vexing the dull ear of a drowsy man,” it was with unbounded delight that in 1786, embarking in the *Winchelsea*, he sailed for the Newfoundland station.

I cannot, I think, do better than copy parts of a letter, written at this time by one of the midshipmen on board, brother to the Frank Cole whom, you will remember, your hero so faithfully befriended in Marseilles.

• “We soon found,” he says, “that the activity of our Captain would not allow us an idle hour, and

there is so much kindness of heart, and cheerfulness of manner, blended with daring exertion in the performance of his duties, that we are all happy to imitate his example to the best of our abilities. Whenever exertion is required aloft, to preserve a sail or mast, the Captain is foremost at the work, and there is not a man in the ship who can equal him in personal activity. When, during a gale, the securing of a flapping sail becomes a service of danger, he will not unfrequently, as soon as he has given orders to go aloft, lay down his speaking-trumpet, and clambering like a cat by the rigging over the backs of the seamen, reach the top-mast-head before they are at the main-top." No wonder, then, after such instances as these, the seamen when hesitating as to the possibility of obeying any order, generally closed their doubts and fears with—"Well, well, he never tells us to do anything, he wont do himself."

Another anecdote I must take from the same letter. The ship was at anchor in St. John's harbour, and Captain Pellew, in full-dress uniform, was about to attend a public dinner given by the Governor, when standing for a moment to observe some of the men bathing round the ship, a boy who stood near, remarked,—“I will have a good swim by-and-bye too.” “The sooner the better,” said the Captain, and shoved him into the sea. In a moment he discovered that notwithstanding the boast of the poor boy, he could not swim, and quick as thought, . .

throwing himself into the water with a rope in one hand, he made it fast round the boy, and brought him safe on board. "I believe," the writer goes on, "that if ever the Captain was frightened, it was when he saw the struggles of the poor fellow in the water, but his self-possession and activity never forsake him, and no one enjoyed the laugh against himself more than he did, when the danger was over."

We are now, my dearest boy, approaching that hideous time in the history of France, when bloodshed, crime, and murder, under the dominion of the Republican government, reigned in all their horrors over that unhappy country. Early in 1793, the unfortunate Louis XVI. and his gentle, noble-minded queen, laid down their lives upon the scaffold, and shortly after that time you will remember that war was declared with England.

So little had such an event been looked for, and such was the extent of the immediate preparation, required to place the navy on a proper footing of defence, that a sufficiency of seamen to man the ships was not to be procured, and Captain Pellew, on being appointed to the *Nymph*, in his anxiety to get to sea, embarked in that vessel with a crew composed almost entirely of Cornish miners. The consequence was, that the officers had to go aloft, to reef, and furl the sails, to steer the ship,—in short, to take upon themselves the whole duty of the common seamen, but Captain Pellew set the

example, and all in this strangely-manned vessel went merrily and well.

On the 18th of June, the *Nymph* sailed from Falmouth, in search of two French frigates, said to be in the Channel, and on the 19th came in sight of a sail: she proved to be the *Cleopatra*, a much famed vessel, and commanded by one of the most able officers of the French navy, this was not lost on Captain Pellew, nor was he blinded to the inexperience of his own ship's company; but the enemy apparently desired to draw on an engagement, and he therefore was not likely to decline. In the courage of his men he placed the firmest reliance, and on his good cause founded his best hope of success.

Early in the morning the ships neared each other, and when all was in readiness, three hearty cheers, and "Long live King George!" was shouted by the crew of the *Nymph*. That loyal watchword of the British crew was replied to by the cry of "Vive la Republique!" and while Captain Mullan, of the *Cleopatra*, made a brief address to his men, he waived in the air the cap of liberty. Thus both sides, marking the principles for which they fought, religion, patriotism, and loyalty, on the one side, on the other, those feelings which as they divide a nation against herself, must sooner or later work her downfall.

The *Nymph*, at a signal from Captain Pellew, was the first to open fire, and a furious cannonade

on either side succeeded. In the course of another hour, the mizen-mast of the *Cleopatra* fell, and shortly after, by her wheel being shot away, she was rendered wholly unmanageable. Orders were then given to board her, and, although greatly superior in numbers, the enemy quailing under the impetuous attack of the English crew, hauled down the pendant, and acknowledged themselves conquered.

The steadiness and gallantry of the mixed crew of the *Nymph*, in this brief and desperate action, has never been surpassed. One boy who had been pressed into the service from a barber's shop, became, by the death of his comrades, captain of one of the main deck guns; and, through the whole of the engagement, was observed to give the word for loading, pointing, etc., with as much calmness and precision as if they had been only at exercise. Another, seizing a moment of comparative quiet, came to inquire of Captain Pellew what he should do, since all the men at his gun, he said, had been killed, or wounded, except himself, and he had been trying to fight it alone, but could not. Of another poor miner I must not forget to tell you. After the battle was over, he was found sitting disconsolately on a gun-carriage, bitterly complaining that as long as the fighting continued, he had been quite well, but as soon as it was over, the sea-sickness had returned, and that he did not know what was the matter with his leg, it smarted so much. The cause of the latter suffering was quickly discovered

by the surgeon, for he had, unknown to himself, received a musket shot, and the ball being still lodged in the wound, occasioned great pain.

It was not, however in the Nymph alone that such traits of heroism occurred. In the Cleopatra, an equal devotion was displayed by many of her crew, and when Captain Mullon received his death wound, even while expiring, his latest action, was one in behalf of his country. To prevent the signals which he carried, from falling into the hands of the English, he attempted to swallow them: but in his death agony, mistaking his commission for them, this faithful servant of a bad cause, expired in the act of devouring it.

The skill and gallantry, with which the capture of the Cleopatra had been made, secured for Captain Pellew the grateful thanks of his sovereign, and the honour of knighthood, as a mark of his approbation. But I cannot enter minutely into every gallant feat of your hero, were I to do so, his exploits at this time, (when an engagement, with one or more of the enemy's frigates, was an almost daily occurrence,) might fill a volume instead of a chapter.

The state of the Channel, was now very different from what it had been, a few months before. Then, the enemy's cruizers were almost in possession of it; now they scarcely ventured to leave their ports, and when they did so venture, the chase, the engagement, and the victory of the British in every case, so much resemble each other, that I shall pass over a con-

siderable period, and come to the one noblest feat of your noble-minded hero.

During the previous year, 1795, he had, by presence of mind, and generous disregard of his own safety, been at three different times the means of rescuing the life of a fellow-creature. But what I have now to relate, leaves even such actions as these, far in the shade. I shall nearly copy it from the volume which I have already told you is a delightful one, for, in any alteration, I should fear its losing some part of the breathless interest, which, with me, I think you will admit that it deserves.

Early in July 1796, the Indefatigable, commanded by Sir Edward Pellew, was lying in Hamouze, when the Dutton, a large East Indianman, employed in the transport service, on her way to the West Indies, with part of the Second, or Queen's regiment, was driven into Plymouth by stress of weather. She had been out seven weeks, and had many sick on board, the gale increasing in the afternoon, it was determined to run for greater safety to Catwater, but the buoy at the extremity of the reef off Mount Batten, having broke adrift, she touched on the shoal, and carried away her rudder. Thus rendered unmanageable, she fell off and grounded under the citadel, where beating round, she lay rolling heavily, with her broadside to the waves. At the second roll she threw all her masts overboard together.

*Sir Edward and Lady Pellew, who were on their

way at the time to dine with their valued friend, the Vicar of Charles, observed the people running to the Hoe, and having inquired the cause, he sprang from the carriage, joined the crowd, and on reaching the beach, saw at once that the loss of all on board, between five and six hundred, was almost inevitable. The Captain had been landed on account of indisposition, on the preceding day, and his absence could not fail to increase the confusion of a large and crowded transport, under such appalling circumstances. The officers had succeeded in getting a hawser to the shore, by which several of the people landed, but this was a slow operation, and none but a bold and active person could avail himself of this means of escape, for the rolling of the vessel would now jerk him high in the air, and then plunge him among the breakers. Every minute was of consequence, for night was approaching, and the wreck was fast breaking up.

Sir Edward, who was anxious to send a message to the officers, offered rewards to pilots, and others on the beach, to board the wreck; but when every one shrank from a service which they deemed too hazardous to be attempted, he exclaimed, "Then I will go myself," and availing himself of the hawser, which communicated with the ship, he was hauled on board, where, having made himself known, he assumed the command. His well-known name, with the calmness and energy he displayed, gave confidence to the despairing multitude. With three

heartly cheers he was received on board, and while they were echoed back by thousands on the shore, his own officers in the *Indefatigable*, though little imagining that their gallant captain was among the number, were exerting themselves to bring aid to the sufferers.

The ends of two additional hawsers had now been got on shore, and Sir Edward contrived cradles to be slung upon them, with travelling ropes to pass backward and forward between the ship and the beach. Each hawser was held on shore by a number of men, who watched the rolling of the wreck, and kept the ropes tight and steady. Meantime a cutter had, with great difficulty, worked out of Plymouth pool, and two large boats from the dockyard approaching with caution and judgment, were enabled to receive the more helpless of the passengers. Sir Edward, with his sword drawn, directed the proceedings, and preserved order, a task the more difficult, as the soldiers had got at the spurts before he came on board, and many were drunk. The children, the women, and the sick, were the first landed. One of the former was only three weeks old, and nothing in the whole transaction impressed Sir Edward more strongly than the struggle of the mother's feelings before she would entrust her infant to his care, or afforded him more pleasure than the success of his attempt to save it. Next the soldiers were got on shore, then the ship's company, and finally Sir Edward himself, who was one of the

last to leave her. Every one was saved, and presently after the wreck went to pieces.

Had Sir Edward Pellew at this period obtained a signal victory over the French, his praise could scarcely have resounded from one mouth to another, as it now did, nor could it have exalted him higher in the estimation of his countrymen.

The corporation of Plymouth voted him the freedom of the town. The merchants of Liverpool presented him with a valuable service of plate; and when shortly afterwards created a baronet, his arms were augmented by a civic wreath, while the crest bestowed upon him was that of a stranded ship, and the motto, selected by himself, "With God's assistance, fortune will follow"

Shortly after this, the Indefatigable, cruising in the Channel as usual, in pursuit of any stray sail of the enemy, fell in with the *Virginie*, one of the finest and fastest vessels in the French service, and commanded by Captain Jacques Bergeret, a young officer of the very highest promise. After a chase of fifteen hours, in which she had made one hundred and sixty miles, the Indefatigable, getting within gun-shot of the enemy, poured upon her a broadside of such force, that the gallant vessel quivered to her keel. Seven of the men at one of the quarter-deck guns fell at the first fire, and such was the panic struck into the hearts of their companions, that it required all the influence of their brave leader, to induce them to return to their quarters. With the

utmost bravery and skill, Captain Bergeret, for the space of an hour and three quarters, maintained the action, but at the end of that time, other British frigates coming up to the assistance of the Indefatigable, after as brave and skilful a resistance as we meet with in the whole annals of the war, he surrendered

For some time the gallant Bergeret remained the guest of Sir Edward Pellew, and was then considered by the British Government an officer of such high standing, as to be offered in exchange for Sir Sidney Smith, now prisoner at Havre. To effect this object he was sent to France on parole; but not obtaining it, he returned to England. Two years afterwards, you will recollect that Sir Sidney Smith escaped from France, and the British Government then set Bergeret unconditionally at liberty; thus paying a tribute to the high character of their prisoner, and at the same time making honourable testimony of their own natures, for none, but the good and brave, can so appreciate goodness and bravery in an enemy.

France had about this period, 1796, under the government of the Directory, obtained in her own dominions, a comparative degree of peace; but ever restless and ambitious, this but strengthened her resolve against the British empire, and the summer ~~was~~ spent in powerful preparations in Brest. So secret, however, were the intentions of the enemy kept, that to the last, England doubted whether that armament was intended against England,

Portugal, or Gibraltar; and in this uncertainty, while a principal division of the Channel fleet, under Lord Bridport, remained at Spithead, Sir Edward Pellew, with a small force of frigates, was left to watch the harbour at Brest, and from thence to communicate the intentions of the enemy, so soon as they should become apparent

It was speedily discovered that a descent upon Ireland, then in a state of almost open rebellion, was the immediate object of the enemy, and all things seemed to favour their enterprise, for, notwithstanding the vigilance of the *Indefatigable*, on her quitting the harbour of Brest, as had been decided upon, to acquaint Lord Bridport of the intended movements of the enemy, they sailed out of port, and avoiding the different British cruisers, without interruption of any kind, reached their destination. When, however, about to disembark their land forces, the tempestuous state of the weather scattered the fleet. Some were blown out to sea, others driven from their anchors, and the whole reduced to so shattered and helpless a condition, that they were forced to make their way back to the shores of France. Thus was Ireland rescued from a destruction into which she would voluntarily have thrown herself, and to use the words of the writer, from whom I have already quoted, "History records no event in which God's Providence is more strikingly displayed. The forces of Atheism and Popery had joined to overthrow a

Protestant country. And in this, which may be so truly termed a holy war, no earthly arm was allowed to achieve the triumph. Human force was put aside, human defences had been proved of no avail; but, at the moment when the unresisted invader touched the object of his hopes, the war of winds and waves was raised against him, and the hand of God overpowered him."

You will recollect that, in the year 1797, the mutinies in the British fleet were at their height, and, notwithstanding the almost veneration in which their commander was held by the crew of the *Indefatigable*, that ship had not escaped the contagion. When lying in Falmouth harbour, and on the eve of sailing, the men resolved not to proceed, until they had received their pay. One of the sailors, who had not joined in the plot, seized an opportunity to inform his captain of it, and at the same time mentioned, that although all the men knew of the design, one half of them were ready to support their officers.

Sir Edward feigned disbelief of this story, but nevertheless took the necessary precautions, and, on one of the officers informing him, that the men refused to obey orders, he rushed on deck with his drawn sword, and calling his officers round him; "You can never die," he said, "so well as on your own deck quelling a mutiny, and now, if a man hesitate to obey you, cut him down."

• The crew, who had been long accustomed to obey,

and who, though now misled, were really attached to their officers, with one accord returned to their duty. Nor, when afterwards anchored in the very heart of a mutinous fleet did they in any degree deviate from it.

At another time, when commanding the *Impeteux*, the evil spirit of mutiny had spread itself through the entire fleet of Admiral Lord Bridport, then anchored in Bantry Bay, and the disgraceful distinction of acting as leader in the proposed scheme, was assigned to the *Impeteux*.

Sir Edward Pellew, who was at the time engaged in his cabin, had directed the signal to be made for unmooring, when the cry of, "No, no no!" was heard from the main-hatchway, and the seamen came pressing forward in great numbers. When he reached the deck, from two to three hundred were gathered together, and on his appearance the noise and clamour increased. At first he attempted to pacify them, and so long as a hope remained of bringing them to reason, persisted in his endeavours, entreating them not to forfeit by such shameful behaviour the good character they had hitherto borne. Then finding that the ring-leaders, at least, were resolved that the ship should not be unmoored, he gave a brief order to the captain of marines, and sprang to the cabin for his own sword. The prompt obedience of the marines,—for now, as ever, that brave and loyal body had resisted every attempt to seduce them from their duty—the determination of

their commander, and the ready aid of his officers, who at the first alarm had hastened to place themselves by his side, intimidated the men; they ran below, and the officers following them, soon secured the ringleaders.

Thus the whole plot was disconcerted, the crew returned to their duty, and the remainder of the fleet, knowing nothing of what had occurred on board the *Impeteux*, seeing her obey the Admiral's signal to unmoor, followed her example, and thus, with the utmost quiet and good order, sailed out of port.

In one of your lives of naval heroes, I think I recollect mentioning, in proof of how much kindness and attention to the crew, may do towards securing their obedience, that no mutiny had ever occurred on board a ship commanded either by a Lord Howe or Nelson. But I fear the above relation must in some degree contradict the assertion, since none ever surpassed your present hero in consideration and kindness, for those dependent on his care. In a letter from an officer who had served for nearly thirty years under his command, we find the following mention of him in this respect. "None ever knew better how to manage seamen. He was very attentive to their wants and habits. When he was a captain, he personally directed them, and when the duty was over was a great promoter of dancing and other sports, such as running aloft, heaving the lead, &c. He was steady in his discipline, and knew well

the proper time to tighten or relax. He studied much the character of his men, and could soon ascertain who was likely to appreciate forgiveness, or who could not be reclaimed without punishment."

In 1800 the *Impeteux* formed part of the force, which, under the command of Lord St. Vincent, pursued the combined fleets from the Mediterranean to Brest, where, as you recollect, they so narrowly escaped an engagement. In 1801 it was paid off, and thus Sir Edward Pellew was allowed a short period of rest.

Early in 1803, his services were again required, and on being appointed to the *Tonnant*, an eighty-gun ship, and joining the Channel fleet, he eagerly desired to sail in the division under Lord Nelson's command, certain that where he was, the most decisive blow would be struck. In this, however, he was disappointed, but being shortly afterwards advanced to the rank of Rear-admiral of the White, a wide field of action was opened to him, for he was appointed commander-in-chief in India, and hoisting his flag in the *Culloden*, he sailed for that country.

Little, however, of interest, occurred during his stay there, nor indeed, until the spring of 1811, when he succeeded Sir Charles Cotton as commander-in-chief in the Mediterranean, and on the 18th of July arrived off Toulon, where the French fleet lay. "As far as we can judge by appearance," he wrote to his brother, "I have never yet seen a French fleet, in

half the order the Toulon one is. They have, I am sorry to say, adopted but too many of our arrangements, and in point of clothing they exceed us. Their ships are magnificent; we shall, I think, have twenty to fight, without any from Genoa, Naples, and Venice, and a glorious day I hope we shall have; it will, I trust, put an end to the miseries of war, and the irksome eighteen years' confinement to wooden walls we have all experienced."

These hopes, however, were disappointed, for the enemy came out of port only when the wind blew fair for their return, and thus, although the Admiral's fleet continued to blockade Toulon, the enemy avoided any chance of drawing on an engagement.

The crisis of affairs between France and England was now approaching. Along the shores of Italy the most daring and brilliant enterprizes were constantly achieved by the British fleets; batteries and forts were stormed in open day, and prizes, sometimes whole convoys, carried off from anchorages, where they had seemed too well guarded to admit even the hazard of an assault.

The feelings, too, of the whole of the south of Europe had now turned against the great destroyer of their peace. The name of Napoleon had become hateful to them, or, to use the words of your hero, detestation amounting to horror was the general expression against the tyrant of the earth. His former conquests were now escaping from his grasp, as rapidly as in former days they had been achieved;

and even in France, with the exception of his matchless army alone, he found himself deserted. Loss followed upon loss, defeat upon defeat, and on the 23rd of April, 1814, he sailed for the Island of Elba, assigned to the fallen Emperor as his future kingdom and prison-house.

Do you recollect those lines in Byron's "Ode to Napoleon?" you used when a very tiny critic to bestow upon it a great deal of admiration.

"The Desolator desolate!
The Victor overthrown!
The Arbiter of others' fate
A suppliant for his own!"

- . Such was now the case with Napoleon, he to whom—

"The earthquake voice of victory"

had been—

"The breath of life,"

was an exile and a prisoner; and thus closed a war, the longest, the most dreadful, but in all respects the most glorious, that England had ever waged.

Early in the following year, the unexpected escape of Napoleon from Elba caused, as you know, a renewal of hostilities, and Sir Edward Pellew, now raised to the peerage, under the title of Baron Exmouth, hoisting his flag in the Boyne, resumed his station in the Mediterranean, but very shortly afterwards, entered into negotiations for that surely hallowed war, in which he was about to be engaged,

and which, by its successful close, freed the Christian slaves of every country, from that fearful thralldom, to which, through the cruelty of their Pagan captors they had for so many years been exposed.

Power to proceed forthwith to the different States of Barbary, there to claim the release of all Christian slaves, had been confided to Lord Exmouth. But before proceeding thither, in case that these negotiations should fail, every arrangement was made for an attack upon Algiers, the defences of that city having already defied the efforts of the most formidable armaments.

When all was in readiness, Lord Exmouth, by a general order, made known to the fleet, the service upon which they were to be engaged. He had been entrusted, he said, by the Prince Regent, to proceed to Algiers, and there to make such arrangements as might at least diminish the piratical excursions of the Barbary States, by which thousands of their fellow-creatures had been dragged into the most wretched and revolting slavery. If the government of Algiers refused the reasonable demands he bore from the Prince Regent, he had no doubt, he continued, that by every officer and man under his command the flag would be zealously supported, and that fighting as they did in the sacred cause of humanity, with the God of justice and mercy on their side, they could not fail of success.

The expected opposition was made, for the Dey of Algiers declined entering into any negotiation, in

which the abolition of Christian slavery was concerned; and nearly had the life of your hero fallen at one time under the exasperated feelings of the people, for when, after a sharp altercation, Lord Exmouth, with those who had accompanied him on shore, left the divan for the purpose of returning to the ship, the crowd pressed round, openly discussing the expediency of putting them to death.

The little party had come on shore under the promise of protection, and so irritated was Lord Exmouth by this breach of faith, that when, as he was stepping into the boat, an officer from the Dey requested two days to consider the proposal he had made, he replied with warmth, "No,—not two hours!" and hastening on board, gave orders that the fleet should be got under weigh for an immediate attack. None such, however, was made, and slight, indeed, and in our eyes trivial, the circumstances which in the hand of power are made to sway the balance of life or death to thousands.

The wind was unfavourable for the ships taking their stations as directed. They were obliged, therefore, to re-anchor, in their former position, and thus the storm which seemed about to burst over the city, was laid for the time. Negotiations were entered into, and it was agreed that an ambassador from the Dey should forthwith proceed to England, and treat with government there concerning the proposal of Lord Exmouth.

The fleet accordingly quitted Algiers, but before •

their return to England, the government of that country had been again roused by an account of the barbarous massacre at Bona—a large party of coral fishers, who had landed to perform mass upon Ascension-day, being attacked, and without mercy cut down by a body of Turkish troops. On this new outrage, the appointment of Lord Exmouth to complete the work he had begun, was immediately signed, and scarcely had he sailed into port, when whatever force he thought necessary to secure the success of the expedition, was placed at his disposal.

An attack upon Algiers was no light undertaking. Its tremendous strength, its powerful batteries, its formidable sea-defences, had long been considered nearly unassailable, yet with five ships of the line, Lord Exmouth proposed making the attempt. Nor could the remonstrance of many naval officers, or the opinion expressed years before, by Lord Nelson, shake his purpose. He had minutely examined every portion of the immense fortification, and convinced in his own mind that a larger number of ships would rather interfere with, than assist his proposed scheme of attack, he adhered to his first demand. His intentions were fully explained to the Admiralty, and then having marked the position which every ship was to occupy, with an exactness that proved him master of the subject, they yielded at length, but they did so, still in the belief, that the force was unequal to the service required.

Well was Lord Exmouth aware of the difficulties he would have to contend with, and no necessary precaution was neglected. During the whole of the passage the utmost care was taken to train the crews; they were regularly exercised at the guns, and on board of the *Queen Charlotte*, the flag-ship of the Admiral, practised daily at a small target hung at the foretop-mast studding-sail boom. In a few days, the target was never missed; and thus kept in constant preparation for the battle, and gaining confidence in themselves, the crew were in the highest spirits, and officers and men alike felt sure of victory.

Upon reaching Gibraltar, the Admiral found a Dutch squadron of five frigates, commanded by the Baron Von de Campellan, who on learning the object of the expedition, intreated and obtained leave to co-operate.

On the 16th of August, the joint fleet having neared their destination, were met by the ship *Prometheus*, direct from Algiers, and by Captain Dashwood were informed that every preparation had been entered into to meet the attack; all the former defences being made completely effective. New works, too, had been added, forty thousand troops were assembled, and the whole naval force ~~was~~ collected in the harbour.

The *Prometheus* had on board the wife, daughter, and little baby of Mr. MacDonnel, the British consul in Algiers. The two former had escaped in

disguise, and the whole party, consisting of Mr. MacDonnel, with some officers and men of the *Prometheus*, might have been equally fortunate, but for the poor baby who betrayed them all, and sent them back to chains and imprisonment. The little creature had been placed in a basket, and as it slept the sound sleep of babyhood, they hoped to pass unobserved, but as they reached the gateway, the child awoke, and its sudden cry on finding itself, I suppose, in so new and strange a cradle, warned the guard of the ruse practised upon them. On the following day the child was sent on board, a solitary instance, says Lord Exmouth, of humanity in the Dey.

Shortly after this meeting, a breeze sprang up³ from the sea, and the fleet standing into the bay, lay about a mile from the town. A flag of truce, with the terms dictated by the Prince Regent, and a demand for the immediate liberation of the Consul, and the people of the *Prometheus*, was now sent on shore, but no answer being returned, the Queen Charlotte signalled,—“Are you ready?” With one accord, an answer in the affirmative was returned, and every ship bore up to its appointed station, the Queen Charlotte leading the attack.

By half-past two she had anchored within half a cable's length from the Mole-head, her starboard broadside flanking all the batteries down to the light-house, a large circular fort mounting between sixty and seventy guns in three tiers. The Mole was

crowded with troops, many of whom got upon the parapet to look at the ship as she sailed majestically into the very heart of the enemy, and Lord Exmouth, knowing the deadly damage the first fire would do the works on which they stood, waved to them to move away. So soon as the ship was fairly placed, the crew gave three hearty cheers, and scarcely had the sound died away, when a gun was fired from the eastern battery, a second and a third followed, but each succeeding volley was soon wholly drowned in the thunder of the broadside poured by the Queen Charlotte. Bravely was that gallant ship supported on every side, the English and Dutch squadron vying with each other in feats of daring and intrepidity, not was it long before the admirable disposition of their force, and the state of the Algerine batteries, gave proof that the courage of the besiegers, was fully equalled by the skill of their leader.

Shortly after the commencement of the battle, the gun-boats of the enemy, with a daring courage not surpassed by that of our own brave sailors, advanced to board the Queen Charlotte. The dense smoke had at first concealed their movements, but no sooner were they discovered, than a volley of guns directed against them, sunk thirty-three out of the thirty-seven that had comprised the flotilla.

Little more than a few minutes had sufficed to ruin the boasted fortifications on the Mole-head, and then the Queen Charlotte directed her fire against the

upper works of the light-house; the walls crumbled beneath it, and gun after gun was brought down from the batteries, humbling the pride of the haughty Algerines, and rousing them to such an excess of impotent rage, that one of their chiefs, springing on the ruined parapet, shook his scimitar against the ship. In his own helplessness, turning, probably, to the yet more helpless prophet of his worship, and in his name calling down vengeance, and denouncing the servants of the true faith. During more than an hour, a heavy and destructive fire had been maintained. But as yet there was no appearance of submission on the part of the besieged, and Lord Exmouth accordingly resolved to destroy their fleet. This was accomplished with a fearful rapidity, for the nearest frigate being fired, the flames communicating with all the other vessels in port, they, as well as the store-houses and arsenal, were enveloped in flames.

Towards nightfall the guns of the enemy became silenced, and the fire of the British fleet also was slackened, for the immense expenditure of ammunition warned them to husband the remainder. Fearfully had that expenditure told, nothing could resist its force, and the sea defences of Algiers, with a great part of the town itself, was in ruins. By eleven at night the firing had entirely ceased, but how imposing, how awful must have been the scene that followed! A storm of thunder and lightning burst with fearful violence over the devoted city,

and while the whole sky was illuminated with vivid flashes of lightning, the flames from the burning ships and store-houses, raging with undiminished violence, showed the ruined town, and the crumbling batteries, with more minute distinctness than could have been in the light of day.

For three days the storm continued unabated, and when it did subside, the first command of Lord Exmouth was this. That all the wounded, as well as the whole of the ship's crew should assemble in his cabin, to join with him and his officers in thanksgiving to the God of Mercy, who had vouchsafed them so great a victory.

No wonder that Lord Exmouth and his brave band, felt that the cause for which they had fought and conquered, hallowed even the horrors of war. By daylight on the following morning, a flag of truce with the demands of yesterday were sent on shore, and shortly afterwards a messenger from the Dey, brought his submission to every particular required by the English government. Negotiations now, when nothing remained but submission for the vanquished, were quickly completed, and on the following day the final result of these were made known to the fleet. Christian slavery had for ever been abolished, and on the succeeding morning every captive in the dominions of the Dey, was to be delivered over to the British flag.

This was scrupulously fulfilled, no fewer than twelve hundred slaves, men, women, and children, of

all ranks and ages, were sent on board the English fleet, and from thence to their respective countries, freed from slavery and from the yoke, which under the power of their barbarian captors, many of them had endured for years. Surely this was an achievement, to crown with honour the head of him who had been the principal instigator of the bold design. He had broken the chain of thousands—he had given future security to millions, and had delivered Christendom from a scourge, under which she had long groaned, in utter helplessness.

These services, as they so well deserved, were thoroughly appreciated, not by England alone, but by the entire Christian world, and many were the proofs of gratitude showered upon this brave champion of the oppressed. On his return to England, he was raised to the dignity of Viscount, and the addition then made to his arms, I must describe to you. In the centre of the shield a triumphal crown, was placed by the civic wreath which you will recollect was given him on the occasion of his so gallantly rescuing the crew, as well as a large body of troops that, but for his exertion, must have perished on the wreck of the *Dutton*. Below was a lion rampant, and above, surrounded by the star of victory, a ship lying at the Mole-head of Algiers. The former supporters, too, were exchanged for a lion on the one side, and on the other, a Christian slave holding the cross high in air, and dropping his broken fetters on the

ground. While the name of Algiers was given as an additional motto.

Among other marks of grateful recognition, was the magnificent piece of plate representing the Mole of Algiers with its fortifications, presented to Lord Exmouth, and an inscription, which, after enumerating the various titles of the gallant officer, told that it was presented by

The Rear-Admiral, Captains, and Commanders,
Who had the honour to serve under him
At the Memorable Victory gained at

ALGIERS,

On the 27th of August, 1816 ;

Where by the Judgment, Valour, and Decision of their
Distinguished Chief,

Aided by his brilliant example,

THE GREAT CAUSE OF CHRISTIAN FREEDOM,

Was bravely fought and

NOBLY ACCOMPLISHED.

This was the last, as it was the most glorious, triumph of your hero. The final and total overthrow of Napoleon had restored peace to Europe, and Lord Exmouth's services on sea, were never more required by his country.

In 1816, he had returned from his glorious conquest of Algiers, and seventeen years after this, in 1832, he laid down his great, and good, and noble life, and

resigned his trusting spirit into "the hands of that Redeemer on whose mediation he had hung his hopes of mercy, and through whose blood, this purified spirit was washed free from stain."

I shall conclude the life of your hero and your book, my own dear sailor boy, with a slight sketch of his character, taking from the volume of Edward Osler, from which I have already more than once quoted.

"Young as he was," says the writer, "when he first entered the service, feelings and principles of religion, were strongly fixed on his mind. He was guarded in his own conduct, and ever ready to check in others any irreverent allusion to serious subjects, nor was he ever deterred by false shame from setting a proper example. On board his first frigate, the *Winchelsea*, the duties of the sabbath were regularly observed, and having no chaplain on board, he himself read the service to the crew. Advancing in his brilliant career, the same feelings were more, and more strikingly displayed, and it was his practice, to have a special and general thanksgiving after every signal deliverance or success: while every additional distinction seemed only to confirm the unaffected simplicity and benevolence of his character. No man was ever more free from selfish feeling. His honours and successes, were valued for the sake of his family—His services and his life were for his country, he had a truly English heart, and served her with an entire devotedness. In his last and fatal

illness, sustained by that principle which so long had guided him, his death-bed became the scene of his best and noblest triumph. 'Every hour,' said an officer who was often with him, 'every hour of his life is a sermon ; I have seen him great in battle, but never so great as on his death-bed—so full of hope and peace did he, with the confidence of a Christian, advance to his last conflict.' "

THE END.

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